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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

SPECIALS LIVE AT LEEDS

AU PAIRS BLACK UHURU

SCOTT WALKER

PSYCHEDELIC FURS

PIC: PENNIE SMITH

THE GIG THAT SPARKED A RACE RIOT

SOUTHALL, London, July 1981. The Hambrough Tavern stands burnt out after a concert by The 4-Skins had ended with a night of rioting by local Asians.

Inside, NME examines the background and the aftermath of the gig that ended in flames.

366 281050 inkl. moms

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE**	**Michael Jackson (Motown)**	6	1
2	2	GHOST TOWN	Specials (2-Tone)	3	2
3	7	CAN CAN	Bad Manners (Magnet)	2	3
4	4	GOING BACK TO OUR ROOTS	Odyssey (RCA)	6	4
5	6	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	3	6
6	10	MEMORY	Elaine Page (Polydor)	4	6
7	15	NO WOMAN NO CRY	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3	7
8	3	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	8	1
9	—	STARS ON 45 VOL.2	Starsound (CBS)	1	9
10	16	RAZZAMATAZZ	Quincy Jones (A&M)	2	10
11	5	TEDDY BEAR	Red Sovine (Starday)	4	5
12	9	MORE THAN IN LOVE	Kate Robbins (RCA)	6	2
13	8	ALL STOOD STILL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	4
14	11	HOW 'BOUT US	Champaigne (CBS)	7	5
15	20	WORDY RAPPINGHOOD	Tom Tom Club (Island)	2	15
16	19	WIKKA WRAP	Evasions (Groove)	2	16
17	—	YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEBODY	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	1	17
18	12	PIECE OF THE ACTION	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	12
19	—	THERE'S A GUY WORKS DOWN THE CHIP SHOP SWEARS HE'S ELVIS	Kirsty McColl (Polydor)	1	19
20	14	THROW AWAY THE KEY	Linx (Chrysalis)	6	14
21	17	TAKE IT TO THE TOP	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	4	17
22	22	DANCING ON THE FLOOR	Third World (CBS)	3	22
23	—	NEW LIFE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	23
24	—	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY	Sheena Easton (EMI)	1	24
25	—	BEACH BOY GOLD	Gidea Park (Sonet)	1	25
26	25	DOORS OF YOUR HEART	The Beat (Go Feet)	3	25
27	18	IF LEAVING ME	Phil Collins (Virgin)	5	17
28	—	PASSION FOR LOVERS	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	1	28
29	—	THE RIVER (12")	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	1	29
30	30	CAN'T HAPPEN HERE	Rainbow (Polydor)	2	30

Kim went the strings of your heart: Ms Wilde enters the LP charts at number 19

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH**	**Motorhead (Bronze)**	3	1
2	1	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	5	1
3	3	STARS ON 45	Starsound (CBS)	8	1
4	4	DISCO DAZE AND DISCO NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	7	3
5	5	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	6	1
6	—	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	6
7	7	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	2	6
8	11	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	33	1
9	9	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	10	6
10	6	JUJU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	10
11	12	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	5	8
12	13	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	6	11
13	8	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	15	2
14	29	POLECATS ARE GO	Polecats (Mercury)	2	14
15	28	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	15	4
16	16	THEMES	Various (K-Tel)	6	10
17	27	MADE IN AMERICA	Carpenters (A&M)	2	17
18	15	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	7	9
19	—	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	1	19
19	19	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	12	3
21	22	KILIMANJARO	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	8	19
22	—	JUMPIN' JIVE	Joe Jackson (A&M)	1	22
23	—	JAZZ SINGER	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	27	4
23	17	VIENNA	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	18	2
25	—	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	32	1
26	—	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	1	26
27	—	THE DUDE	Quincy Jones (A&M)	5	19
28	10	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	10	9
29	14	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	3	23
30	21	2,000,000	Angelic Upstarts (Zonophone)	2	21

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (2) **New Life** ... Depeche Mode (Mute)
2 (1) **Too Drunk To Fuck** ... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
3 (3) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** ... Pigbag (Y)
4 (5) **Forget The Dawn** ... Wah! (Eternal)
5 (28) **Neu Smell** ... Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
6 (7) **Wikka Wrap** ... The Evasions (Groove)
7 (9) **Go For Gold** ... Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
8 (12) **Our Swimmer** ... Wire (Rough Trade)
9 (6) **Don't Let It Pass** ... UB40 (Dep Int)
10 (8) **The Resurrection EP** ... Vice Squad (Riot City)
11 (10) **Dole Age** ... Talisman (Recreational)
12 (13) **Kites** ... The Associates (Situation 2)
13 (4) **I Want To Be Free** ... Toyah (Safari)
14 (—) **Q Quarters** ... The Associates (Situation 2)
15 (17) **Charm** ... Positive Noise (Static)
16 (11) **Number 11** ... Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
17 (—) **Puppets Of War EP** ... Chrongen (Cargo)
18 (25) **Demystification** ... Zounds (Rough Trade)
19 (16) **Hobby For The Day** ... Wall (Fresh)
20 (20) **Why** ... Discharge (Clay)
21 (—) **Things That Go Boom** ... Bush Tetras (Fetish)
22 (30) **Survival** ... Red Beat (Manic Machine)
23 (26) **Storage Case** ... Drowning Craze (Situation)
24 (—) **Another One Bites The Dust** ... General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
25 (27) **Chance Meeting** ... Josef K (Postcard)
26 (14) **Teddy Bear** ... Red Sovine (Starday)
27 (15) **Candy Skin** ... Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
28 (—) **Dreaming Of Me** ... Depeche Mode (Mute)
29 (—) **Born To Be Cheap** ... Divine (Situation)
30 (—) **Four Hours** ... Clock DVA (Fetish)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (10) **Penis Envy** ... Crass (Crass)
2 (1) **Present Arms** ... UB40 (Dep International)
3 (3) **Anthem** ... Toyah (Safari)
4 (2) **Playing With A Different Sex** ... Au Pairs (Human)
5 (5) **Odyshape** ... Raincoats (Rough Trade)
6 (4) **Punks Not Dead** ... The Exploited (Secret)
7 (6) **Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables** ... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
8 (8) **Provisionally Titled Singing Fish** ... Colin Newman (4AD)
9 (13) **Closer** ... Joy Division (Factory)
10 (12) **Signing Off** ... UB40 (Graduate)
11 (7) **Heart of Darkness** ... Positive Noise (Statik)
12 (11) **He Who Dares Wins** ... Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
13 (9) **To Each** ... A Certain Ratio (Factory)
14 (16) **Lubricate Your Living Room** ... Fire Engines (Accessory)
15 (22) **Unknown Pleasures** ... Joy Division (Factory)
16 (18) **Live** ... Misty (People Unite)
17 (20) **Prayers On Fire** ... Birthday Party (4AD)
18 (—) **Firehouse Rock** ... Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
19 (17) **Kangeroo?** ... Red Crayola (Rough Trade)
20 (23) **Live At The Lyceum** ... Cabaret Voltaire Tape (Rough Tapes)
21 (—) **Best Fun In Town** ... Josef K (Postcard)
22 (14) **Mesh And Lace** ... Modern English (4AD)
23 (27) **Toyah Toyah Toyah** ... Toyah (Safari)
24 (—) **C-81 Tape** ... Various Artists (Rough Tapes)
25 (24) **In The Flat Field** ... Bauhaus (4AD)
26 (19) **Stations Of The Crass** ... Crass (Crass)
27 (15) **Dirk Wears White Sox** ... Adam & The Ants (Do-it)
28 (—) **How The West Was Won** ... Toyan (Greensleeves)
29 (28) **390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo** ... Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
30 (29) **Blue Meaning** ... Toyah (Safari)

REGGAE

1. **Tribute To Bob Marley** ... Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
2. **Foxholed** ... Augustus Pablo/Delroy Williams (Message)
3. **Front Door** ... Gregory Isaacs (African Musuem)
4. **Batman and Robin** ... Joe Tex/N. Black (Joe Gibbs)
5. **Life's Experience** ... Hopton Crawford (Faithful)
6. **Roots Man Skank** ... True Persuaders/Scientist (Writer)
7. **What Have Done** ... Meditations (Sonic Sounds)
8. **Everytime I Hear The Sound** ... Mutubaraka (High Times)
9. **All Nations Have B Bow** ... Ranking Devon (Zodiac)
10. **Everyone Turn Ranking** ... U. Brown (Mandingo)

Chart by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1

FUNK

12" singles

1 **On The Beat** ... BB & Q (Capitol)
2. **Pull Up To The Bumper** ... Grace Jones (Island)
3. **Nice and Soft** * ... Wish (Perspective)
4. **I'm In Love** ... Evelyn King (RCA)
5. **Try It Out** ... Gino Soccio (Atlantic)
6. **Shake It Up Tonight** * ... Cheryl Lynn (Columbia)
7. **Sweet Delight** * ... Woods Empire (Tabu)
8. **Back To My Roots** ... Odyssey (RCA)
9. **Funtown U.S.A.** * ... Rafael Cameron (Salsoul)
10. **Here I Am** * ... Dynasty (Solar)

** Denotes Import.*

Chart by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1.

INTERNATIONAL UNITED STATES

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 **Frankenstein** ... Jad Fair (Armageddon)
2 **Side 1** ... Imports (Cirkle)
3 **White Girl** ... X (Slash)
4 **Get Out Of The Bathroom** ... Oil Tasters (Oil Taster)
5 **Cool** ... Pylon (Caution)
6 **Don't Die** ... Voidoids (Shake)
7 **Modern Things** ... Voice Farm (Optional)
8 **What Use?** ... Tuxedomoon (Ralph)
9 **Red Towel** ... Beakers (Mr Brown)
10 **Start Right Now** ... Jars (Subterranean)

INDEPENDENT 12" SINGLES & EPs

1 **Men In Motion** ... Blackouts (Engram)
2 **Life Elsewhere** ... Beakers/Foster/Fisk (Mr Brown)
3 **Transportation** ... Chandra (On/Go-Go)
4 **Jealous Again** ... Black Flag (SST)
5 **Min X Match** ... Mechanical Servants (Mystery Toast)
6 **UJ3RK5** ... UJ3RK5 (Quintessence)
7 **Mambo Sun** ... Bongos (Fetish)
8 **Dance For Your Dinner** ... The Dance (On/Go-Go)
9 **Wavelength** ... Insect Surfers (Wasp)
10 **Pink Section** ... Pink Section (Modern)

INDEPENDENT ALBUMS

1. **Rodney On The RO2** ... Various (Posh Boy)
2. **Exterminating Angel** ... Dark Day (Lust/Unlust)
3. **Gyrate** ... Pylon (DB)
4. **Los Angeles** ... X (Slash)
5. **Decline Of Western Civilisation** ... Various (Slash)
6. **Half-Mute** ... Tuxedomoon (Ralph)
7. **Art Of Walking** ... Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
8. **Too Much Soft Living** ... Special Affect (Special Affect)
9. **Commercial Album** ... Residents (Ralph)
10. **Declaration Of Independents** ... Various (Ambition)

Courtesy Sub-Pop magazine

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Young Hearts Run Free** ... Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
2 **You To Me Are Everything** ... Real Thing (Pye International)
3 **Let's Stick Together** ... Bryan Ferry (Island)
4 **You Just Might See Me Cry** ... Our Kid (Polydor)
5 **Tonight's The Night** ... Rod Stewart (Riva)
6 **The Roussos Phenomenon** ... Demis Roussos (Philips)
7 **A Little Bit More** ... Dr Hook (Capitol)
8 **The Boys Are Back In Town** ... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)
9 **Kiss And Say Goodbye** ... Manhattans (CBS)
10 **Leader Of The Pack** ... Shangri Las (Charly/Contempo)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep** ... Middle Of The Road (RCA)
2 **Co-Co** ... Sweet (RCA)
3 **Don't Let It Die** ... Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
4 **Black And White** ... Greyhound (Trojan)
5 **Banner Man** ... Blue Mink (Regal Zonophone)
6 **He's Gonna Step On You Again** ... John Kongos (Fly)
7 **Me And You And A Dog Named Boo** ... Lobo (Philips)
8 **Just My Imagination** ... Temptations (Tamla Motown)
9 **Get It On** ... T. Rex (Fly)
10 **I'm Gonna Run Away From You** ... Tami Lynn (Mojo)

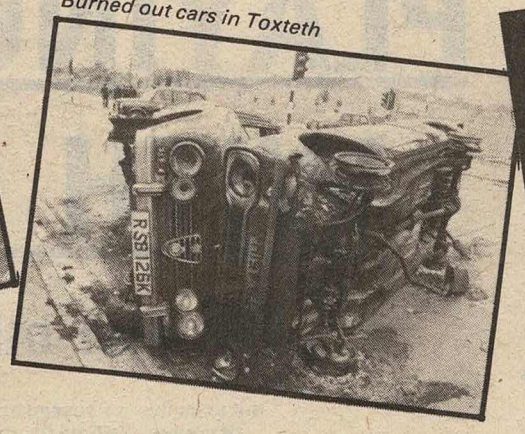
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Sunny Afternoon** ... Kinks (Pye)
2 **Nobody Needs Your Love** ... Gene Pitney (Stateside)
3 **Get Away** ... Georgie Fame (Columbia)
4 **River Deep — Mountain High** ... Ike and Tina Turner (London)
5 **Bus Stop** ... The Hollies (Parlophone)
6 **Out Of Time** ... Chris Farlowe (Immediate)
7 **I Couldn't Live Without Your Love** ... Petula Clark (Pye)
8 **Strangers In The Night** ... Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
9 **Paperback Writer** ... Beatles (Parlophone)
10 **Black Is Black** ... Los Bravos (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

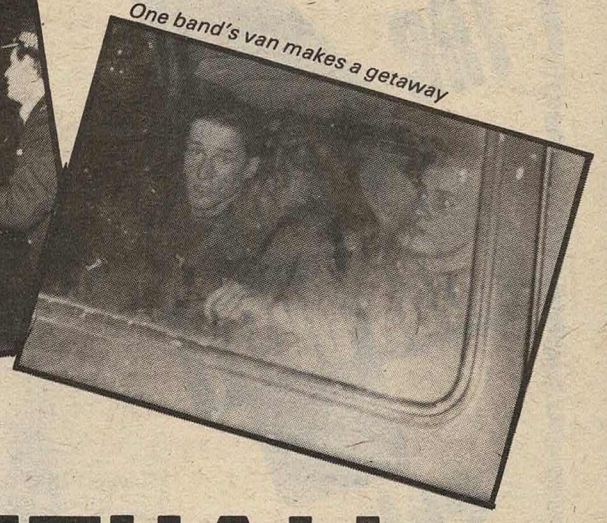
1 **Temptation** ... Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
2 **Runaway** ... Del Shannon (London)
3 **Hello Mary Lou** ... Ricky Nelson (London)
4 **Well I Ask You** ... Eden Kane (Decca)
5 **Half Way To Paradise** ... Billy Fury (Decca)
6 **A Girl Like You** ... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7 **Pasadena** ... Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
8 **But I Do** ... Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
9 **Runnin' Scared** ... Roy Orbison (London)
10 **Surrender** ... Elvis Presley (RCA)

One of 40 injured policemen



Burned out cars in Toxteth

A skin is dragged from the fight



One band's van makes a getaway

THE BURNING OF SOUTHALL

PAUL DU NOYER reports from the town where Britain's first inter-racial riot erupted into flames

THE MORNING after the night before, the Hambrough Tavern in the West London suburb of Southall was a smouldering, blackened shell.

Only an end-wall bearing the forlorn sign "A Traditional English Pub" remained to remind the curious crowds of onlookers of its former identity.

The previous evening, Friday, the Hambrough had played host to its last-ever live attraction — The 4-Skins, The Last Resort, and The Business — and to the hundreds of skinheads who descended on the area from outside. By 11pm, the pub was in flames and the streets surrounding it were the scene of pitched battles between the police and young Asians, whose community makes up the majority of Southall's population.

It was a fully-fledged race riot, as serious as the disturbances which gripped the St Paul's area of Bristol last year, and Brixton in London earlier this year.

Within 24 hours, the Toxteth district of Liverpool was ablaze as well — violent clashes and looting culminating, on Sunday night, with the police's use of CS gas for the first time on the British mainland. The scale of the rioting was to eclipse anything that had gone before.

But certain things make Southall different. Unlike the other troublespots, for instance, it is not a tough and run-down inner-city ghetto, but a normally-quiet residential area, notably free of racial tension. But because of its dense concentration of immigrants, it has a symbolic significance for both sides of the race issue. It was this that made Southall a flashpoint in 1979 when a National Front meeting in the Town Hall led to a clash with Anti-Nazi demonstrators, in the course of which Blair Peach, a New Zealand teacher, lost his life.

What also sets the Southall riot apart from the others is the clear suggestion that it flared up as a result of provocation from outside — in the form of two coachloads of allegedly fascist skinheads arriving from the East End in buses laid on by The Last Resort's manager — as opposed to the spontaneous eruption of tensions within the area itself.

And that poses a couple of questions which have not, as yet, been entirely answered.

One curious aspect of the affair must be the decision of the Hambrough Tavern to book a group like The 4-Skins who, regardless of their own motives and beliefs, have at least the reputation of attracting militant right-wing supporters. To do so at a popular local gathering place in a predominantly Asian High Street seems unusually insensitive.

Until three weeks ago the downstairs room of the Tavern was regularly used as a club, under the name The Cavern, for promoting local acts — helped out on one occasion by Ruts DC, themselves from the same part of Middlesex.

Ex-promoter Marc Hall however, who ran the gigs under his "Not So Famous Music" banner, was recently told by the owners that The Cavern had to close. In its place, the pub would run live music upstairs, and look for bigger names to pull in the crowds. The 4-Skins booking was one of the first undertaken on the basis of this new policy. Other acts were to include Cock Sparrer and The Byrom Band. "I don't think they know what they're doing there," says Hall. "The Cavern was a completely peaceful place. We never had trouble there." Landlord Paul McInver was away at the time of the incident.

For their part, the local police say the only prior indication they had of possible trouble was a tip-off that something might happen in Greenford, a few miles away. Consequently they turned up in the wrong place, and there was no significant police presence in the vicinity of the Hambrough when violence did break out.

Trouble began in the early evening with skinhead attacks on Asian shops in the High Street, causing a 400-strong crowd of Asian youths to lay seige to the pub where the skinheads later went to watch The 4-Skins' set. When police reinforcements did arrive, their priority was to form a cordon around the pub and get the skinhead faction away. But they couldn't prevent the Asians from venting their rage on the building itself by destroying it with paraffin bombs.

In Southall on Saturday morning, Asian youths were to be found giving impromptu press briefings along the pavement to the hordes of white journalists. Those I spoke to were bitterly dismissive of police claims that the trouble came as a surprise.

"They *must* have known," said one. "They're not that stupid."

According to another, some sort of confrontation was taken for granted as soon as The 4-Skins' appearance was announced, some days previously.

Indeed, the word to be heard most frequently on locals' lips on Saturday was "protection" — both as a justification for the youths' massive turn-out the night before, and as an indication of their resolve to abandon the passive stance associated with Asian immigrants in the past.

Caught physically in the middle, the police's role the night before was undeniably difficult and dangerous, but to the Asians, their action was seen as a defence of the fascists' right to 'invade' a peaceful area. What is beyond doubt is that Asian confidence in the authorities' ability/willingness to defend *them* has hit an all-time low.

The police are, as ever, reluctant to ascribe a racialist motive to the white youths' arrival in Southall. But this contrasts with the statements of Asian witnesses. They say that the skinheads — generally held to have numbered 200 — turned up in vans, taxis and coaches, the last bedecked with racist slogans and symbols, and went down the High Street to the pub causing damage and shouting racist abuse. When skinheads smashed the windows of the Maharajah Stores, a grocery, and abused the owner's wife, Mrs Nirmal Kalhan, her daughter phoned friends for help, and soon the youths of the entire community were galvanised into action.

And leaflets promoting a "white nationalist crusade" were in evidence at the pub itself, where bar staff barricaded themselves into a back room when the attack began.

Of course, it's highly unlikely that anyone could have foreseen the ferocity with which Southall exploded on Friday night — although in an age of rising racist violence, much of it well-documented, and against a background of economic decay, few can claim to have been altogether surprised.

If the Hambrough Tavern was unwise to accept the booking, then they've certainly paid a heavy price for their mistake. Whether the police could be more alert to the dangers presented by extremist provocation is another question, now the subject of an official inquiry. Twenty-four people will appear in court on July 16, on charges connected with the riot.

Perhaps the least that anyone involved in rock music can do is to ensure that never again are their actions suspected of helping to fan the flames.

TOUR DATES — P.30/31

The Hambrough Tavern burns as a policeman radios for help beside his overturned van

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
NEW SINGLE
A WOMAN IN LOVE
(IT'S NOT ME)
From the album
HARD PROMISES
b/w GATOR ON THE LAWN*
*Previously unavailable
Backstreet RECORDS
MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1 3FW

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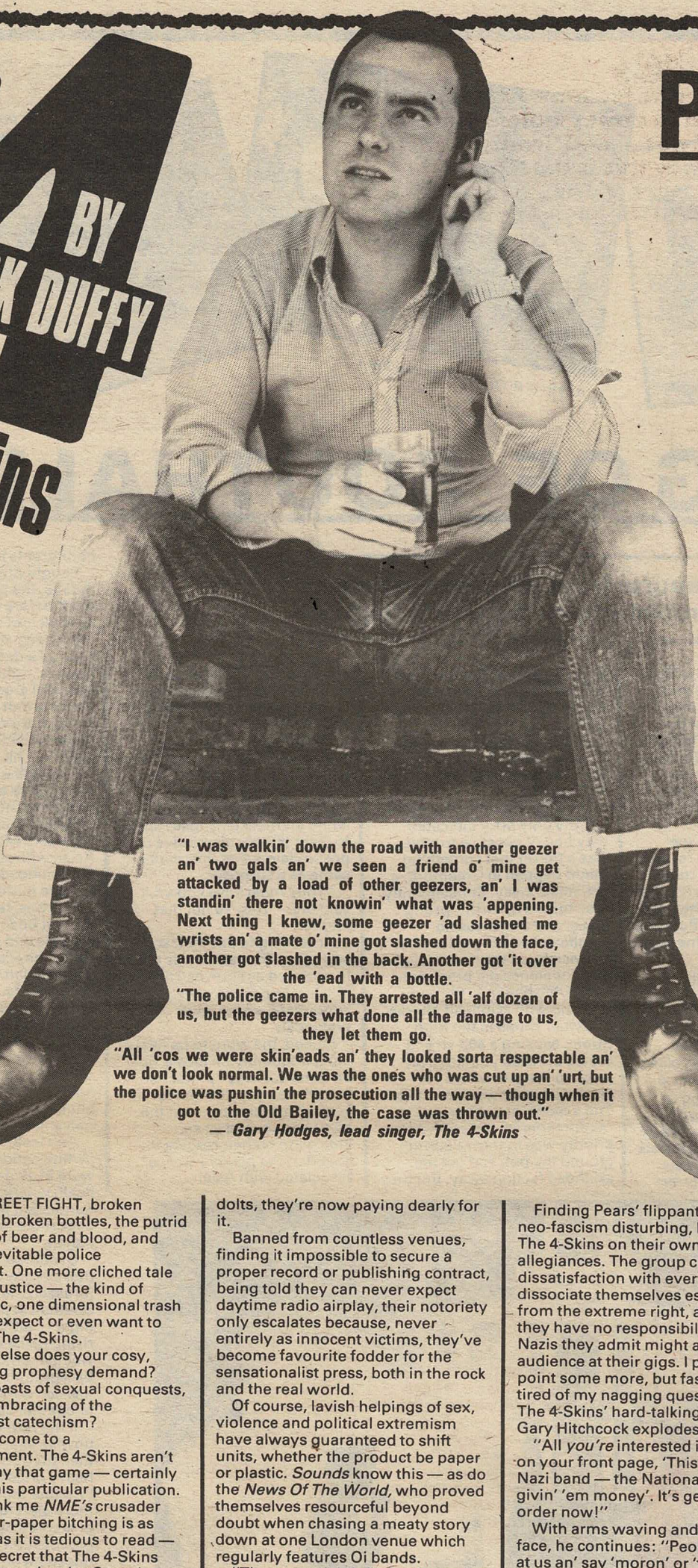
The 4 Skins

BY MICK DUFFY



Gary Hodges: "Crackaway on the Beano? Sorry, don't understand your banter . . ." Pix: Peter Anderson

"I was walkin' down the road with another geezer an' two gals an' we seen a friend o' mine get attacked by a load of other geezers, an' I was standin' there not knowin' what was 'appening. Next thing I knew, some geezer 'ad slashed me wrists an' a mate o' mine got slashed down the face, another got slashed in the back. Another got 'it over the 'ead with a bottle.

"The police came in. They arrested all 'alf dozen of us, but the geezers what done all the damage to us, they let them go.

"All 'cos we were skin'eads an' they looked sorta respectable an' we don't look normal. We was the ones who was cut up an' 'urt, but the police was pushin' the prosecution all the way — though when it got to the Old Bailey, the case was thrown out."

— Gary Hodges, lead singer, The 4-Skins

PLAYING WITH FIRE

— and other skin problems

THE STREET FIGHT, broken bones, broken bottles, the putrid pools of beer and blood, and then the inevitable police harassment. One more cliched tale of social injustice — the kind of mock-heroic, one dimensional trash you might expect or even want to hear from The 4-Skins.

But what else does your cosy, self-fulfilling prophesy demand? Drunken boasts of sexual conquests, mindless embracing of the fascist/racist catechism?

Then welcome to a disappointment. The 4-Skins aren't about to play that game — certainly not for this particular publication.

Don't think me *NME's* crusader here — inter-paper bitching is as gratuitous as it is tedious to read — but it's no secret that The 4-Skins have been hyped up by *Sounds* magazine as leading contenders and champions of that paper's self-created Oi movement. *Sounds* presents this, its very own cult, as a motley army of suppressed working-class youth fighting to upturn the evil meritocracy that has dumped them as failures, or 'Dead End Yobs' as Oi poet Gary Johnson succinctly puts it.

But their noble campaign might be diverted at any time by such legitimate tribal rituals as the gang fight, gang sex, or other amusing pastimes like forcing a tube of toothpaste up a journalist's anal passage — a trick heartily endorsed by pioneering heroes The Cockney Rejects, and reported in detail by *Sounds*.

Oi's existence relies heavily on desperate social conditions — poverty, inner-city decay, unemployment, even racial tension — so it never attempts to heal them. Instead it makes them more degrading.

The 4-Skins are only too well aware of the odious image that's been carved out for them. As a down-at-heel punk group close to disbanding, they were initially eager to paint Oi's grubby label on their chests with the first sniff of accompanying success. Whether crass opportunists or short-sighted dolts, they're now paying dearly for it.

Banned from countless venues, finding it impossible to secure a proper record or publishing contract, being told they can never expect daytime radio airplay, their notoriety only escalates because, never entirely as innocent victims, they've become favourite fodder for the sensationalist press, both in the rock and the real world.

Of course, lavish helpings of sex, violence and political extremism have always guaranteed to shift units, whether the product be paper or plastic. *Sounds* know this — as do the *News Of The World,* who proved themselves resourceful beyond doubt when chasing a meaty story down at one London venue which regularly features Oi bands.

"They was givin' skin'eads money to Seig Heil an' 'ave their picture taken," Hodges alleges. "But if you're on the dole an' someone says 'Stick up your arm in the air an' I'll give you a fiver,' you'll do business."

Everyone *wouldn't,* but it's one example of a media ready to distort the truth for profit's sake, exposing evil where there may have been only boyish naivete, and adding fuel to the public's hazy preconception that skinhead and neo-fascist are synonymous terms.

Although the British Movement and National Front certainly find it relatively easy to win support amongst pin-brain skinhead factions, these recruits barely comprehend the fundamental issues of right-wing idealism. Without underestimating their danger, they're often merely brave young boys playing at soldiers; their commitment to their party is as shallow as their thought, as 4-Skins guitarist Steve Pear observes:

"It's like a fashion. Like in 1976 punk was to shock people. Old women used to see blokes with green 'air an' say, 'Look at the state of 'im — bring back National Service!' But now it don't bother 'em. So they've got to find a new way to shock people. The best way to do that is to stick their right arms up and Sieg Heil . . . it's a joke."

Finding Pears' flippant analysis of neo-fascism disturbing, I question The 4-Skins on their own political allegiances. The group claim dissatisfaction with every party, dissociate themselves especially from the extreme right, and insist they have no responsibility for the Nazis they admit might appear in the audience at their gigs. I press the point some more, but fast growing tired of my nagging questioning, The 4-Skins' hard-talking manager Gary Hitchcock explodes:

"All *you're* interested in is writing on your front page, 'This group's a Nazi band — the National Front's givin' 'em money'. It's gettin' out of order now!"

With arms waving and crimson face, he continues: "People just look at us an' say 'moron' or 'fascist'. But no one's interested in the *truth!*"

My interest, exactly.

I'D LEFT Manchester and trained it down to London to meet 3-Skins, Gary Hodges, Hoxton Tom and Steve Pear, along with their manager. (Drummer John Jacobs is absent for reasons I'll later disclose). One hour late for the interview and apprehensive that I might have incurred the band's displeasure, I'm relieved that my arrival is greeted by cheery 'how-are-you's' and an *unbroken* bottle of lager.

But The 4-Skins had prepared well for this interview. Expecting a difficult time from *NME,* they initially try to manufacture an easy-going, friendly mood, hoping to lessen the inevitable sting. It's a transparent ploy, but one I'm prepared to go along with to a point.

Sunbathing outside a pleasant East End pub, I listen to the small talk: how these supposed beer-swilling gluttons intend to each make one pint last two hours (they do!) and how the 3-Skins present have a grand total of 20 'O' Levels between them.

"Yet people still think we're thick idiots who've got no brains at all," says 10 'O' Levels Hoxton. "We read interviews with some more *sophisticated* bands an' they're goin' on about existentialism an' all that — but to us they've sussed nothin'."

Of course, it's time to attack.

If they're any better than the 'sophisticated' bands they denounce, why are their own lyrics so hackneyed and irresponsible? Full of banal and predictable analysis ('1984') and dangerous sweeping statements ('All Coppers Are Bastards').

"We say 'All Coppers Are Bastards' and 99% of the people we're playing to will agree with us," says Hodges.

"You've got to be a bastard to wear the uniform," adds Hitchcock. "They're scum."

Amongst other stories, The 4-Skins cite the tale which begins this piece to justify their contempt for the law. And though they must only encourage anti-police feeling when they sing 'ACAB' at their gigs, again they refuse to accept responsiblity for their audience's actions, however provoked.

The 4-Skins might not be aware that over 100,000 crimes of 'violence against the person' have been recorded by the police over the past year. That's twice as many as 10 years ago, and over 50% of this year's total has been committed by persons under the age of 21. But they know only too well that this is a violent Britain. They've all had their share of East End aggro; two of them literally still bear the scars of past skirmishes, the commemorative knife wounds they're eager to show me. Yet they still persist with such mock-anarchic aggressive polemics as *"Skinheads with knives / Skinheads with guns / Skinheads takin' over / blah, blah . . ."* How much thought do they put into these provocative songs?

"Oh, about five minutes," snaps Hodges.

But don't you feel your fans take your lyrics seriously?

"Nah," Hodges continues. "I use every cliche in the book. We can't change nothin', an' we can't make them do things. They'd slag us down if they thought we were tryin' to be leaders."

The 4-Skins are good at shirking their responsibilities; always ready to give careless answers, poignantly appropriate for a band who couldn't seem to care less about the welfare of their followers. Surely they can't complain about media misrepresentation?

Hitchcock: "Oh no? There's 'ardly been any violence at our gigs, right. When Acklam Hall got smashed up we didn't even play. Infa-Riot played. But they didn't put Infa-Riot's name in the local papers, they put ours. Why? The editors thought, 'What would our readers rather read in the paper — Infa Riot or 4-Skins? Aw, put 4-Skins, they're all skin'eads aren't they? They're all as thick as shit'."

Victims of your own choice of name, I'd say. Why flirt with such crass ambiguity?

"It was just a cra[illegible]at the time."

Very macho.

Hoxton: "Oh don't start that now. Not one of our songs is sexist. This rock writer, right, 'e put if we 'ad our way all women would be tied to the kitchen sink. Well my ol' gal, right, if I did that to 'er, she'd kill me."

With precision timing they now inform me that drummer John is missing his *NME* interview because his girlfriend insisted he take her out instead. I remain cynical — though when I voice my suspicion that they've simply been regurgitating a series of model answers especially moulded for this interview, the vehemence of Hitchock's bitter reply surprises us all.

"'Ow is it all you journalists an' club owners an' publishin' people always know right?! It's fuckin' sickenin'. You're never interested in what really is, just in what you can read into a situation! Oh well then, we'll just wait 'ere for a man with a Nazi arm band to come along an' tell us what to do like you expect! OK?!"

WATCHING US from across the road for the last ten minutes or so had been a fidgeting Rolf Harris-type caricature. Eventually, he plucked up the courage to approach.

"Excuse me, I'm from the London Broadcasting Company and we're doing a survey on race relations. . ."

The beautiful irony of the situation combined with the reporter's upper-crust accent left The 4-Skins in hysterics, through they eventually calmed down and gave the man an impromptu two-minute interview. Of course they vehemently denied being racist, but they couldn't resist the wind-up.

Various 4-Skins: "If you wanna good interview tonight, go an' see our mates play. Yeah, they're in a real racist band. You'll get the lot down there. 'Seig Heil'. 'We 'ate the black bastards' and all that. Real fascists they are. Get down there tonight!"

"Right, I'll do that," said the unfortunate LBC victim, and making a note of the venue's address he departed looking pathetically smug.

Cue more hysterical laughter. "We'll hear on LBC next week — 'Skinhead band — Fascists' — ha ha!"

Setting up their hapless mates had simply been "another great crack." And yet they'll wonder at Oi's spiralling fascist reputation.

OI, THE MEDIA MYTH, defines itself as new generation punk. But whereas punk, circa '76/'77, was a manifestation of oppressed youth's lofty idealism, this 'New Breed' are a visionless, aimless tribe — puppets of the newspapers and record companies that created and are now sustaining this money spinning cult.

Masquerading as champions of kids-on-the-street, *Sounds* compiled two LPs featuring bands they decided belonged to the Oi genre; the first album appeared on EMI, the second on Deram. Ironically according to The 4-Skins, none of the bands 'helped' by Deram's LP, 'Strength Thru' Oi', will receive any royalties from retail sales.

(Deram deny this.)

But Oi is already close to death; even its prime exponents The 4-Skins are beginning to disown it.

"We've never said we're an Oi band," insists Hodges. "The music we play's just punky music, an' that's rock. We're just a rock band — so why not just call us that?"

Elsewhere, other punk bands like Discharge and The Exploited are disclaiming all allegiance to the cult-on-a-string. Oi is left to attract the dullards it could well do without. Ageing 'has-beens' like The Cockney Rejects attempt to prolong their existence by adopting themselves as (unwelcome) Oi partriarchs, while irksome Max Splodge can always be relied upon to stick his bare arse anywhere there's a camera or the hint of free publicity. But the nadir is only reached when, amongst the new 'talent', imbeciles like Barney *"I like beans/I like sauce/I like sexual intercourse"* Rubble are found languishing at the bottom of the Oi dung-heap.

The 4-Skins realise their own success will only coincide with shedding Oi's repulsive imagery.

"The way things are," says Hitchcock, "no way can we ever go pro. No one's gonna pay us. The record companies, the clubs just aren't interested. It's a dead end."

After thriving on sensationalism, ironically it's the sensationalist press that have written Oi's obituary pending death. It can never recover from vulgar hype and its own sordid legend. At its very best it was the sour tragi-comedy where the audience cried when they were supposed to laugh. At its worst, well . . . we don't need that violent-racist-sexist-fascist groove-thang!

THE 4-SKINS — BEFORE SOUTHALL

Three weeks ago, Mick Duffy interviewed The 4-Skins for their first NME feature, on topics ranging from racism and sexism to street violence and the joys of Oi. The piece was written, subbed, laid out — and, ironically, finally sent for typesetting on Friday, for inclusion in this issue. On reflection, we feel the interview presents a fair picture of the band at a crucial moment. All we've changed is the page number and headline.

All smiles last month — 3-Skins + 1: L-R manager Gary Hitchcock, Gary Hodges, Hoxton Tom, Steve Pear.

THE 4-SKINS — AFTER SOUTHALL

Protestations of innocence

MICK DUFFY talks to The 4-Skins again in the light of Southall — and, overleaf, interviews Last Resort manager Micky French

ON SATURDAY morning, as the burnt-out Hambrough Tavern was still smouldering, The 4-Skins were to be found at Workhouse Recording Studios in the Old Kent Road.

Apparently, the band had recovered sufficiently from the traumas of the previous evening to enable them to work on new material for a forthcoming single on their own newly-formed Clockwork Fun label.

Less calm was The 4-Skins hot-tempered manager Gary Hitchcock, who was obviously suffering under the pressure of the situation. Angry and tense, he snapped: "*NME's* a music paper — what d'you want to know about that for? You're no better than the other papers, cashin' in on the latest sensational story!"

And consistent with the band's attitude when I interviewed them shortly before the Southall riot, Hitchcock disclaimed all responsibility for the outbreak of trouble. Insisting on his band's absolute innocence, he would only offer this curt statement:

"All the trouble was goin' on outside the gig an' 'ad nothin' to do with The 4-Skins. That's all I want to say to you."

However lead singer Gary Hodges was more forthcoming, and felt the need to put The 4-Skins' case clearly to *NME*. Bitterly claiming the media had distorted the facts — by reporting that the 'normally placid Asian community' had only retaliated under extreme provocation from a mob of marauding white fascists — Hodges' account substantially deviates from those you might have read in Saturday morning's papers.

"The reporters 'ave been goin' round gettin' quotes from the Asians who are makin' things up to justify their own aggressive behaviour. It was the blacks what made the first attack but the press, as usual, only believe it's the skin'eads that caused all the trouble.

"What really 'appened was two coach loads of skin'eads arrived for the gig at 8 o'clock an' came straight into the venue. They were watchin' live music by 8.30 an' there was no trouble. The trouble only started later that night when we was doin' our encore. The windows of the pub at the back an' the sides went through.

"The police were in the place straight away an' they asked everyone to stay in the pub. We co-operated an' tried to restrain everyone an' most of the lads stayed there. When the police told us they'd cleared the area we went out an' everyone made for 'ome sharpish."

With over 200 people injured, cars and property wrecked or damaged and the Hambrough Tavern burnt to the ground, does he really expect us to swallow that?

"Course there was a riot. But the people who came to see us 'ad come for the music only. It was the ones outside what caused the trouble an' we can't comment on them as they weren't involved with us or our gig."

And what about the fascist literature that was distributed around the area earlier that evening?

"We didn't know about the leaflets 'cos that was goin' on outside the gig. The people involved with that 'ave nothin' whatsoever to do with The 4-Skins."

Once again the blameless protagonists of skinhead violence? Don't you feel at all responsible for what happened?

"No. None of the things that 'appened was our fault. It was already in the air. Before the gig me an' me wife decided to take a walk around an' we was strollin' down the road when a car with two black youths in it mounted the pavement an' tried to run us over.

"That was before there were any other skin'eads around an' before any trouble 'ad started.

■ *Continues over*

OI — THE DISGRACE

Editorial comment by Neil Spencer

THE EVENTS in Southall last Friday confirmed many of the worst allegations made about the so-called Oi movement.

Rock music has been many things in its brief lifetime, but it has never before been at the centre of a fully fledged race riot, certainly not in this country.

The appearance of three Oi bands at the Hambrough Tavern was not in itself the cause of the riot — but it was certainly, as 4-Skins lead singer Gary Hodges put it, "the spark that set it off."

That a rock concert could ignite a riot like the one that followed, that its very presence could arouse such anger and outrage in an Asian community like Southall, would have been unthinkable only a short time ago.

Rock was never anything BUT against racism, until the distasteful elements of the recent skinhead resurgence made their presence felt.

The fact that the so-called Oi movement has been backed and boosted by *Sounds* should now be a cause for concern in that paper's offices. Southall aside, there is the case of the *Sounds* 'Strength Thru Oi' album.

The skinhead sticking a boot out the front of the cover turns out to be a member of the National Front 'Leader Guard', a section of the party loosely styled on the Nazi SS. "We didn't know at the time," said editor Alan Lewis when approached, adding that he felt "pretty sick" with the knowledge, and that the figure was "an aggressive symbol to go with aggressive music." But the figure is not aggressive in any general sense, but threatening on a specific individual and physical level.

Lewis and Garry Bushell have also stated that their Oi coverage was "keeping the lines of communication open" and "just reporting what was there already".

Fair enough, but keeping the lines of communication open for whom? For grass roots fascists of the sort that descended on Southall last Friday, brandishing Union Jacks?

To what extent the bands and their followers are responsible for events last week and at other times — the numerous ugly incidents of skinheads breaking up gigs for example — is open to debate. Though it is hard to accept their word at face value when so many statements testify to the contrary.

What is certain is the intention of the extreme right to win support on the terraces, playgrounds and music pubs and clubs.

The sudden increase in racist attacks by skinheads, particularly in Southall and Coventry, home of The Specials, is likewise well documented. Anything that helps the fascists gain ground in these areas is to be deplored.

That, at least until recently, was the consensus right across the spectrum of the musical culture loosely assembled under the 'rock' catchall.

There is a lot of talk that Oi is 'real punk' music, true to the spirit of '77's punk uprising, but the rider to the 'Destroy' slogan of those times was always "You've got to destroy before you can create", and since those times many of the punk bands have gone on to create something.

There are plenty of other 'real punk' bands left who are likewise nothing to do with fascism — all skinheads aren't fascists, like all coppers aren't bastards — and it is a great shame that these bands now stand to become associated with the kind of attitudes on display last week.

For all its cliches of '80s urban deprivation, Oi thankfully does not have a monopoly in voicing the frustrations and anger of the young in modern Britain. Unlike original punk, it speaks for pretty few people.

The 'No Future' proclamations of yesterday seem increasingly prophetic. Britain's youth deserve better from their leaders and deserve better from their music.

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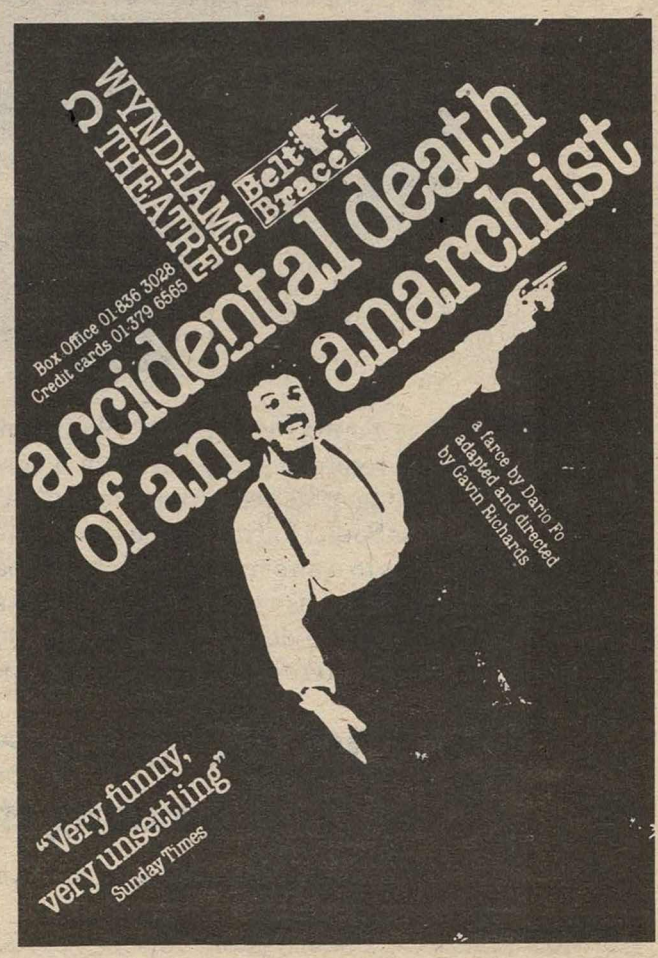


4-SKINS

The man who bussed the skinheads in

■ From previous page

It just shows the way it is. There was already an air of menace before the gig an' you can't blame The 4-Skins for that."

You might blame The 4-Skins for bringing an army of white racist aggressors into a black community; you might blame them for inciting violence in their act through their callously provocative lyrics, or exploiting the sensationalism that wins them increasing notoriety with every ugly incident — the publicity they've been afforded has already guaranteed the success of their newly conceived record label.

You might blame The 4-Skins for many things, but apparently, in their estimation, none of them count.

ANOTHER EQUALLY 'innocent' man is Micky French, 35, manager of The Last Resort and owner of the skinhead clothes shop of the same name. On securing a spot for his band on the Hambrough Tavern bill, it was he who organised the two coaches which ostensibly were to take Oi fans to the gig.

It's just possible that a 4-Skins gig in Southall *could* have passed off without incident. But the arrival of two coachloads of East End skinheads decked out in Union Jacks — that's simply asking for trouble.

Yet French, sitting in his Petticoat Lane shop surrounded by bootboy paraphernalia and a bevy of attentive reporters, denies that this was a provocative act.

"Why can't you wave your own country's flag in London? I'm a loyalist an' proud to be British — I'm certainly no fascist."

But as the Union Jack has been subversively adopted by white fascist groups as a favourite emblem, didn't he feel the Asians could be forgiven for anticipating that their community was about to be attacked?

"If they did, then that's their problem. If they were worried they should 'ave told the Old Bill about it. Instead, they took the law into their own hands. It was them that burnt the pub down an' them that started throwin' petrol bombs."

And how did you retaliate?

"We didn't. At one point we were shoulder to shoulder with the police just keepin' the blacks from destroyin' the pub. We weren't attackin' at all."

But this "shoulder to shoulder" combat only highlights one of the major racial predicaments that has emerged from the whole incident. To the blacks, the police — who they are inclined to interpret as symbols of white oppressive authority — were seen to be actively protecting a mob of white fascists intent on destroying their community.

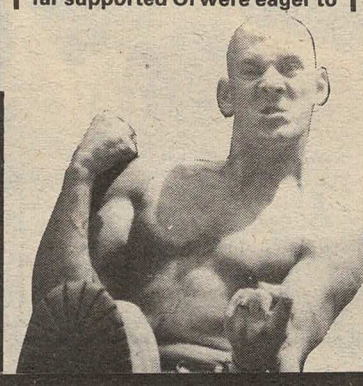
Meanwhile, on Monday morning, the London music business patrons who have so far supported Oi were eager to wash their hands of the weekend's sordid affair.

"How can you feel anything but shock and horror at what's happened?" said promoter Terry Murphy, who has featured Oi bands at his Bridge House venue in Canning Town. "Nobody wants to be associated with those sorts of incidents — certainly not me ... you just don't know what's going to happen next."

And a positive attitude was struck by Deram, the label on which the album 'Strength Thru' Oi' appears.

"We're taking immediate steps to delete that album," A&R man John Preston told me. "We want nothing more to do with The 4-Skins and the Oi entourage."

Last Resort



TO REPEAT and emphasise their side of the story, The 4-Skins' Gary Hodges and Steve Pear called into the *NME* office on Monday, along with Laurie Pryor, manager of support group The Business, who turned up wearing a Union Jack shirt.

Wryly reflecting that "it seemed we were getting a bit respectable before this," the band members denied any incitement on the part of them or their fans. They say there were no Nazi salutes from the stage, and no gestures made through the windows at the Asians outside the pub. "The SPG were causing more trouble than anyone," they add.

"The Southall police were stuck in the middle doing their best. Then the SPG arrived and started."

Steve Pear claims he escaped a crowd of Asians wielding knives. Running away across gardens, he sought refuge in a house, only to be attacked with a frying pan by the man at the door. Eventually, he goes on, he was picked up by an SPG van — only to get punched, kicked and bundled out the back. The 4–Skins, who've played between 20 and 30 gigs, maintain that theirs is not a fascist following, but includes "all sorts. We have SWP Ladbroke Skins. Up north, it's mostly punks."

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EVENT NON-EVENT?

THE *Not* . . . plot thickened this week with Virgin Holdings' announcement that head of press Al Clark will be leaving the "day to day activities" of the firm in order to co-edit boss Richard Branson's *Event* — the new London listings magazine which will act as a "complete guide to living, working, and playing in the capital". And all for 25p, a price which undercuts the embattled *Time Out,* now off the streets for the ninth week.

To the press, Branson stated that he has been planning *Event* "for some time" ("Well, he can speak for himself there," comments editor Clark, who will retain his post as a director of Virgin).

Event's launch date is set for September 3. Branson catalogues its contents as "a complete but critical London information guide covering books, records, concerts, radio, TV, dance, sports" — the list runs on and on, a replica of the weekly work normally carried out by the sacked staff of Tony Elliott's *Time Out.*

Branson has carefully stated his feelings that "neither the *New Standard* or *Time Out* went far enough" — and by "far enough" he apparently means instances where a magazine might run "a complete restaurant guide in every issue, tell you which restaurants were open on Sundays and what to do besides eat at a restaurant on Sunday! . . . Common sense," he also states, "suggests *Time Out* will be back on the newstands before *Event.*"

Indeed *Time Out* publisher Tony Elliott has now done an about-face and is soliciting the resumption of negotiations with his workers. A spokesperson for the union chapel says that they "do not feel Tony sincerely desires the liquidation of the company," and points out that he has been forced to spend what must be "fairly limited reserves" on the debts he had to settle when publication ceased. As the owner of a non-functioning periodical, he would also be worth little in the publishing marketplace.

A slightly less savoury possibility looms, however, with Branson's revelation that *Event* will be co-edited by Pearce Marchbank. Marchbank was *Time Out*'s original designer and has always been its cover designer; he was also in charge of the magazine's scheduled re-launch.

The involvement of Marchbank — unavailable for comment at press time — makes it hard to avoid speculation that *Event* might be the result of a deal between Branson and Elliott; offering Elliott a way round the unions who are standing by his sacked staff.

Time Out's union chapel — unable to put a cover price on their free broadsheet *Not* . . . without legally dismissing themselves from their contested jobs or being seen to withdraw from their dispute — bravely say they welcome such "commercial pressures" on Elliott. However, say the NUJ, if the *Time Out* chapel approach them with a valid case that *Event* constitutes a deliberate substitute for their own publication, they will issue instructions to their membership "not to work on it, to be employed by it, to contribute to it, or allow work to be syndicated through it." (Such action already stopped the planned *What's Happening In London* and resulted in the resignation of its would-be editor, Karl Dallas, from his union office.

And if it became apparent that Elliott was in cahoots with Branson to get round the full reinstatement of his employees at *Time Out, Event* would almost certainly find its birth blacked by the typesetting and print unions. "We will try and stop any publication definitely aiming to fill the obvious gap created by the *Time Out* dispute," the NUJ stated.

Thrills can now reveal that even Rough Trade intend to launch their own listings magazine, to be edited by former *Smash Hits* editor Ian Cranna — though the as yet untitled magazine will be free, nationwide, and will list fanzines, gigs and local records.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

Benyon

"He's spent th'profits from his last album on booze — it's amazing what four pints can do t'some dudes."

MINISTRY OF FUNNY WALKS, PT. 23

DANGEROUS VISIONS

ANDY GILL sticks the long knife into Adolf's movie career

IS IT JUST a trick of the right, or is there an inordinate amount of fascist footage sullying our screens these days?

Hard on the heels of ITV's ***SS 1923 - 1945*** of a couple of weeks back came the BBC's ***Night Of The Humming Bird,*** a documentary cum reconstruction dealing with what's more commonly known as the "Night of the Long Knives".

That was the night Hitler, aided and abetted by Goering and Himmler, liquidated Ernst Rohm and consequently leashed the dangerous and unruly SA (*Sturmabteilung:* "stormtroopers"), the brownshirts who'd helped hoist him to power. An act of almost sublime treachery, maybe, but unlikely to raise the hackles of righteous indignation after all these years. Who really gives a toss about Rohm and his bully-boys?

Well, his sister-in-law did, for one. She was wheeled out to offer heartfelt condemnation of the act, but seemed more concerned with denying the proven fact of Rohm's homosexuality, displaying a curious sense of moral priorities fully in accord with her fascist upbringing. No matter that her brother-in-law was directly responsible for a good few crushed Communist skulls; no matter that he was at least indirectly responsible for six years of war, genocide, and the existence of the atom bomb; *he wasn't a queer, d'you hear!!*

SS General Karl Wolff appeared, offering some pea-brained justification for the operation which couldn't possibly make sense nowadays. He was described as "Himmler's 'eyes and ears' ". Why, one wondered, is he still alive today?

The only talking head that offered any insight into Nazism belonged to an "ordinary chap" who, unemployed, had thrown in his lot with the brownshirts. He at least seemed to have come to terms with his past, and could speak with first-hand experience of the appeal of simple things like order, stability and excitement in a country decayed through anarchy and entropy. His was not so much a heart of darkness as one in which the blinds had

■ *Continues over*

An Exercise in Social Mobility

by Mark Fairnington

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SLY AND ROBBIE MEET
THE PARAGONS
THEIR NEW ALBUM
PRODUCED BY LISTER HEWAN-LOWE
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ALSO AVAILABLE ON RECORD
ISLAND

DIVISIONS

■ *From previous page*

been pulled half-down.

This is a major fault with Nazi-exhumation documentaries: the only justifiable reason for their existence is to learn from mistakes of the past, so any such programmes which fail to take into account the social conditions of the '30s and the political and cultural climate of the preceding few decades can only be exploitative or, at best, worthless.

The only commentator who consistently comes to terms with these factors, and with the peculiarities of the German mental landscape of the inter-war years (apart from Hans Jurgen Syberberg's more symbolic *(Hitler, a film from Germany)* is Joachim Fest, whose books *Hitler* and *The Face Of The Third Reich* and film *Hitler: A Career* are the only works in their respective fields worth bothering with. All the rest are dubious in the extreme, and questionable in effect.

There's no doubt that old fascist footage accounts for some of the appeal of Nazism to the simple-minded, no matter how it's presented or castigated. So what do you do? Sneer at them for being simple-minded? Point out that whilst wanting to be Hitler is one thing, wanting to one of his pathetic little idolaters is another thing entirely, and a self-demeaning thing at that? Or persevere with weak attempts at "education" liberally sprinkled with swastikas like *Night Of The Humming Bird?*

The oft-stated justification for *NOTHB* is apparently that this was "the fateful day when Hitler's Nazi dictatorship was born", the point after which it was patently obvious what Adolf was like. (It was already plain as a gas-oven long before that, actually — Hitler was not in the habit of mincing words.) So what? The difference it makes now is negligible to the point of non-existence. Still, it gives plenty of opportunity to show more old Nazi film eh?

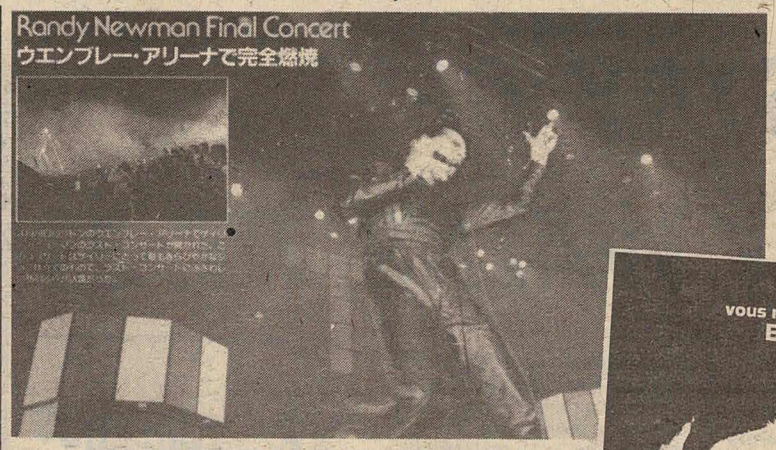
These documentaries invariably adopt a high moral tone when dealing with the outrages perpetrated by the Nazis, but never seem to consider the more complex moral questions concerning the use of death-camp footage. It would appear to be alright to *show,* but not to *do.*

One final point: the reason there are so many Nazi documentaries and so few dealing with Leninism, Stalinism, Maoism, Imperialism, etc., is that there are so many Nazi *documents,* particularly films, in existence. This is no accident: Hitler, ably assisted by Goebbels (the greatest PR brain of the century, and probably of all time, with the possible exception of St Paul) assiduously filmed his and the Nazis' every move, including those extermination scenes so glibly trotted out at the slightest excuse. Obsessed by the operatic works of Wagner, and with the Nordic myths and legends on which they were based, and fully conscious of the way in which the relatively recent developments in cinema had usurped all other forms to become *the* art-form of the 20th Century, Hitler committed his life to film as a Nordic legend, an exact parallel of the operas he loved so much.

His death was not his end, but merely his *Gotterdammerung,* the final scene of that most terrible of movies.

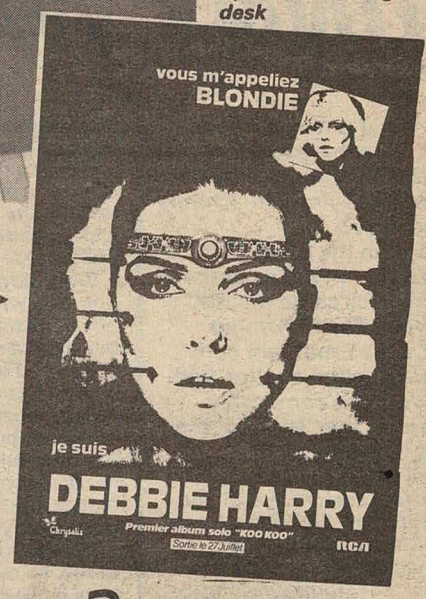
As he well realised, it will run and run and run ...

Non-event of the week, televisually speaking, was the start of BBC's ***Pop Quiz*** series, hosted by Mike Read and featuring a host of has-beens and shouldn't-bes like Paul Jones and Suzi Quatro. It stuck to the most ruthlessly obvious format — the two teams of "celebrities" were asked to recognise songs from intros, recognise faces from film-clips, identify three different versions of the same song, etc. — and relied largely on old pop ordinaire. More a programme for mums, dads and pedants than kids, proof that you can't treat pop music historically and still seem alive.



PUNKTURE THIS

Cigarettes too expensive? Having problems trying to kick the habit? Then follow trendsetting Debbie Harry's lead. Debbie — on the eve of promoting her solo album 'Koo Koo' — here demonstrates the results of her crash-course in the mystical wonder of acupuncture. There's absolutely no way of grabbing a secret drag because the smoke will leak out of all the holes! Not to worry, the scars quickly heal — and upon receipt of a crisp new £50 note, the NME doctor will be pleased to put readers in touch with their local plastic surgeon. Ad taken from Best magazine.



ARE 'REDNECKS' ELECTRIC?

From Ongaku magazine — sent in by the Dick at Nigel's desk

The Lone Groover — Benyon

LARGE PARTS OF LONDON AND LIVERPOOL ARE ABLAZE AS SKINHEADS FIGHT BLACKS WHO ARE FIGHTING THE POLICE WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR A PAY INCREASE
BEEP! A JOB IS AVAILABLE IN SCOTLAND BEEP!
BEEP! TENNIS STAR EATS UMPIRE BEEP! BELFAST BURNS! BLEEP! NO SUMMER, IT'S OFFICIAL! BLEEP! THATCHER TO TALK TO HERSELF — NO ONE ELSE WILL! BLEEP! VIOLENCE IN STREETS INCREASES! BEEP! EVERYTHING GOES UP IN PRICE! BEEP! NO JOBS BEEP!
HMM.... I THINK I BETTER LISTEN TO SOME MUSIC...
I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THESE BIZARRO ART SCHOOL BANDS.....
...PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE....
...THEY REFLECT SOCIETY SUPERBLY WELL....

RAMONES

NEW SINGLE

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c/w
YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE SICK
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NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SAT. JULY 18th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 0632 20007

EDINBURGH ODEON
SUN. JULY 19th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 031 667 3805

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MON. JULY 20th 7.30 p.m.
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Available from b/o Tel. 061 273 1112/3

WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
FRI. JULY 24th 7.30 p.m.
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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SAT. JULY 25th 7.30 p.m.
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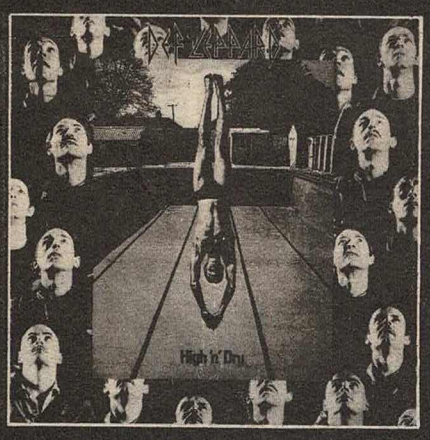
Available from b/o Tel. 01 748 4081/2
London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office
and usual Agents



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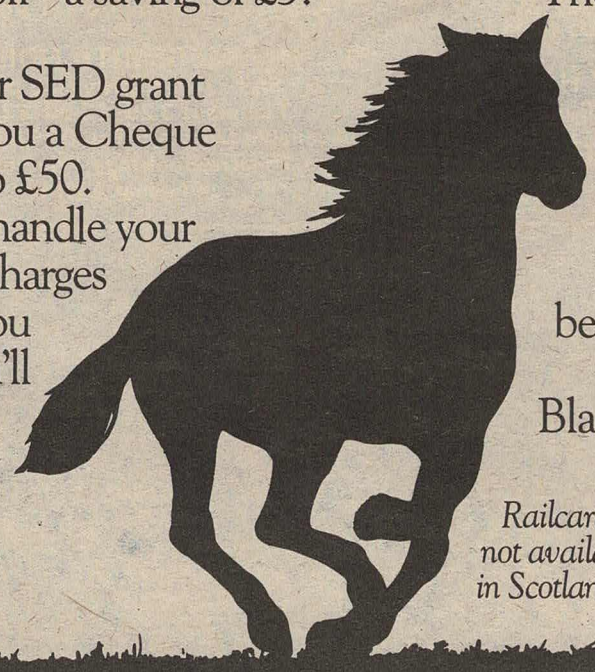

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At the sign of the Black Horse

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Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

DAVID GAHAN

of Depeche Mode

Pic: Peter Anderson

RECORDS

Panic In Detroit.....David Bowie
Follow The Leaders (dub version) .... Killing Joke
Dancer.....Visage
A Forest ..... The Cure
In The Midnight Hour.....Roxy Music
Wheel Me Out ..... Was (Not Was)
Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag ..... Pigbag
Trans Europe Express..... Kraftwerk
Spellbound..... Siouxsie And The Banshees

FILMS

Midnight Express
The Deer Hunter
Exorcist 1 and 2
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
The Postman Always Rings Twice
Ordinary People
Scanners
Caligula
My Bloody Valentine
Friday The 13th

TV

The Sweeney
Get Lost
Mork And Mindy
Benny Hill Show
Russ Abbott's Mad House
Monday Film Matinee
Top Of The Pops
Kenny Everett
Cartoons
Misfits

VARIOUS

Clothes: Black leather trousers
Food: Roast lamb
Drink: Lager
TV programme: Tiswas
Magazine: Smash Hits
Hero: Rusty Egan
Proudest achievement: Hearing 'Dreaming Of Me' on the radio for the first time
Pastime: Taking taxi rides
Pet hate: Walking and waiting
Worst experience: Having my black Edwardian coat pinched

Beeb nab Bowie and Sting for prestige progs — but will it be...

ALL BRECHT ON THE NICHT?

BBC-TV has pulled off a major scoop by signing both David Bowie and Sting to make their television acting debuts later this year. They will star in big-budget productions, which will be highlights of BBC drama's newly-announced £34-million package for the coming autumn and winter.

David Bowie plays the title role in Bertolt Brecht's rarely-produced play *Baal* — in fact, the last time it was seen in the UK was at the Old Vic in 1963, with Peter O'Toole starring. It's a demanding role, with Bowie cast as an anarchic poet who seduces children, drives other people to suicide, abandons his unborn child and finally resorts to murder.

Following his highly acclaimed Broadway appearance as *The Elephant Man* last year, TV networks, film and stage producers have been queueing to sign him — but the BBC have beaten the lot. Bowie arrives in London shortly to begin filming the play — but, in view of his total involvement in acting at present, the prospect of live appearances during his stay in Britain can be discounted.

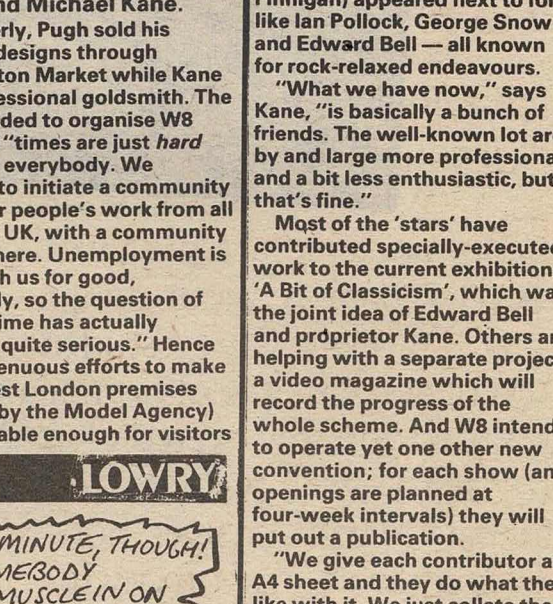
Sting — who last autumn turned down the chance of playing the villain in the new James Bond *For Your Eyes Only*, a role subsequently taken by Julian Glover — is to co-star with Hywel Bennett in the thriller *Artemis 81*, to be screened in two 90-minute parts. It's being produced at BBC's Birmingham studios.

● BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test*, which finishes its current series this weekend, won't be returning for the 1981-2 season until November. And plans for a second *Rock Week* this autumn, following the success of last year's week-long season, have now been shelved until next spring. This Saturday's final *OGWT* includes a much-requested video performance by Joy Division.

Reversing into futurism . . . The Village (Ant?) People unveil their new (sic) look for the '80s. Call us sentimental old sillies if you will, but we do so miss that nice young man in the cowboy hat. . .

WATCH THIS SPACE

"Emma, as David, as Hermes, as St Sebastian" by Edward Bell



— or better yet, help fill it...

'A TASTE for the Future' was the determined title of the first multi-media art show to grace London's new W8 Gallery — and its title reflected the convictions of the site's young founders, Simon Pugh and Michael Kane.

Formerly, Pugh sold his fashion designs through Kensington Market while Kane is a professional goldsmith. The duo decided to organise W8 because "times are just *hard* now, for everybody. We wanted to initiate a community space for people's work from all over the UK, with a community atmosphere. Unemployment is now with us for good, obviously, so the question of leisure time has actually become quite serious." Hence their strenuous efforts to make their West London premises (loaned by the Model Agency) comfortable enough for visitors to while away as long a time as they like.

The gallery's first show featured the work of over 20 artists — sculptors, photographers, painters, illustrators and minor-league fetishists. Lesser-known names (like fashion lensman William Finnigan) appeared next to folk like Ian Pollock, George Snow and Edward Bell — all known for rock-relaxed endeavours.

"What we have now," says Kane, "is basically a bunch of friends. The well-known lot are by and large more professional and a bit less enthusiastic, but that's fine."

Most of the 'stars' have contributed specially-executed work to the current exhibition, 'A Bit of Classicism', which was the joint idea of Edward Bell and proprietor Kane. Others are helping with a separate project: a video magazine which will record the progress of the whole scheme. And W8 intends to operate yet one other new convention; for each show (and openings are planned at four-week intervals) they will put out a publication.

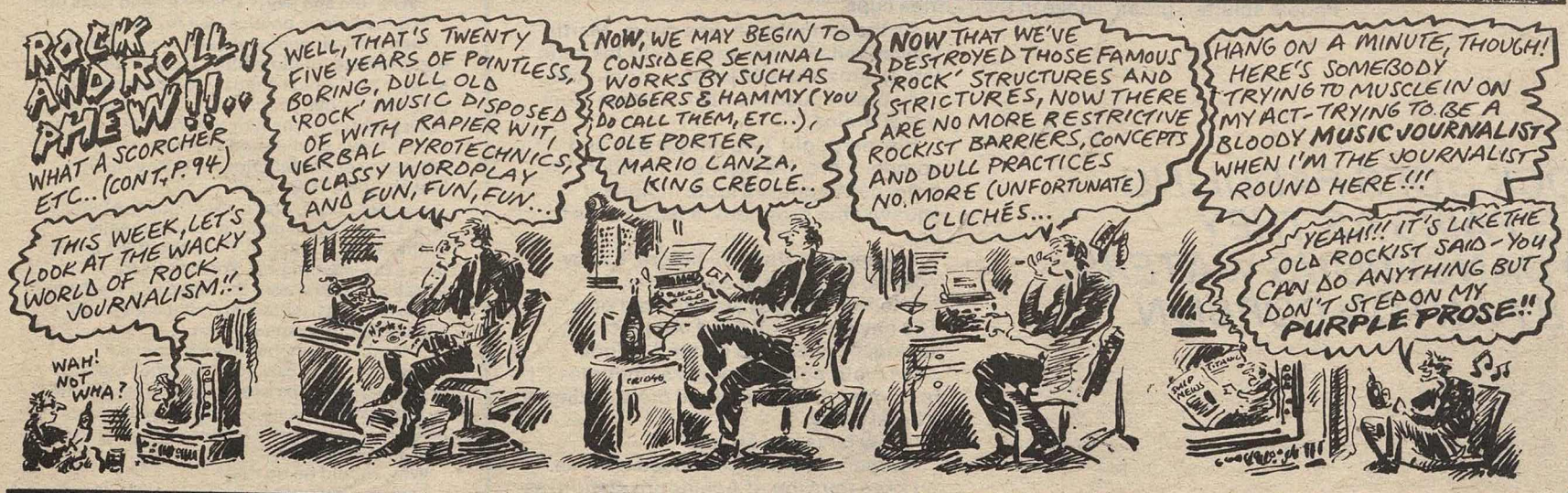
"We give each contributor an A4 sheet and they do what they like with it. We just collate the sheets and do the cover." Kane and Pugh also plan to start evening productions of small-cast plays (*The Immortalist* is already scheduled) and plan a free street party for their whole neighbourhood in 'honour' of the Royal Wedding Day.

W8 is located at 71 Abingdon Road, London W8 6A8 (01-937 7480). Potential contributors and contributions are welcome (sculpture, poetry, musical tapes, visual arts), as are visitors. Hours: 10-6pm, Mon-Sat.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL

LOWRY


ROCK AND ROLL PHEW!!... WHAT A SCORCHER ETC.. (CONT. P. 94)
WELL, THAT'S TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF POINTLESS, BORING, DULL OLD 'ROCK' MUSIC DISPOSED OF WITH RAPIER WIT, VERBAL PYROTECHNICS, CLASSY WORDPLAY AND FUN, FUN, FUN...
NOW, WE MAY BEGIN TO CONSIDER SEMINAL WORKS BY SUCH AS RODGERS & HAMMY (YOU DO CALL THEM, ETC..), COLE PORTER, MARIO LANZA, KING CREOLE..
NOW THAT WE'VE DESTROYED THOSE FAMOUS 'ROCK' STRUCTURES AND STRICTURES, NOW THERE ARE NO MORE RESTRICTIVE ROCKIST BARRIERS, CONCEPTS AND DULL PRACTICES NO MORE (UNFORTUNATE) CLICHÉS...
HANG ON A MINUTE, THOUGH! HERE'S SOMEBODY TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON MY ACT - TRYING TO BE A BLOODY MUSIC JOURNALIST WHEN I'M THE JOURNALIST ROUND HERE!!!
THIS WEEK, LET'S LOOK AT THE WACKY WORLD OF ROCK JOURNALISM!!..
WAH! NOT WHA?
YEAH!!! IT'S LIKE THE OLD ROCKIST SAID - YOU CAN DO ANYTHING BUT DON'T STEP ON MY PURPLE PROSE!!

CREATURE FROM THE NOORDZEE

LESLEY

GRAHAM LOCK GOES PADDLING WITH THE AU PAIRS AS THEY WADE INTO DANGEROUS WATERS. SEA VIEWS BY ANTON CORBIJN.

IN A TINY hotel on the fringes of The Hague's red-light district, members of the Au Pairs' touring party are reminiscing over breakfast about their childhood follies.

Steve Miknenus, Pinkies' guitarist and AP driver, remarks, "I once got a shirt button stuck up me nose."

People splutter, groan, choke in their coffee cups.

As the commotion dies down, Martin Culverwell, AP manager, sticks his knife into the marmalade jar and announces, "My brother used to eat the green stuff out of drains."

Bleeeargggh! Two people gag and someone drops a plate on the floor. The hotel parrot emits a loud, indignant squawk; the proprietor's baby starts to cry.

I remember. The day before, Lesley Woods, AP guitarist and singer, muttering, "Blokes are like little kids." The day after, Paul Foad, AP guitarist, saying, "Lesley, you do tend to look down your nose at people sometimes." I remember two of the road crew talking in a hotel lobby.

"How far is it to Milan?"

"Depends how much speed we take."

I keep thinking of Apeldoorn station, as I leave for London, and Les arguing, "You're invalidating my whole politics . . . am I only allowed to have opinions on feminism? . . . you've no right to censor what I say."

I remember. Three hectic days of music, jokes, arguments — all jumbled and distorted in my head (be warned!). Four to a room, 12 in the mini-bus. Beer each night for supper, mould on the hotel jam. A laugh, a song, a blazing row.

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Au Pairs' summer assault on sobriety and the blues.

I JOIN the Au Pairs for their three Dutch gigs — Amsterdam, The Hague, Apeldoorn. The night before, they played Paris, which was broadcast live to two million people. Later, they go to Milan, Vienna and across Germany. They've just finished an uproarious British tour. 'You', their recently re-released first single, went straight into the Indie charts. Their debut LP, 'Playing With A Different Sex', was in the *NME* Top Ten and has topped the Independent Chart for three weeks, fending off the challenge of Birmingham compatriots UB40. After nearly three years, Au Pairs are becoming an overnight success.

"The gap between now and when we all sat round gluing the labels on our first single is just incredible." Pete Hammond, AP drummer, shakes his head. "I only hope we can keep it all together."

Pete is a worrier.

I remember, the last night in Apeldoorn, Pete is describing an interview with a fanzine.

"They were asking us really heavy questions, so I said, why don't you ask us something silly like what our favourite colour is? So they did and, like, my mind went completely blank. I thought, well, blue's a great colour so I was gonna say blue when I thought, hang on, red's pretty good too. And I just couldn't speak. I mean, I know which colours I *don't* like. . ."

Which?

"Well . . ." Long, agonised pause.

A journalist falls helpless to the floor.

Paul Foad screws up his face in comic exasperation. "Ahhh, Peeeeeeete!"

Pete is a worrier (and a brilliant drummer). But Au Pairs have the necessary acumen to keep control of their success. A success they richly deserve.

If 'Playing With A Different Sex' doesn't always match up to their onstage ferocity — and the band agree gigs are their element — it's still a very, very good LP, mixing old favourites like 'Dear John' and the famous BBC-banned 'Come Again' with a range of new material that proves adventure and variety to be among Au Pairs' growing glut of qualities (particularly the reworked version of their last single, 'It's Obvious').

Their third single — possibly called 'Inconvenience', due for mid-July release, stunningly brilliant — will be a revelation even to AP fans. A glorious trumpet riff, buoyant bass, sudden skittish percussion attacks, the guitars bending, wailing in surprise twists, Lesley's stuttering snarl — all in all, a majestic, headlong rush of pride and grandeur and *feeling*.

I remember Lesley grinning, "We wanna play jazz!"

"*You* might!" Bassist Jane Munro pulls a face.

Paula: "Not jazz, maybe, but you've gotta get some soul in your music."

Lesley: "Soul as in *feeling*."

I remember, in the mini-bus on our way to the beach, Minou Myling, AP tour manager, plays jazz tapes. Miles gets kinda blue. Archie Shepp, Jeanne Lee duet on 'Blase' — *"you shot your sperm into me/but never set me free."*

"Wha' did she say?" Lesley's head jerks up.

Produce erotic politics, say Au Pairs.

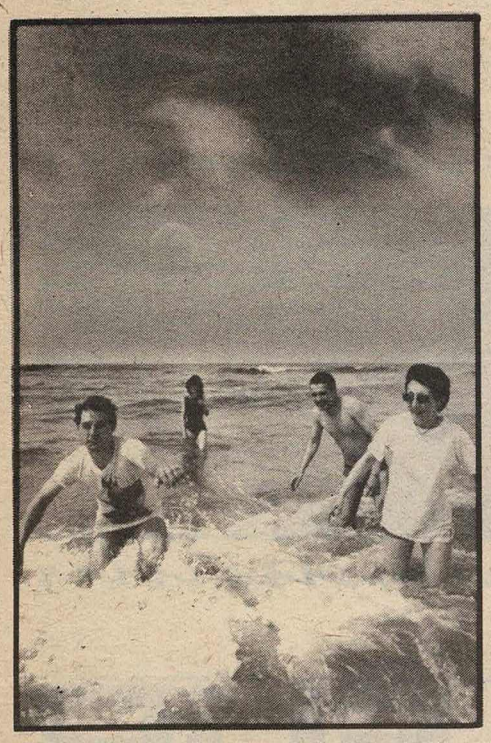
Most of their songs,old and new, describe male/female relationships. They're not "love songs" but honest songs — on the vagaries and vicissitudes of everyday living together. Lesley writes all the lyrics. A lot of them, I say to her, focus on the *man's* role, on male hypocrisy or exploitation — 'Come Again', 'Set Up', 'We're So Cool'.

Lesley: "Yeah, that's cos I think the Left, in terms of personal politics, haven't really bothered . . . I mean, it's *not* about the bloke doing the washing-up. You can have situations now where the bloke will wash-up , make the beds, whatever, but it's just a guilt trip being put on the woman.

"I think women are under immense pressure — they can feel this anger but they can't express it cos they end up feeling guilty — how can I think he's a shit when he's so nice? — and basically the bloke's *using* that to make her feel guilty."

Why should he do that?

Lesley: "Because it gives him a lot of control



PETE, LESLEY, PAUL AND JANE

over her. It keeps her tied to him. It maintains his domestic relationship, which a lot of men seem to need."

Pete: "I think a lot of women can handle it better now; they're stronger, more individual."

Lesley: "No, women still aren't taught to express their anger. If a woman starts to she's told she's fucking hysterical and neurotic. Women aren't provided with a means of articulating what a lot of them feel in this society. They get no . . . examples . . . no means of retaliation."

How about men?

Lesley: "Men have no problem expressing their anger!"

Paul: "They just lash out physically. That's the way 95% of men react."

But that's a problem! Maybe *the* problem.

Paul: "Yeah. Well, obviously *both* situations have got to change."

IN THE night streets of Amsterdam, scruffy figures lean from the shadows, hissing " 'ey man, you wanna buy 'ash?" Holland has some weird system where buying dope is legal but dealing isn't. Like sex in England — the customer is always innocent.

I remember the sound-check at The Hague, Lesley stands bemused in the dressing-room, giggling, "I'm so stoned I've just taken my guitar strap to the toilet." Or Martin, sipping vodka and telling me about his night in Paris: "I got *right* out of my head. It's the first time I've actually been comatose."

Au Pairs like a good time as much as the next person but previous press reports of their appetite for drink seem a little out of hand. At least, whatever their state, Au Pairs remain more friendly, coherent and together than many journalists manage stone cold sober. 'Headache', from the LP, in Au Pairs' newer, slower, hypnotic groove, shows they're fully aware of the dangers attendant on getting out of it.

Lesley: "It's not just about drugs. It's about how, by getting out of your head, you're doing somebody a favour. Like, in England, with so many unemployed, a lot of kids on the dole just get smashed out of their brains with glue or drink or smack and get very, very apathetic. And the point is that that's conducive to working *with* the State. Cos they prefer it if everyone is wandering around like zombies.

"It's also, like, the general atmosphere in England. I've heard of lots of people who've just . . . well, gone mad. Young women, 28, 29, married with kids, who've been put away. I read that more young women than men are making suicide attempts — not actual desires to die but cries for help.

"I just think people aren't given anything to live for in England. And people are getting meaner, too. There's an automatic hostile reaction."

I don't doubt it. And Amsterdam — a lovely, easy-going city of canals, bicycles and tiny picturesque squares — makes an all too evident contrast. Even in the sombre government centre of The Hague, help comes from unexpected quarters.

I remember us driving around after the gig, hopelessly lost, people scrabbling on the floor for a missing bottle-opener, when the car behind us suddenly turns on a flashing orange light.

"The pigs, the pigs," babbles Martin. "Quick, take your drugs out and swallow them."

"No, just stay calm. Let me handle it." Minou motions Steve to pull over.

The police car stops beside us and two heavy-set youths swagger out. They converse with Minou in Dutch. Everyone else sits in a deathly hush.

"There's a problem with the licence," says Minou.

Martin gets agitated. "It's a 12-seater, there's only fucking 12 of us in here!"

"Shut up, Martin." Half a dozen people hiss.

Minou and the police argue some more. Then they get in their car and pull away.

"We have to follow them," says Minou.

"Are they arresting us?" asks Martin.

"No, they're showing us the way back to the hotel."

"What! The pigs!" Martin cackles incredulously and falls over backwards. Les launches into an extravagant version of 'Just One Cornetto'. The search for the bottle-opener resumes.

THE CRUNCH. In Apeldoorn, the air hangs heavy — humid and oppressive. Despair and frustration clamp down on us like a giant belljar. We're talking about 'Armagh', one of the LP's strongest songs, about the women in Northern Ireland's Armagh gaol, but with a bitterly sardonic attack on the British government in its tail: *"We don't torture/We're a civilised nation."* At each gig, Lesley dedicates the song to the hunger-strikers. The major record distributors in Northern Ireland have refused to handle the LP because of this track — a case of virtual, undeclared censorship.

I ask, why did you write 'Armagh'?

Lesley: "I saw an article about the women's prison in Armagh, describing what the conditions were like. A lot of the lines in the song are taken from that — about the excrement on the walls; an armed guard squad raiding the cells and the women getting beaten up; the fact that they're given barbiturates, loads of drugs all the time, to keep them drugged up; and they've got no clothes and get about one sanitary towel a month . . . there were even women in there who were pregnant and had their babies and weren't given anything to ease the pain. And their babies were taken away from them and they never saw them . . . that's why I wrote that song."

A lot of people seem to object to rock groups, and writers, talking about Northern Ireland, chiefly on two grounds. Firstly, that as you don't live there you don't really know what's happening: secondly, that by criticising the Army, or authorities, you're somehow supporting "terrorism". How would you answer that?

Paul: "Well, it's basically a human rights issue. The gig we played in Belfast was run as a human rights thing."

Lesley: "The point about 'Armagh' is that it just describes the situation. To say you don't agree with that song is to say that I'm lying, that women are not in that prison in those conditions. And they *are* — that's a fact. We also think it's wrong — which is where it becomes a human rights thing."

Paul: "There are people in The Maze and in Armagh from both sides living in terrible conditions. We just don't believe anybody, whatever their political views, should be treated like that."

Lesley: "I mean, we do support the IRA."

You do? Totally?

Lesley: "Unequivocably. Well, except for the Birmingham pub bombings, if they did them."

Pete: "I don't agree at all. You can't say we unequivocably support the IRA . . ."

Lesley: "I can say it. You say what you like."

Pete "There's a lot of personal differences here. I don't agree with extremist violence that blows up people . . ."

Lesley: "Neither do I."

Pete: "But by saying unequivocably . . ."

Lesley: "That's bullshit. I don't see that saying I support the IRA is synonymous with saying I support extreme violence. Those people don't use extreme violence *per se.* I mean, the Yorkshire Ripper is someone who uses extreme violence just for the sake of it but nobody went on about extreme violence when he killed someone, they were more interested in the personal details of the women he killed."

Pete: "But the violence was there . . . everyone was scared of it."

Lesley: "Then why haven't they done anything to prevent that extreme violence against women being done again?"

Paul: "The thing is, right, that the whole way Northern Ireland is portrayed in the British press is totally distorted. You turn on the news and you hear the IRA are all bad and the British government is always right. I mean, 30,000 people voted for Bobby Sands! 30,000 people can't be fucking 'terrorists'.

"And by doing a song like 'Armagh', all we wanna do is draw attention to the fact that there's another side to the coin and that there should be some *debate* about it. Cos it's a problem for the British people and the British people are being hoodwinked. Like, it's *our* Army over there, prolonging this hassle. Until the Army comes out, it's a complete stalemate. The violence and bloodshed'll just continue. And it's *our* problem."

Pete: "Yeah, I agree. But, maybe I'm an idealist or something, I don't think violence solves problems."

Lesley: "Well, what does?"

Pete: "I don't know. I've got no idea."

Paul: "Look, I really hate and detest violence and shy away from it as much as I can. But some people can't . . . I mean, we're very fortunate, we're in a group, dossing around Europe, having a good time. Some people get up and there's an armoured car outside their house every morning. You'd soon get pissed off with that.

"And what's really sad, if you grow up in that environment of violence, what chance have you got? The soldiers too. Most of them are just kids of 18, 19; if you look into their faces, you can see they're really terrified. They don't *want* to be there, it's just circumstances, unemployment or whatever. The whole thing's just one great, fucking tragedy."

WE BREAK for the gig. Jane, who's said little, is feeling ill. Halfway through the set, she faints and is taken to hospital for a check-up. Thankfully, she's suffering from nothing more serious than the heat, exhaustion and a heavy period; but the gig is abandoned.

Jane is the quiet Au Pair but no less essential a member for that. You have to imagine her flitting through this article, a black homburg with resplendent red feather perched above her laconic grin, definitely a *presence* but with few words.

She goes to bed; the remaining Au Pairs agree to continue the interview but Lesley and Pete start to argue about Ireland again. She insists it's her right to express support for the IRA. He thinks it should be a group decision and is against it. It goes on and on until I fear the Au Pairs will tear themselves apart: a ragged, wearing, ill-tempered row that lasts through the night, through breakfast, right up to my departure for London.

Lesley says goodbye with a last, passionate plea. "You must print it, it's really important to me. If you side with Pete, you're invalidating my whole politics. Am I only allowed to have opinions on feminism? If I said all men should be castrated, you'd print that and that's extreme violence."

Look, I say, the group should decide. I don't want the responsibility of choosing between you.

"It's not the group, it's *my* opinion," says Lesley. "It's not your responsibility to decide what *I* can say. You've no right to censor me. And don't worry about the group, we'll sort it out."

LATER, THEY do. But this isn't the right place to end, with the Au Pairs bickering through a late-night political debate. They're serious, yes. The *care,* of course! But equally they're a marvellous pop group — commercial, attractive, simply thrilling to watch. Amsterdam was one of those joyous, magical, rapturous gigs you see only once in a blue moon.

I remember. Lesley and Paul dance out their slinky minuets; Jane's loping bass booms out; Pete rides his drumkit, the eye of the hurricane. Les slams out the chords, jitterbugs across the stage, fist waving in the air. Paul bobs about like a cork. The music hits hard and spiky, retaining all the old punk attack but rampant now with hope. A rush of pleasure shoots through my body. The audience looks dazed, goes bananas. Lesley, white-faced, awesome charisma, oracle, shoves a curly mass of thick, black hair from her eyes, dares the world, *"Take it, take another little piece of my heart."*

The cheers and stomps echo through the building. Au Pairs have won over a whole new audience from scratch. The unstoppable glory of a band surpassing its peak, reaching out into new atmospheres.

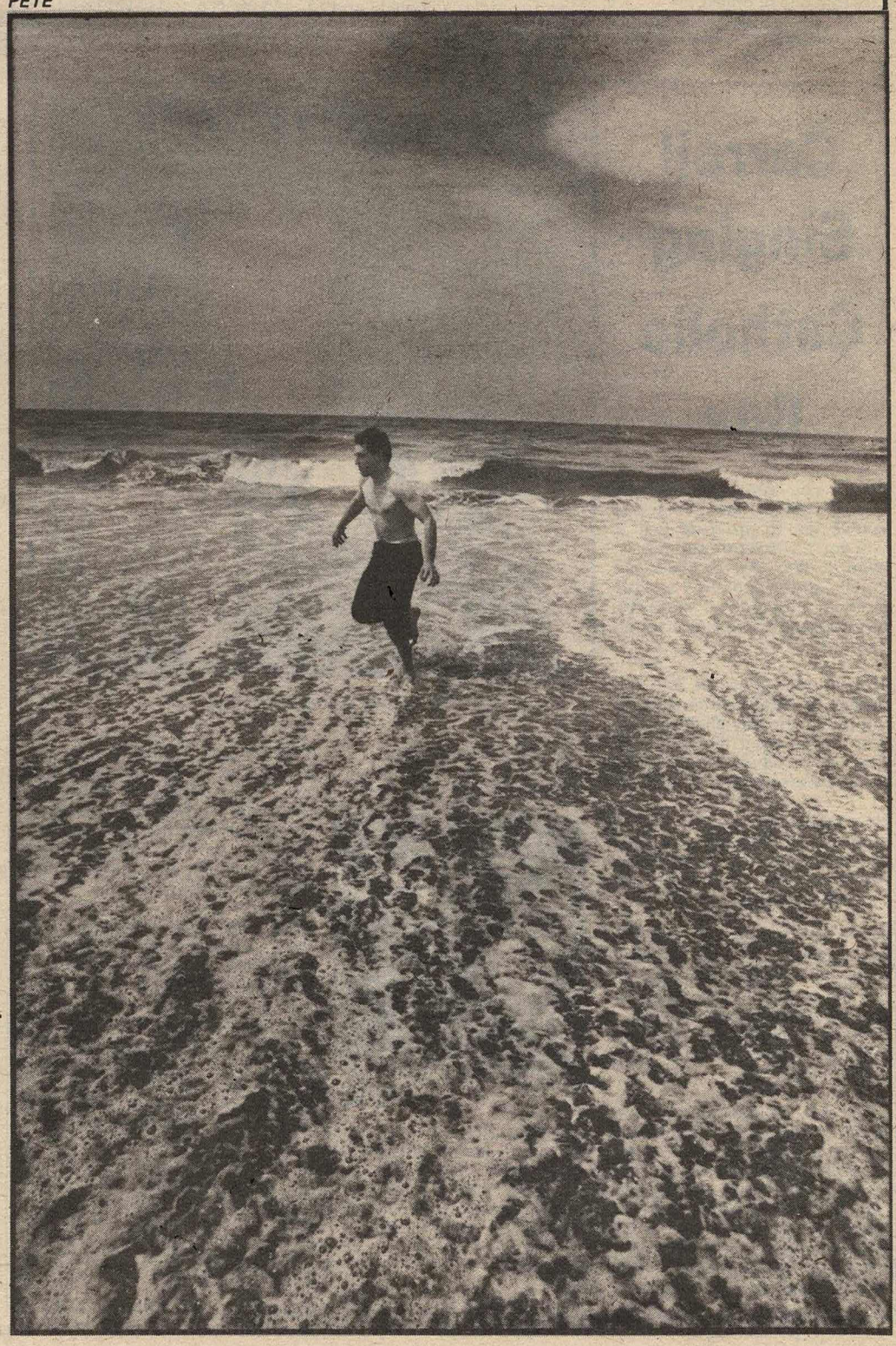
Here I go, over the top. Au Pairs live make me feel everything is possible. Like all great rock'n'roll, they promise sex, truth, the future — and make you want it now! Their passion's an aching affirmation, a defiant blast of love and anger in the teeth of reality.

And yet. I remember Paul Foad, almost in desperation, murmuring, "I think something awful's gonna happen soon. The whole world seems to be going completely crazy. That's why I'm into fast living — you know, get it while you can."

And yet, I can't forget — Au Pairs are a *dance* band. They'll sweep you onto your feet, make you feel like the world's cracked open, in three delirious minutes of rock'n'roll.

It's obvious, *so* obvious. It's paradise. Get it while you can.

PETE



PAUL DU NOYER talk talk talks to Richard Butler

GENTLEMEN P.FUR

WE MET next to a pile of bricks. Not just any old pile of bricks, you understand, but *that* pile of bricks — in the Tate Gallery, the one that all the fuss was over.

It was Butler's idea, Butler being a bit of an aesthete when he isn't being a bit of The Psychedelic Furs (singer and writer, to be exact). It just happens that the bricks share a room with one of his fave artists (Sol Le Witt, who chalks patterns on bus-sized blackboards). And it started me to thinking: how like that pile of bricks, I thought, the P Furs really are.

Like that pile of bricks, the Furs are often described as absurd, pretentious, something of a bloody big con. The next thing I thought was that, well, this is rather unfair. Butler might be a poser — in fact he *is* a poser, and doesn't mind admitting it, which I like — but the group he fronts have plenty to back the showy facade up with. The second Psychedelic Furs LP 'Talk Talk Talk' is a fine record, as is the 'Pretty In Pink' single which it spawned. And as I write, both records are registering in their respective Top 30s. So there.

And so, having met, Butler and I sat down and I asked him if he was pissed off by the nasty things that reviewers said about 'Talk Talk Talk'. He said he wasn't.

"Anyone's entitled to think what they want," he said. "They're entitled to hate it, and to like it. Like I'm saying in my lyrics, or *trying* to say, just make your own mind up about things — don't believe anyone until you've heard it for yourself.

"What I *don't* think people are entitled to do is mis-quote the lyrics to make them look like they're sexist." (This was done in a rival paper: a blatant distortion of the sort which puts the art of criticism into disrepute.) "No one's entitled to lie about the band. But I wouldn't like to make a big point of this thing. I just think it's best forgotten about — just like if some kid turns round to me in the street and sticks his tongue out, I'm gonna forget about that."

Too-shay, as they say. I go on to tell Butler I like 'Talk Talk Talk' better than the first LP — more melodic, more focussed and coherent, less cluttered. He agrees — well he would, I suppose — but adds that it's "More grown up".

Where earlier songs such as 'We Love You' and 'Flowers' struck out in a hundred directions, with almost a surfeit of half-realised ideas (musical and lyrical), the new stuff is quite straightforward in structure, direct and emotional in subject matter. Mostly it deals with love and romance, sometimes in a sad and personal way. Mostly it's composed of Butler's reflections on a relationship, a real life one, from various angles, from beginning to end.

"I wrote about that because that was intriguing me at the time, and worrying me. Maybe some people don't like the fact that I'm not screaming about politics or something. But I think that if you're intelligent enough to understand what I'm going on about, then you're intelligent enough to understand that to be racist is completely stupid, to think that women should take a demeaning role in life is stupid.

"If you're reasonably intelligent then you know these things already. A *pop* band might need to say them, but the Furs aren't crossing over into a massive pop market. I think, for the moment at least, we're very much a large cult band, and our audience understands those issues already."

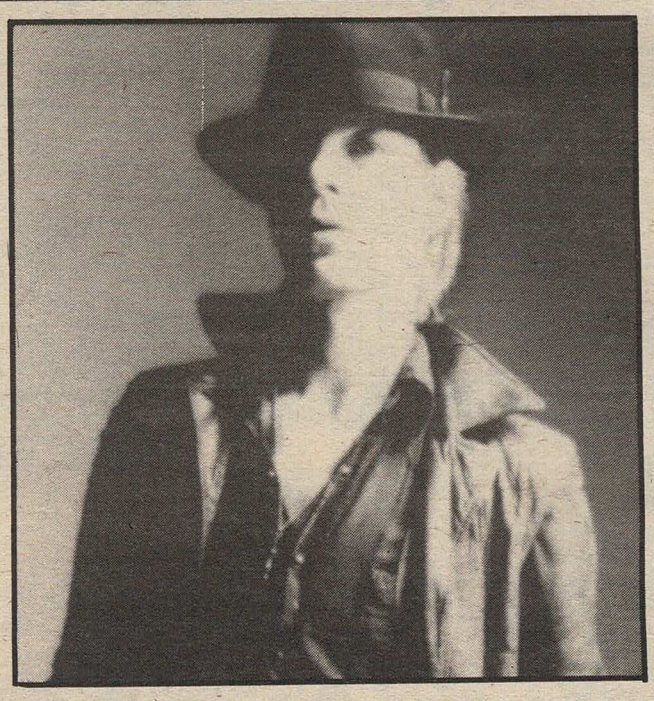
The conversation turns to sex. Because of numbers like 'Into You Like A Train', 'Pretty In Pink' and 'I Wanna Sleep With You', some superficial observers consider there's something, uh, ideologically unsound about The Psychedelic Furs. Of course, some people say all sorts of soft things, but the point seems worth considering. So we do.

"I don't think it's sexist," Butler argues, "to see a girl and think 'Wow, I want to sleep with you. I don't want to stay with you for ever', which is all the song 'I Wanna Sleep With You' says. To say it's sexist is ridiculous: *that's* sexist itself because you're putting women on a pedestal, you're saying *women* never feel like that. It's so naive to think that. Of *course* women see guys they'd like to screw."

I guess some people just haven't sorted out the difference between 'sexist' and 'sexual' yet.

"Yeah. The whole 'sexist' thing has turned itself around, so now it's nonsense. *Sex* is considered sexist these days, which is ridiculous. Instead of

Carroll Singing Catholic Boy



Jim Carroll. A good Catholic boy?

When you grow up on the wrong side of New York City you've got to grow up fast. If you don't, you won't survive . . . even if you do, chances are you'll still wind up a little strange. Jim Carroll survived, but not before the City had left its mark.

The teenage suicides and the pop-eyed adolescents snatching purses to stay alive were to Jim Carroll what lemon popsicles and Saturday morning movies were to most other kids.

He was one of them. A kid in the jungle who ran with the pack, but a kid from somewhere deep inside dragged a rare talent . . . the talent to write.

While still only a teenager he put together what by many was hailed as the definiitive diary of coming of age on the streets — graphic detail drawn from painful experience. Poems followed, together with a Pulitzer Prize nomination.

Later still, disillusioned by his brush with New York's fashionable arts crowd, Carroll stumbled across the power of live rock 'n' roll. Gigs with people like Lou Reed and Patti Smith left him hooked, and now he leads his own band. Tells his stories up front of the backdrop that perhaps fits them best — guitar, bass and drums.

'Catholic Boy' is Jim Carroll's

Jim Carroll 'Catholic Boy'
CBS 84901

first album. Ten songs. Lyrics that must be heard to be believed about a life that must be lived to be understood. The sound of surviving on the edge. A brilliant, brutal evocation.

New York, New York. So bad . . .

There are a thousand sides to a city like New York. And as long as the city stands there will be street corner story taleers itching to feed the fantasies of anyone who'll listen, with another anthem to cars and bars and subway brawls.

New York. New York. So bad they named it twice. New York. New York. Where the coloured girls go 'do dado do do . . .'

But just when you think you've heard it all before, when you think there are no juke joint stories left to be told, someone special comes along and it's as if no one else got on quite right.

Jim Carroll is someone special. First and foremost he is the genuine article. Real New York City McCoy. So if you think you've heard it all before, hear 'Catholic Boy'. You'll accept no substitute again.

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Pictures by DAVID CORIO

BLONDES

these anti-sexist people coming out and saying women are just like guys, they want to screw just like guys do — which is how I understand women to be — instead of that they're folding it all in and saying, no, guys are *using* women in sex, that women don't feel like that, they only want to be loved for their personalities. It's ignoring that both sexes feel the same — it's just the way women have been pushed down, been educated, they don't express it so openly. In fact it feels dumb to be talking about it, because it's so obvious, really."

It's a kind of ironic reversion, perhaps, to the prim Victorian ideal of female nature — ironic, because the people falling into this trap probably think themselves to be rather progressive.

Changing the subject, I enquire of Butler what he's listening to these days. Although greatly taken with U2, he says that — like me and most people I talk to just now — most of his musical nourishment comes from delving into the past (including, in his case, Piaf and Dietrich as well as the more obvious heroes). One reason he's not too close to what's going on here is that the Furs spent a lot of time in America last year, and are just about to embark on another stint, of which he holds high hopes.

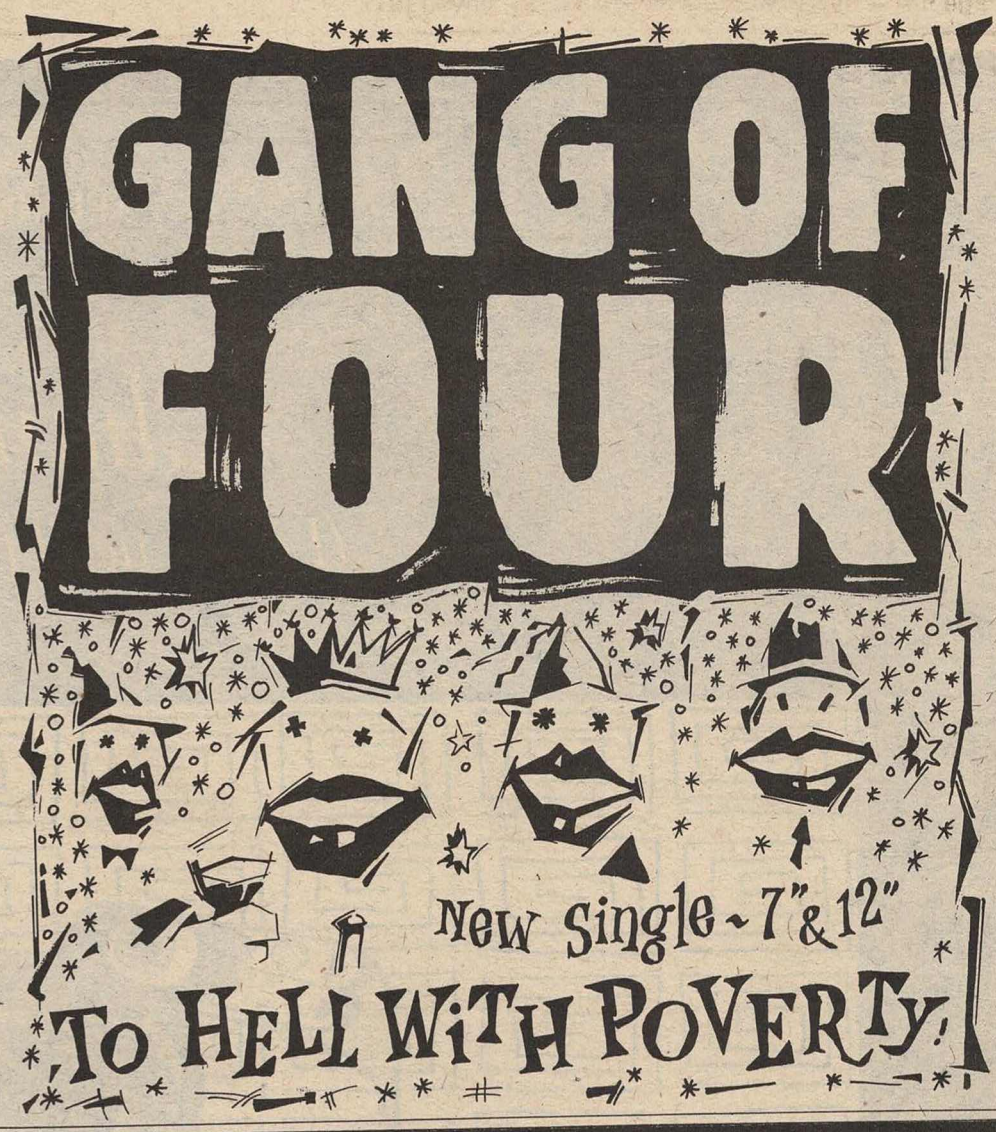
It occurs to me that the group might sometimes regret settling on a now-faddish name like 'Psychedelic', even if they did do it as long ago as 1977. He says they don't.

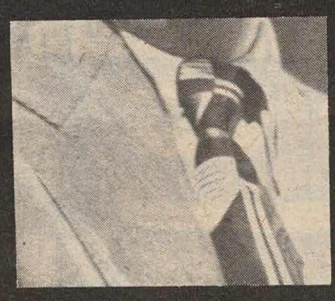
"Not at all, no. I think it makes things interesting. A lot of people have told us 'They won't play you on the radio' because of the name — especially in the States, where psychedelia really does mean a heavy drugs thing. But it's not a name you forget, and maybe it makes you think — and that's what we're trying to do, after all. People have suggested that we officially cut it to The Furs, or make the 'Psychedelic' littler. But I don't go along with that. I think Psychedelic Furs is a great name. I mean, it's tongue-in-cheek, you've got to appreciate the humour of it.

"Yeah, it's funny: in the last couple of years maybe we wouldn't have chosen that name. But when we first made it up no one would even admit to liking psychedelia, which was why we chose it. Sheer pig-headedness!"

Now I ask you, and be honest: does this man really sound like a brick to you?

GANG OF FOUR





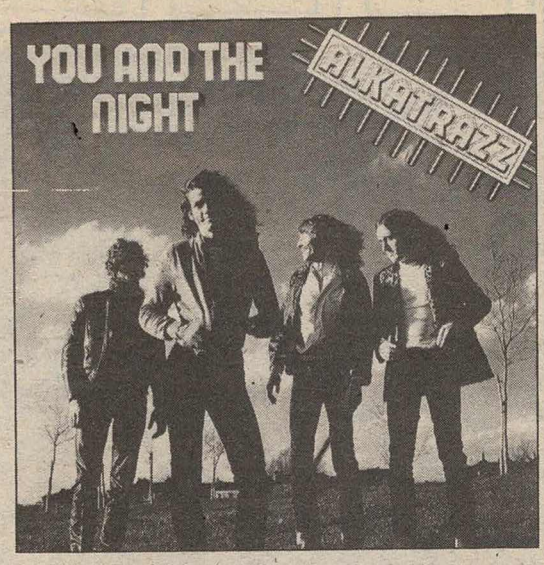
NEXT WEEK IN NME

HI DE HI And a ho de ho. Roy Carr and Fred Dellar explore the jump that made Joe Jackson jive!

THE EXPLOITED Chris Bohn and David Corio get their mohicans in shape for a hair raising journey into anarchist punk.

ALKATRAZZ

YOU AND THE NIGHT



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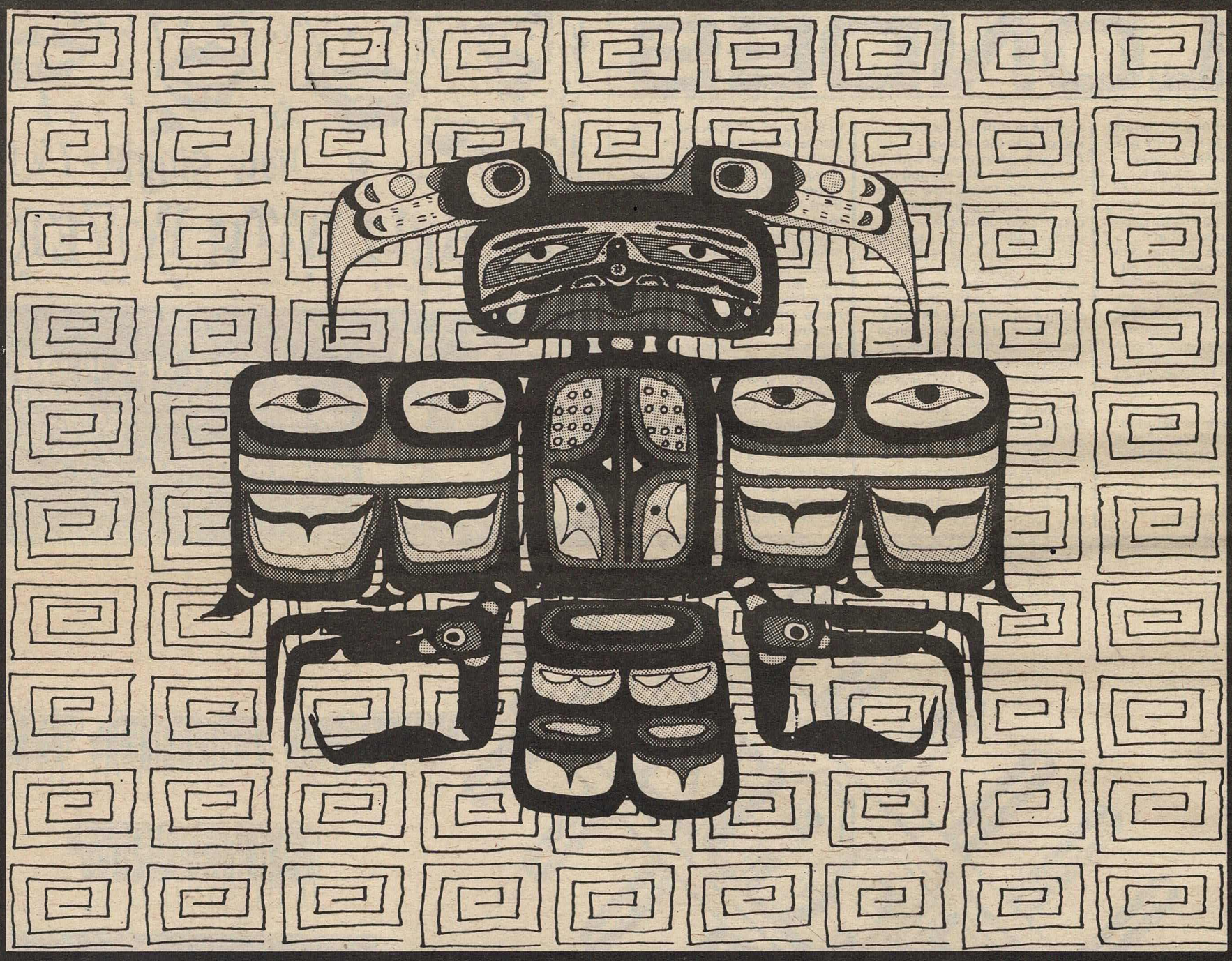

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SEARCHING FOR THE YOUNG CEREBRAL

CHRIS BOHN looks back 12 years to the intense emotions and projected passions of Scott Walker — a godlike genius out of his time

Pic: Syndication

Pic: Chris Walter

Left: Late 1968, working on 'Scott 3'. Main pic: May 1966, with the crash helmet supposedly used to protect the Walker barnet from teenage hair-pullers — one of many ingenious picture gimmicks of the era

LIKE A BADLY tuned radio, a memory is apt to slip in and out of focus.

Prompted by echoes from the oddest places — Joy Division, Magazine, Simple Minds, David Bowie — mine is struggling to pinpoint Scott Walker. It is frantically sifting the ether for fragments that might support a favourable revisionist view of the mawkish '60s pop idol as a heroically tormented forerunner of today's tragedians.

Benefiting from the mystery that shrouds the man — plus the fact that his records are deleted — the myth is ripe for polishing.

Retracing my own route into Scott Walker's disturbed mind, it would be easy to draw a line from his devastatingly nihilistic contributions to the re-formed Walker Brothers' 'Nite Flights' (1978) back to the solitary lowlife obsessions of his four legendary solo LPs of the late '60s. The resulting picture would be far better rounded and less complicated than the real story — and it's probably the one most people would rather see, too.

Especially now. Even in his solo prime, Walker never enjoyed the intelligent public acclaim he yearned for. His following was largely a hangover from his pin-up days as a Walker Brother, when he was a twin object of blind teen desire along with "brother" John Maus.

Today he's receiving belated recognition from critically respectable figures like Teardrop Julian Cope. The exuberant Cope has cited him as his greatest influence and intends paying tribute by compiling a Walker retrospective for Zoo under the extravagant title 'The Godlike Genius Of Scott Walker'.

Meanwhile Walker's old company Philips is also catching on and has a collection of Walker's Jacques Brel interpretations prepared for the autumn.

And to cap it all Walker has signed a generously loose contract with Virgin, which commits them to releasing his record — whenever he's ready to make it. Eighteen months have since passed without so much as a single, but at least the world is ready now for the Scott Engel that Scott Walker wanted to be way back then.

The horizon is only marred by the hazy memories that persist in bringing back nagging doubts — doubts like the Tom Jones-styled TV series he hosted. Doubts that are reinforced by a thirst for more Scott Walker records than are good for the soul, which leads you to best forgotten artefacts like 'Scott Sings Songs From His TV Series' or the 'Moviegoer' collection of title themes. Or most recently the two MOR products of the reformed (lobotomized?) Walker Brothers that preceded the seminal 'Nite Flights'.

Come across Scott Walker via the wrong route and you'll want to take the nearest exit. But if you arrive at the *rubbish* last, like me, then the shock of disillusionment quickly subsides — to be replaced by perplexity as to how someone with the integrity to produce some of pop music's most pained, soul-searching songs could succumb to churning out so many appalling sapstuff standards.

SCOTT ENGEL split from The Walker Brothers in 1967 because their phenomenally successful teen pap didn't satisfy him.

His moodier artistic temperament already had him fingered as a dark recluse living behind heavy shades outside and closed curtains inside. Indeed, the story running through his back pages — as chronicled through the '60s in *NME* — asked when was he going to throw them back and let in some light.

(Then, if it's sunshine he wanted he would have stayed in California. Britain's dank climes were infinitely better suited to this American's gloomy introspection — check 'It's Raining Today' on 'Scott Three' and the glistening 'Plastic Palace People' on 'Scott Two'. Anyway, The Walker Brothers only achieved recognition at home after 'The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore' and 'Make It Easy On Yourself' struck here).

Yet for all his avowed artistic intentions, commercial pressures played an important part in Scott Walker's decision-making. Looking back, Scott's career was a constant struggle between the two — and thouth he invariably erred on the side of caution, he managed for the most part a workable compromise. He would set himself high standards he found difficult to live up to, but even this failure somehow worked in his favour. His weaknesses enhanced the aura of futility he was steeped in, lending tragic depths to his naturally melancholic rich tenor of a voice.

That's not to say that Scott Walker wasn't courageous. Writing was a difficult task for him — and this was the one area in which he never compromised. He bravely burrowed into his inner turmoil for material so full of despair that it set him in defiance with the moods of the times.

Scott Walker brooded while London swung; scowled when, later, the flower children optimistically idiot danced. Scott never thought that he could improve the world. He made his position clear way back in '67 when he told *NME*: "I want people to face the realities of life and not escape them. I want them to know there are disappointments, unkindness and heartbreak."

The following year he perhaps came closest to expressing his pessimistic worldview in an interview with *NME* face Nick Logan.

"I have a very fatalistic outlook on the world," he said. "I am not being a misery about it. People will say that I am but I am not. All is lost anyway. We were doomed before we started. It doesn't matter if the politicians make any changes."

In the same article he revealed why writing didn't come easy to him: "I believe in working within walls — everyone must have some bounds. And I hope something original will come out of it."

It was a remarkably honest interview — and typically he took fright at the strength of his statements. Attempting to qualify them, Walker penned a letter to *NME* which appeared in the following week's issue. It only served to clarify even further the depths of his despondency:

"In Logan's article I was made to look the Great Deliverer of the human race," he wrote, "as if I thought myself capable of leading hordes of brutalized twisted children to see the Holy Almighty Light of Day. I am no modern day Don Quixote, attempting to battle windmills. I was merely trying to explain my work's motivating force, as I believe that man nurtures his own idiosyncrasy from a very early age. In the case of creative people it has a tendency to hide in the shadows of their work, no matter how carefully they disguise it."

THE CARE Scott Walker took in painstakingly constructing his songs, and his adamant refusal to bow to fashionable spontaneity, explains why they still sound great today — unlike the dated work of most of his contemporaries. It also explains why he never wrote that many.

In fact, much of Scott Walker's early reputation — as an artist as opposed to pop idol — was staked on his patronage of the scurrilous Belgian songwriter Jacques Brel.

Brel was Scott's spiritual guide through a seamy, Genet-like nether-land — a milieu shared by the French existentialist writers Scott was often quoted as reading. Through Brel he too could experience extremes without getting hurt.

Brel's characters were cynical, bitter, twisted, grimy, disease-ridden, yet somehow likeable. Even down on their luck they were never defeated. And in song they spoke as vulgarly as they would in life, giving Brel's work a racing, vigorous authenticity lacking in the supposedly depraved excursions of rockers to come.

Nothing approaching Brel's gutter culture had been heard before in pop — Brecht excepting. Walker included three Brel songs on each of his first three solo LPs — and they were crucial to Scott breaking away from the cosy across-the-board appeal of Walker Brothers days. At that stage he already had a nice line in doomed love songs — like 'Always Coming Back To You' and the dreamy 'Montague Terrace' — but he wasn't yet able to articulate his own despair with the urgency or accuracy of Brel.

So when 'Scott One' was released, including the sailors' tales of 'Amsterdam', the sneering 'My Death' (which Walker even performed on the *Billy Cotton Band Show!)* and the doomed rejoicing of 'Mathilde', the public was taken unawares. One *NME* writer of the time boasted that his girlfriend's parents wouldn't allow the record in the house. And Scott used to be such a nice-looking boy, too . . .

Brel also helped Walker to reconcile his artistic urges with the compromises he made. Wanting to be taken seriously as an 'albums artist', he vowed at first never to release singles. When he finally relented he put out the deliberately difficult Brel song 'Jackie'. It was a big hit, despite the BBC banning it because of references to the *"authentic queers and phoney virgins"* that the narrator would stock his brothel with when he was successful. What with its thunderously jaunty tune, quaint '60s orchestral arrangement by Wally Stott and provocative lyric, it's perhaps the best example of Scott's fascination with the underworld.

'Jackie' opened 'Scott Two' (1968), which also featured the brilliant Brel song 'Next' — about a young boy's induction into the army and vice — and 'The Girls And The Dogs', in which the pros and cons of keeping either are discussed. Walker's own songs were pale imitations, cute but not particularly convincing, though

Continues over

SEARCHING FOR THE YOUNG CEREBRAL

From previous page

one called 'The Bridge' was very much in his own style, it being a fatalistic love story.

MORE CONFIDENT in his own writing, Walker was preparing to ditch Brel for 'Scott Three' (1969), claiming he'd exhausted the best anyway. But he did include 'Sons Of', 'Funeral Tango' and 'If You Go Away' on a collection that was otherwise made up of originals.

It was his most ambitious and least successful work — both aesthetically and commercially — thus far. Still, it was a noble failure. Describing it as a tenement suite in which various characters are viewed from cracked but rose-tinted windows, Walker made the mistake that Brel always avoided: that of glamourising his subjects.

There's nothing at all grand about being a tramp, but Scott's voice almost convinced otherwise on 'Two Ragged Soldiers' and 'Two Weeks Since You've Gone'. Down and outs in Walker's songs were never very real; they were just figures placed there to emphasise the writer's own sense of isolation. He was too obviously an observer, inexplicably sorry not to be sharing their misery.

Similarly his elegy for the homosexual 'Big Louise' missed the mark.

However, they were compensated for by the back-from-the-depths positivism of 'We Came Through' and the chilling 'Winter Night'. Also, the arrangements were less engagingly anachronistic and more sophisticated.

'SCOTT THREE' appeared in early '69, roughly the same time as his first TV series.

Television was for Scott an ideal escape from live performances. He was terrified of appearing before audiences — so much so that on one occasion a car crash story was manufactured to free him of one obligation.

Still, his TV show must have come as a bitter disappointment to those few who loved Scott for his art and not his body, as he had succumbed to the BBC's play-safe policies. Brel was conspicuous by his absence. Scott apparenthatneeded the security of a middle-class, middle-aged audience, but he didn't want to lose the younger following he was nurturing either. Otherwise why would he have emphasized that the standards LP companion to the series was not part of his solo canon?

Pic: Popperfoto

JACQUES BREL, who died of lung cancer in 1978 at the age of 51, was immensely popular throughout Europe. Predictably, though, his singing in his native French tongue restricted him to small cult audiences in English speaking countries.

Born in Belgium in 1929, he took his songs to Paris after the war, and gradually asserted himself through night club engagements in the brothel district of Pigalle. His songs, in the French "chanson" tradition — meaning they could be lush, romantic *and* seamingly realistic all at once — were too good to be confined to such a small area and by the early '60s his reputation had spread throughout France and the Low Countries. He'd also picked up a fan and friend in the American songwriter Mort Shuman, whose official translations and collaboration on the hit play *Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris* popularised his work in Britain and the US.

Scott Walker recorded eight Shuman translations, his interpretations winning him the respect of Brel, and had a hit with 'Jackie', while Bowie sang 'Amsterdam' on the B-side of 'Sorrow' and 'My Death' on a few live bootlegs. 'Next', meanwhile, became a centrepiece of The Sensational Alex Harvey Band's live show. Unfortunately Brel's best known song amongst English speaking peoples is probably the insipid and inadequate Rod McKuen translation of 'If You Go Away' which, since McKuen's Top 20 hit, has become an MOR standard. Don't remember Brel this way — wait for the Scott/Brel compilation on Philips due this autumn.

At a point when credible motives were becoming increasingly important to the newly polarised rock market, his unwillingness to disguise his MOR leanings alienated him still further from the 'serious' quarters who had already firmly rejected him anyway. But Scott was as interested in competing with the voices of Bennett and Sinatra as he was in pursuing his own path. Thus his penchant for full-blown orchestral arrangements — plus his TV show — bracketed him with the likes of Tom Jones, Jack Jones and Cilla Black.

Keeping such company, there was no way Walker could have swayed the hearts or minds of dogmatic rock fans. To them he was just an MOR wimp — possessing his records was akin to carrying the plague.

Subjected to further peer group pressure, his own younger followers greeted the compromises of the BBC series with cries of betrayal, while their parents — given the choice between a set of safe standards and Scott's own grubbier ballads — no longer had to tolerate his artistic deviance. Consequently commercially 'Scott Three' fell between two stools and — though it still charted — didn't repeat the success of the earlier LPs.

Consisting mostly of his own songs, its reception and relative failure must have struck him a bitter blow.

Yet Walker stuck by his no-singles policy, choosing to break it only twice more in three years — and then ill-advisedly with slop bucket ballads like Tony Bennett's 'Joanna' and 'Lights Of Cincinatti', whose release he explained by saying that "I need the money for a few things I have planned."

Like what? asked *NME*'s Gordon Coxhill.

"Living," Walker retorted. "What else do you need money for? I've got to eat and pay my rent."

Evidently Scott liked to go through his soul-searching in comfort.

YET AGAINST all the odds he managed to operate two entirely different careers in tandem. For, while he was preparing a second TV hash, he also found time to complete his first all-original set 'Scott Four'. It turned out to be his one wholly great LP, a real masterpiece.

He'd purged himself of Brel's influence and turned inwardly with far more confidence than he'd ever betrayed before. Any guilt or regrets he might have felt about his own lack of resolve were converted into more positive creative impulses — unlike later when he would allow similar feelings to defeat him.

'Scott Four' is his most obsessively fatalistic record — it even opens with his version of Ingmar Bergman's gloomy Swedish cinema masterpiece *The Seventh Seal*. Like the movie, Scott's 'The Seventh Seal' recounts a game of chess between a knight and a scythe-carrying Death. You can guess who lost.

Similarly dark images ran through all the songs. Of 'The Angels Of Ashes' he wrote: *"There's no starting or stopping/With them there's no right or wrong/Well, that's all right for some/If your blind hands can't grope/Through these magi-less waters/You fall . . ."*

Best of all, he was able to project himself into an Eastern bloc state and convey back the feelings of futility and crushed spirits that accompanied the end of Prague's short-lived Spring in '68. In his most sombrely moving song 'The Old Man's Back Again (Dedicated To The Neo-Stalinist Regime)', he sang:

"I seen a hand/I seen a vision/It was reaching through the clouds/To risk a dream/The shadow crossed the sky/And crushed it to the ground/Just like a beast/The Old Man's back again."

His compassion even embraced the common soldier going about his unpleasant task: *"I see a soldier/He's standing in the rain/For him there's no man to walk behind/Devoured by his pain/Bewildered by the faces/Who pass him by/He'd like another name/The one's he's got is a curse these people cry./Why can't they understand/His mother called him Ivan/And then she died."*

His was one of the lone voices that diverted itself from Vietnam long enough to look to Eastern Europe's troubles of the time. Maybe his preoccupation with Europe in a climate obsessed by Americana contributed to his commercial decline — a decline that sadly began in earnest with 'Scott Four'. Or maybe it was the unique sultry swirl of strings mingled with acoustic guitars and deep bass noises that offended the earthy denim sensiblities of '69.

Yet at the same time the newly bleak arrangements, shorn of lush orchestral embellishments, might have reflected the despair at the core of his songs, but their anguish — now undisguised — lost him middle ground support.

THE FAILURE of 'Scott Four' proved too much for Scott Walker. Disillusioned, he surrendered to self-pity and simply gave up, releasing just one more midway decent LP ('Til The Band Comes In') between then and 1978's 'Nite Flights'. In a 1971 *NME* article titled "New Version Guaranteed Harmless To Old Ladies", he told longtime admirer Gordon Coxhill that he was now allowing manager Ady Semel to censor his songs. And later, when Walker briefly re-entered the paper's sphere in January '77 to talk to Phil McNeill, he recalled his demise:

"So I had this pad, and suddenly I had all the records I wanted to buy . . . and suddenly I became just very complacent. And I thought, 'if they don't want me to write anything . . . fuck it'. I just sat back and copped money for whatever they wanted me to do."

It looked like he was lost forever, especially when the re-formed Walker Brothers' first two LPs provided no clues to the state of his mind.

Then suddenly they released 'Nite Flights', featuring four new Scott Walker songs. They were magnificently doomy, out-lowing Bowie's 'Low' and 'Heroes' in the emotional depths they plumbed.

Walker had written his most devastating twilight song in 'The Electrican' — a desolate and terrifying account of a tortured man finally succumbing to the pain.

The great dusky instrument that is his voice merged with chillingly bleak strings and was carried off into the ether.

To date it's the last Scott Walker song on record and it's the one that got me into the murk of his mind in the first place. It still moves and frightens me — more so for being equally relevant today as it was three years ago.

It left me hungering for more, but typically the contrary Scott Walker has been silent ever since.

At least I could go back and discover afresh those four great, flawed solo works. His longstanding fans, on the other hand, have nothing new to look forward to.

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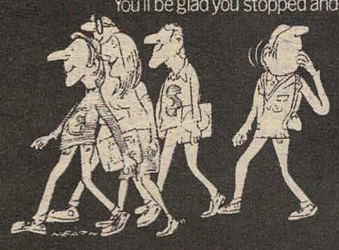

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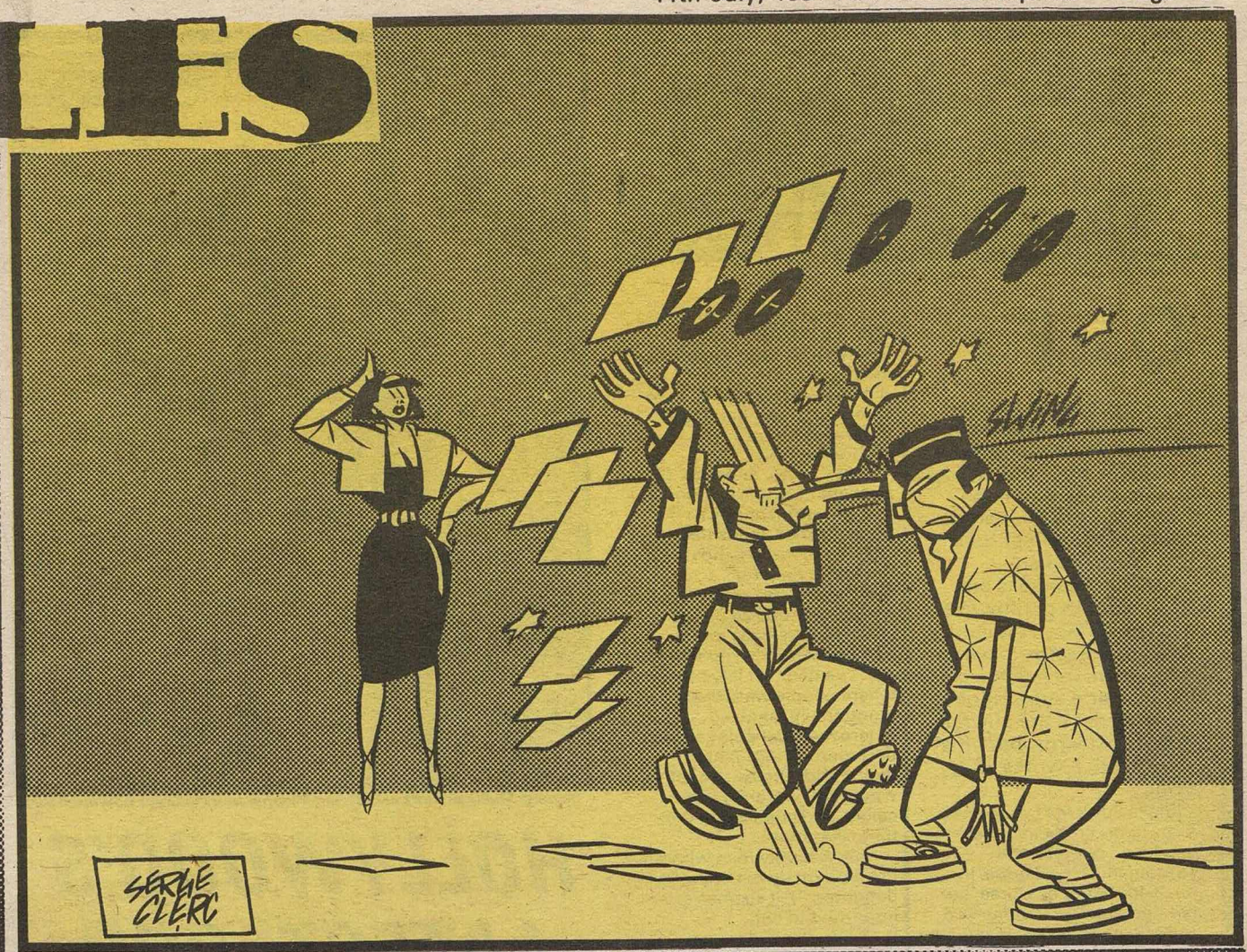


ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: A Promise (Korova). Best track off the year's best LP — simple as that, really. It's the kind of a song that calls for sweeping statements because it *is* a sweeping statement: soul and emotion, majestic melody, grandeur without pomp. Ian McCulloch and fellow Bunnies have never performed better; they've never had anything better to perform. But whatever you do, *don't buy this record.* Buy the whole album instead.

THE UNDERTONES: Julie Ocean (Ardeck). Best track off the year's fifth best LP (oh yes, we've all been making lists around here) . . . except this version's been thoroughly re-recorded and actually improved. Feargal Sharkey betrays a reserve of tenderness, as befits guitarist John O'Neill's most affecting ballad to date. Plus! It comes double A-sided with a genuinely new song, 'Kiss In The Dark' — more of a B-side in this context, I'd say, but a worthy addition to the 'Tones catalogue anyhow. All things considered, in this case there may be serious grounds for purchase of both 45 *and* album.

MOTORHEAD: Motorhead (Bronze). Well, to invoke the customary M'head reviewer's cop-out clause, what can you say? Even if you haven't heard this single — off the live LP — you still know what it's like. Actually, I think it's tremendous, and rates alongside the classic 'Ace Of Spades'. In fact, single-form is exactly the right way to take Motorhead — an LP is just too much and as for live, that's pure masochism. But this is perfect . . . horrible and perfect.

BETTE BRIGHT & THE ILLUMINATORS: When You Were Mine (Korova). By my count this makes four 45s by Bright, each of them exquisite. Where a run-of-the-mill artist merely sings, Bette Bright *zings.* A part of the secret, I guess, lies in the judicious selection of material to cover — in this case a number written by that jockstrapped joker Prince — but however she does, it, she's done it again. And, get this, the B-side ('Soulful Dress') is every bit as good. Get this, get this . . .

ABBA: Lay All Your Love On Me (Epic). Bubbling synth, massive trance-like chorus, practically a trash-pop hymn. Apparently some kind of plea for monogamous fidelity. Make of that what you will. Forget Kraftwerk, Abba are the *real* android quartet. And personally, I think this is their best effort in one or two yonks.

SQUEEZE: Tempted (A&M)
ORIGINAL MIRRORS: 20,000 Dreamers (Mercury)
SPLIT ENZ: One Step Ahead (A&M). Nothing wrong here — three well-crafted, agreeable pop songs, etc — but it's obvious that people won't go out and buy anything nowadays unless they consider it pretty essential in some way. And on that level I doubt if any of these three well-crafted agreeable pop songs really cut it. Squeeze seem to alternate their single releases between the great and the ordinary — here's to the next Squeeze single. If the Original Mirrors couldn't score with 'Dancing With The Rebels', their strongest song ever, then it's hard to see them succeeding with this, far milder follow-up. And that leaves Split Enzzzzz . . .

RICHARD STRANGE: The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange (Virgin). Title track from our gangling eponymous hero's bizarre political epic. Much as the story-line interests me, I've never found Richard's project capable of living by plastic alone. On record, it's just a bit dull — his interviews are much more fun. He'd make a great journalist.

THE ASSOCIATES: Q Quarters (Situation). Wake up, Associates! You're capable of much better than this — a ponderous, grey plod. Any slower and it'd go backwards.

JIMMY PURSEY: Animals Have More Fun (Epic, French import). Co-written and produced by Peter Gabriel, which is one of the stranger working partnerships around, without doubt. Musically, it's cute and definitely Gabrielesque. Lyrically, though, it's clearly Pursey: *"Piggy banks / Russian thanks / The human race / Are we lost in space?"* Yeah, right, right. Oh dear.

GIRLSCHOOL: C'Mon Let's Go (Bronze). *"Let's go!!"* screams Kelly, or Kim or Enid (or Denise, how the hell would I know?) and, my my, go they certainly do. The trouble with *NME* and Girlschool is that we always *approve* of them like mad, but can't think of anything to say about their music. This remains the case.

EDDY GRANT: I Love You, Yes I Love You (Ensign/Ice)
THE EQUATORS: If You Need Me (Stiff). A poppy reggae party. Eddy Grant you'll already know, but take time out to meet The Equators too. Both acts are currently dancing right across accepted stylistic borderlines, and coming up with some highly enjoyable noises as a result.

BARRY ANDREWS: Rossmore Road (Virgin). Another go at the market-place for the ex-XTC (and now a Restaurant For Dogs) man Barry Andrews' queer little ditty. 'Rossmore Road' is a muted, haunting 'Penny Lane' of a number. Slightly weird, and rather wonderful.

RAMONES: We Want The Airwaves (Sire). It always distressed me the way that otherwise-sensible people used to turn drippy and fawn over this eminently dispensable band. New producer Graham Gouldman (10 cc) hasn't done a bad job on them, I must admit, but even he can't disguise certain deficiencies. It's average heavy metal; let's leave it at that.

KATE BUSH: Sat In Your Lap (EMI). Oh gawd. Now I'd be the first to agree that Kate has penned some very beautiful tunes. But when she turns all aggressive and strident, as she does here, the consequences are frankly excruciating. Screech!

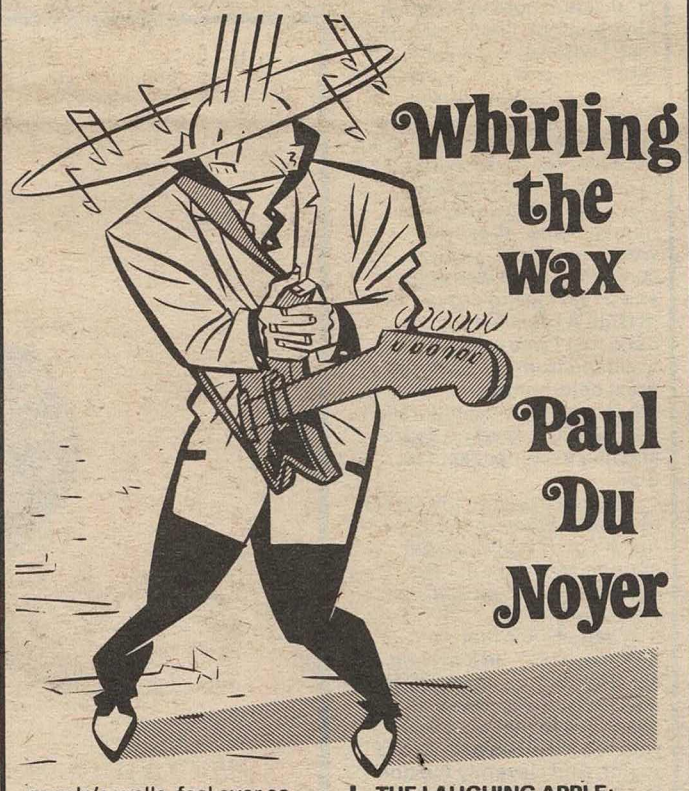
JAH WOBBLE, JAKI LIEBEZEIT, HOLGER CZUKAY: How Much Are They? EP (Island 12")
ERIC RANDOM: Dow Chemical Company (New Hormones)
DIF JUZ: Huremics EP (4AD). Holger Czukay's teaming with Wobble and Liebezeit, giving rise to this four-track, hasn't resulted in the most memorable work of his fairly distinguished career. Largely electro-instrumental with scrambled voice-overs, it's certainly pleasant, unobjectionable stuff, but impossible to work up any great sense of involvement with. Over at New Hormones, Eric Random's single is the sort of computerised muscial walkabout his admirers would term 'disturbing', and I'd describe as unrelievedly tedious. Well, there you go. But Dif Juz — whoever or whatever he/she/it/they are — have a 12" full of more emotive noises. Quite compelling in its own quiet way.

999: Lil Red Riding Hood (Albion). Never a very fashionable band, this one. Never a particularly good one, either, as far as I remember. 999's new one has a pedestrian jauntiness about it, very poppy-by-butch, and also an unfortunate similarity to the Bay City Rollers. My copy comes with a 999 stencil so that I can spray-paint other

Greylight EP (Rough Trade). Rockanroalll! Awl *raaght!* Whoo! Really raunchy, this one — fast drivin', hard livin', meaner'n a rattlesnake, and all that sort of thing.

Much the same goes for the Rose Tattoo record.

THE ROOM: Bated Breath (Box)
SOUL: Tribes (Cherry Red)



people's walls, feel ever so rebellious, and conduct the record company's campaign on the cheap.

DARTS: Jump Children Jump (Magnet)
MATCHBOX: Love's Made A Fool Of You (Magnet). Two songs from the vaults, oldies-but-mediocrities. Hack-revivalism with a modern gloss.

VILLAGE PEOPLE: Do You Wanna Spend The Night (Mercury). Main point of interest here — in fact the *only* point of interest — is that the VPs have gone 'New Romantic'. Yes, I'm afraid so: lipstick, fringes, hose and doublet, the lot. If this faintly absurd wheeze does revive the outfit's commercial fortunes, it'll be little thanks to the music — it appears they've ditched disco in favour of some mundane electronic rock.

ROCK TATTOO: Rock'n'Roll Outlaw (Carrere).
VIRGIN PRUNES: In The

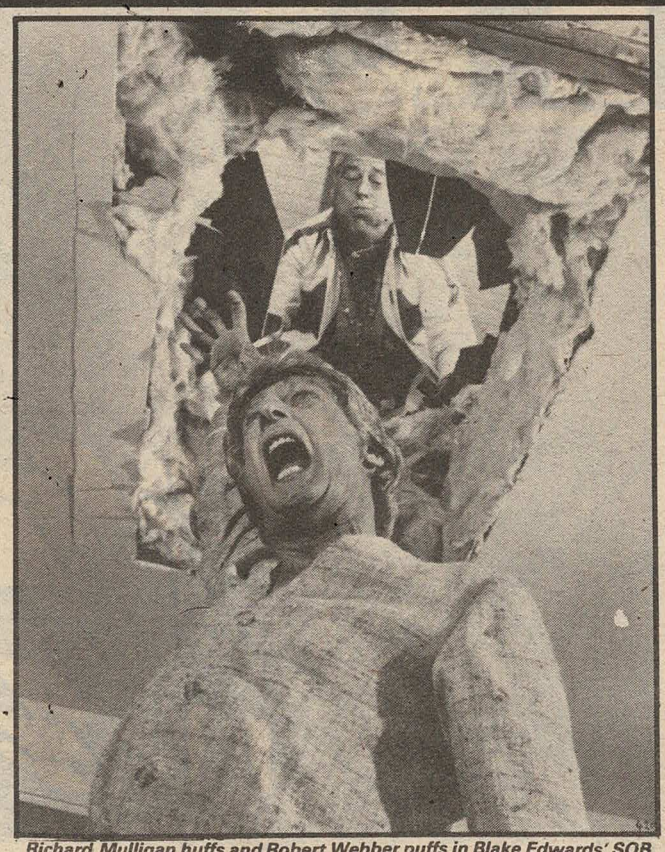
THE LAUGHING APPLE: Participate (Autonomy)
57th PARALLEL: Psalm Fifty Seven (Rising Sun) The iceberg's tip . . . No, not the bloody Titanic again — just four unknown and hopefuls plucked from a bulging review box (pushing 200 at a guess). *Garageland* lies unloved in an unmarked grave, but if only more independents had the touch of flair that these releases have, then maybe the whole scene would never have fallen into such disrepute. The Room can turn out songs that are atmospheric and intriguing, like this new one, and ditto Soul (formerly B-Film). In both cases, though, a quick infusion of colour and energy wouldn't go amiss — otherwise they'll find the post-Joy Division tide of fashion turning against them.

The Laughing Apple, meanwhile, score points for sounding hungry, as opposed to merely depressed, and this lively slice suggests they could have the will to go somewhere other than round in circles. That's true of 57th Parallel, too; they've got a bit of edge about them, although they should guard against the all-too-common Gang Of Fourishness that overtakes so many young groups. Emulate, don't imitate!

BILL WYMAN: (Si Si) Je Suis Un Rock Star (A&M)
ELTON JOHN: Just Like Belgium (Rocket)
THE RICK WAKEMAN BAND: Julia (Charisma). I've gone a long time without hearing a Bill Wyman solo record, and can't say I've ever felt any the poorer for the experience. 'Je Suis Un Rock Star', although more self-deprecating than the title might suggest, is basically slight, whimsical tripe. On the evidence of 'Just Like Belgium', an inconsequential soft-rocker, Elton John appears to have manoeuvred himself up the same creek as the solo Stone — in each case a long, comfortable retirement might be kinder on the listening public. Of these old guards, only Rick Wakeman seems to have found a viable role for himself. In this single he sticks to some tastefully low-key tinklings while a pure-voiced Cori Josias sings Tim Rice's 'Don't Cry For Me 1984' lyrics over the top. An oddly picturesque depiction of life and love under Big Brother.

THE PEECEES: Too Depressed To Commit Suicide / JACK MICHAELSON: Up The Wall (Hee Bee Gee Bees)
JC's MAINMEN: Casual Trousers (Fresh)
THE FRESHIES: I Can't Get 'Bouncing Babies' By The Teardrop Explodes (MCA). The Peecees, aka Jack Michaelson, aka The Hee Bee Gee Bees, pick their satiric victims with care and taste, and then proceed to stitch them up with surgical precision. Wickedly accurate, invariably funny, these parodies are frankly brilliant, a world away from The Barron Knights to be sure. Love them. Member-man JC, meanwhile, bewails his own plight, namely his non-possession of *"a decent pair of casual trousers".* It's a savage indictment of the society we live in, I've no doubt. A pity he couldn't combine his angst with anything stronger than this modest pop tune, however. The Freshies weigh in with a protest song of another sort. And once again they carry off the much-prized 'Title of the week' commendation . . . but little else.

Blake Edwards on the job : "OK, Julie, now could I just . . .



Richard Mulligan huffs and Robert Webber puffs in Blake Edwards' SOB

. . . put my head in between them and go blullullughhh!?"

HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST SOB STORY

Neil Norman meets Blake Edwards (left), the man who sees Julie Andrews' tits all the time. Andrew Tyler makes do with a view from the stalls (right).

ON THE closed set of *Victor/Victoria* Blake Edwards studies the video screen by his side. 'Action' is called and Julie Andrews walks through the set to hang up a jacket in a wardrobe. She is dressed as a man. As she closes the door and walks back another door pops open and an eavesdropper leans out. It's the fourth or fifth take and it still doesn't quite make it. Edwards looks at the screen, then at the set and makes a suggestion: "How about if the guy *falls* out of the wardrobe?" It's rehearsed; it works. Cut. Print.

Blake Edwards has over 40 films to his credit as writer, producer, director or a combination of all three. In 1963, for better or worse, he created the *Pink Panther* and in 1969, by the same token, he married Julie Andrews. Four box-office bombs later — two of which starred the new Mrs Edwards *(Darling Lili* and *The Tamarind Seed)* — Edwards found himself transformed from Hollywood Golden Boy to *persona non grata* and sensibly retired to Europe to lick his wounds and knock out another three *Pink Panthers* to pay the rent while he reconsidered his strategy.

Embittered and frustrated at the apparent disloyalty of the Hollywood moguls among whom he had so recently been lionised, he vent his spleen in a 300-page script detailing the mercenary and heartless world of his former professional family, exposing the tactics known in G.I. terms as 'Standard Operational Bullshit'.

Down at Pinewood Studios, during a break in the filming of *Victor/Victoria,* I talked to the director about the original script for *S.O.B.* Was the current movie, six years after that first draft, truly representative of his state of mind at the time?

"No. No, it's much less bitter. I've calmed down since those days. I was factual but not that objective about it. I couldn't put it in a proper perspective until I had put the demons away. If you think there's any bitterness in it now you should have seen it. It was full of bile and venom . . ."

Edwards freely admits that *S.O.B.,* a kind of diluted version of Terry Southern's novel *Blue Movie,* has retracted its sharpest claws in the light of his recent reunion with the Hollywood Heavies as a direct result of the commercial success of *'10'* which seems more than just a lucky strike. It smacks of an adroitly inverted formula, utilising an actress with the sweetest image in the world in an uncharacteristic role — a formula that is extended in *S.O.B.* and, to all intents, in *Victor/Victoria.* I mean, Julie Andrews: *Androgyne?* Just how calculated was he in the pursuit of a new image for Mrs Edwards?

"Well, it was deliberate in that I came to resent it. I wanted, once and for all, to get away from *that* image so she could go on being an actress. It isn't as though she hasn't done other things and done them extremely well, that was the maddening part, and it frustrated the hell out of both of us. It was not my intention to take Mary Poppins or Maria Von Trapp and turn her into something she was not . . . although maybe subconsciously I did. I don't know."

It is, as Edwards confesses, "the oldest trick in the business" to take a talented actor and cast him/her directly against type to lend colour to a role that might otherwise prove monochromatic.

'Fixer' or no, Edwards' films all seem to exude a curiously homely atmosphere, as if a bunch of old friends had decided to make a movie for fun rather than for professional reasons. This is particularly true of *S.O.B.*

"Yeah. That was the damndest family you'll ever see. I've been on few pictures where people were that emotionally involved . . . where they just enjoyed what they were doing. Where they'd show up on the set when they weren't even called, and cried when the thing was over."

Sob. A family man without a doubt ("I'm up to my ass in daughters"), it seems very important to him.

"Yeah. Yeah, it is very important. I didn't really have much of that as a kid and I really needed it. So I've constructed it myself. Simplest answer."

Having reaped both the benefits and the disadvantages of the vagaries of fashion, I asked him whether he felt he produced better work in a hostile climate.

"Well, yes, I think my success has probably been predicated more in a hostile environment. I'm not proud of that, I wish to God it were otherwise and it certainly has become otherwise. It was 'Fuck 'em, I'll show 'em!' for such a long time and that goes back into my early childhood. In anything that I did there was a great insecurity as a human being, about my worth, my talent, and so constantly there was anger and a real rage to prove myself. A great fear on one hand that I was going to be excluded from the pack and a great determination on the other because I just naturally was different to some degree and had to compensate for that.

"It carried on into my career to a great extent; but not much now. I really can get angry now but it's not the same kind of anger. It's objective anger."

Whatever it is that motivates him, be it money, success, anger or security for his family, Blake Edwards continues to make movies with the irresistible drive of a zealot. And currently the tide is with him. Having wrapped up *Victor/Victoria* (due around March next year) he will embark on one of three possible projects — the most likely being a film about "what we do to our celebrities". A black comedy involving two space creatures who suffer from the fluctuating extremes of stardom and obscurity, its briefly-sketched outline conjured images of a Tinseltown version of Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell To Earth.*

But that's part of the future. Back in the present, life begins to imitate art as news drifts across from the States that Edwards has just joined combat with *S.O.B.'s* distributors, Paramount Studios, over their apparent negligence in promoting the movie.

Whether this is an elaborate publicity stunt or a coincidentally ironic example of Hollywood's Standard Operational Bullshit remains to be seen. Whatever the answer, it's small wonder that Blake Edwards is very rarely seen without his sunglasses.

S.O.B.

Directed by Blake Edwards Starring Julie Andrews, Richard Mulligan, William Holden and Robert Preston (ITC)

LET'S coin a fresh maxim: In Hollywood, Truth is a can of film. Daily life is the gimmick they make up to get the film sold. You can experience this sort of reality-blurring throughout *S.O.B.* — Standard Operational Bull.

First there's Julie Andrews playing a Julie Andrews-type prissy actress called Sally who, to save a 60 million dollar loser-movie made by her husband — a Blake Edwards type — recuts her own part showing her tits off. (In 'real' life Andrews and Edwards actually are married to each other.)

When Ms Poppins' hidden assets are revealed it's like looking down a hall of mirrors — Julie, Sally, Julie, Sally, Julie . . . while at the end of the line Blake and Paramount (its US distributors) are watching you and loving you as you hand over your ticket money.

But what's this? There are all these existential stories coming out of Hollywood right now relating to a *real life* state of hate and warfare existing between *S.O.B.'s* director and its distributor. Blake calls Paramount "liars — they are trying to scuttle my movie". Paramount answer with cries of "egomaniac!" All good box office spice and virtually a precise duplication of the *S.O.B.* plot line. Confused?

Sometimes *S.O.B.* is hee-haw funny. Nearly always you like it. Constantly it ducks the advertised purpose of tearing chunks out of Hollywood's mores. This is probably due not only to Edwards' ultimate love of the Hollywood game but his easy-going, rolling eye which produced *Breakfast At Tiffany's,* the *Panther* movies, *'10'* and a dozen more.

The Edwards part goes to Burt, the schizoid spaceman from *Soap,* a.k.a. Richard Mulligan. Mulligan is getting louder, more physical. He works up 300 sweats per minute against the porcelain cool of Ms Andrews who, despite her scandalous revelations, remains, as ever, Poppinesque.

The rest is a roll call of stars, each depicting, or thereabouts, a Hollywood stereotype: Loretta Swit, spoilt brat columnist and poison bore; tasty, tarty, up-and-usually-coming actress Marisa Berensen; two-faced lesbian agent Shelley Winters; Robert Preston's smooth M.D. with the bared chest and silk kerchief at the throat; and the one good guy and true who is trusted in all camps — the trustworthy William Holden.

So it was a fair cavalcade. And if Edwards had really meant business he would have skittled them flat with one strike. As it is (one for the hoardings) *S.O.B.* kicks like a mosquito, stings like a mule.

Andrew Tyler

The mighty Kong, getting to grips with Fay Wray and New York City in the 1933 monster classic.

Picture Parade

TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS: After a two month absence, the sorely missed Scala Cinema reopens tonight (Thursday) in their new London premises — the former Kings Cross Primatarium (ape-house?!) at 275-277 Pentonville Road — with a fitting double bill of *King Kong* and *Mighty Joe Young.* Good to see that the Scala hasn't lost its sense of humour in the interim. Nice, too, that they've retained part of the monkey decor, rendering a trip to the cinema an experience in itself. The stairway leading to the coffee bar and auditorium have apes scampering along the walls, the bar is suitably tropical and, inside the large, comfortable auditorium, the screen is flanked by mock rock faces, while the facilities left behind by the primatarium allow for special effects and surprises. But the new Scala's success will naturally rely on its programming and, as usual, it's a fascinating balance of the popular, the bizarre, the artful and the rare. For instance, following the *Kong/Young* bill for a week Friday is the little seen Polanski film *Cul De Sac,* coupled with *Repulsion;* the original John Garfield/Lana Turner version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* bitches it out with Rita Hayworth's *Gilda* on July 28; there's a special day-full of Laurel and Hardy movies on Sunday July 26; and finally two diverse WTVA specials include a programme of early *Avengers* and Fassbinder's *Bremer Freiheit.* The Scala evidently aims to take up where it left off as London's most precocious and extensive repertory cinema. It's a precious thing — preserve it.

Chris Bohn

Elvis: "Hey, Kong — they sure don't make us movie monsters like they used to, do they?"

HE DID IT THEIR WAY

This Is Elvis

Written, produced and directed by Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt
Technical Adviser: Tom Parker (Warner Bros)

SO *THIS* IS ELVIS! Not exactly. There are in fact no fewer than five Elvii (including the real one) on show here, their presence desperately required because there's not enough genuine footage available to make a feature-length film in the first place.

As a distraction, *This Is Elvis* is marginally more entertaining than, say, *Harum Scarum;* and from the look of it, took a similar two-week schedule to complete. As with almost every enterprise undertaken by Elvis after his demob, the only criterion seems 'How many bucks will it gross?' No better than those hastily assembled TV tributes that appeared after the singer's death in August 1977, *This Is Elvis* is a pointless charade, crudely edited, slackly paced, and lumbered with a beyond-the-veil first person narration (mumbled by Ral Donner) that's banal and patronising.

An unadventurous retelling of the familiar legend, *Elvis* places great emphasis on Presley's virtues: respectful to parents and authority, quick with handouts for his bought-and-paid-for flunkies, a 'decent' American and kind to animals ("Had my face buried in beaver all morning!" is one proud claim).

While certain embarrassing aspects of Presley's often ludicrous lifestyle can't be shrugged off, *This Is Elvis* goes a long way towards doing a complete cosmetic job; his entire Hollywood career after *King Creole* is telescoped into a 60 second slapstick send-up to the glib accompaniment of 'Too Much Monkey Business', while Elvis (sic) confides that these film scripts made him physically ill. Though, from the outset, this film never once convinces, here is where it really falls apart; if, as is claimed, Presley was in control of his own career, why did he agree to waste most of his best years participating in such rubbish? And why was he allowed to degenerate from such a handsome animal into a junkfood vampire and pillhead?

Naturally, such critical questions remain unanswered. Everyone who ever served Elvis claims to have loved him but that's so much empty rhetoric — they were all content to stand by and watch him die a degrading death. The last glimpse of Elvis is genuinely chilling: now an obese, sweat-soaked caricature of his multi-chinned manager, he lumbers haplessly around the stage in utter despair, unable to perform and, worse, stipped of all dignity.

I never knew Elvis and this film doesn't make me any the wiser. But that's not the object; there's still too much money at stake, so the mystique must be maintained. And there's *still* some unused footage that can tease the fans back into the stalls at a future date.

Let's just hope that the final, dreadful spectre of Elvis dead on his feet will forever haunt those who *swear* to have loved him.

Roy Carr

Clash Of The Titans

Directed by Desmond Davis
Starring Harry Hamlin, Judi Bowker, Laurence Olivier and Maggie Smith (CIC)

SINCE *Jason And The Argonauts* nearly 20 years ago, Ray Harryhausen has been opening his special box of trick effects and letting out monsters, beasties, sword-fencing skeletons, the lot. *Clash Of The Titans* is in this fantastic mythological vein — so relaxed and enjoyable are these comic strip digests of the Greek pagan mysteries compared to the stern-faced Hollywood biblical epic.

The plot, the acting and the dialogue are merely excuses for Harryhausen to display his technical genius, a mixture of sculptor, painter, engineer and odd jobs person. This time round he manages a kraken (a scaley aquatic Kong), giant scorpions, Pegasus the winged horse, a two-headed wolf-hound, talking statues, and a punky snake-haired Medusa.

Our Perseus (Harry Hamlin) comes into contact, controversial or otherwise, with these creations in his attempt to win the somewhat podgy hand of Andromeda (Judi Bowker). Perseus is no Steve 'Hercules' Reeves and he doesn't have the kind of hi tech hardware available to Flash or Superman, but he's a born winner, the son of Zeus, the god's Godfather.

Titans switches between spectacular earthly goings-on and heavenly Olympus, a dull place where monotony is only relieved by bitching and backbiting; it's a bit like a Bloomsbury drawing room, with the gods dressed in white togs, as they stand there controlling the destiny of earth by playing chess with human simulcra. Zeus always wins, and Olivier is perfect for the part: over-ruling and over-acting. The other gods daren't challenge him openly; in fact Aphrodite (Ursula Andress) doesn't even open her pout.

Although the film is shapeless and too long, half the fun is waiting for the next magnificent specimen from Harryhausen's imagination. I took to a mechanical golden owl which speaks in cuckoo clock morse, and to Calibos, who was Andromeda's suitor till Zeus decided he should become half-goat, half-tyrannosaurus with a mush like Jimmy Durante's after plastic surgery with a hammer. No wonder this unfortunate fellow is intent on being the villain of the piece.

Paul Tickell

Death Hunt

Directed by Peter Hunt
Starring Lee Marvin, Charles Bronson and Andrew Stevens (20th Century Fox)

THE FROZEN North — the Rat River region of the Yukon, to be precise — in 1931; but this is not so much man against nature as man (Charlie Bronson) against mountie (Lee Marvin). And, according to the credits, it's true too.

Charlie, so lonely this time around that he talks tolerantly only to his dog, puts up the shutters when he's framed for theft and murder; Marvin, so drunk this time around that he'd rather wait out his pension, finds himself reluctantly leading a raggedy-arsed army of oafish trappers against Charlie's arsenal.

Not exactly the meeting of the minds, then (and the verbal badinage is crude in the extreme), but the imposing Bronson retains his fine, solitary presence; Marvin, unfortunately, is a sad parody of his former, electrifying self — the grace has gone.

Peter Hunt, who specialises in empty action flicks like *Gold* and *Shout At The Devil*, makes little of the harsh landscape and even less of the implications raised by the encroachment of 'progress' and its attendant venality. Hunt's happy to settle for frequent bursts of savage violence.

Like the Bronson character, *Death Hunt* exists in a black vacuum — from nowhere, with no place to go.

Monty Smith

For films on TV and current releases see ON THE BOX and IN THE CAN, p 34

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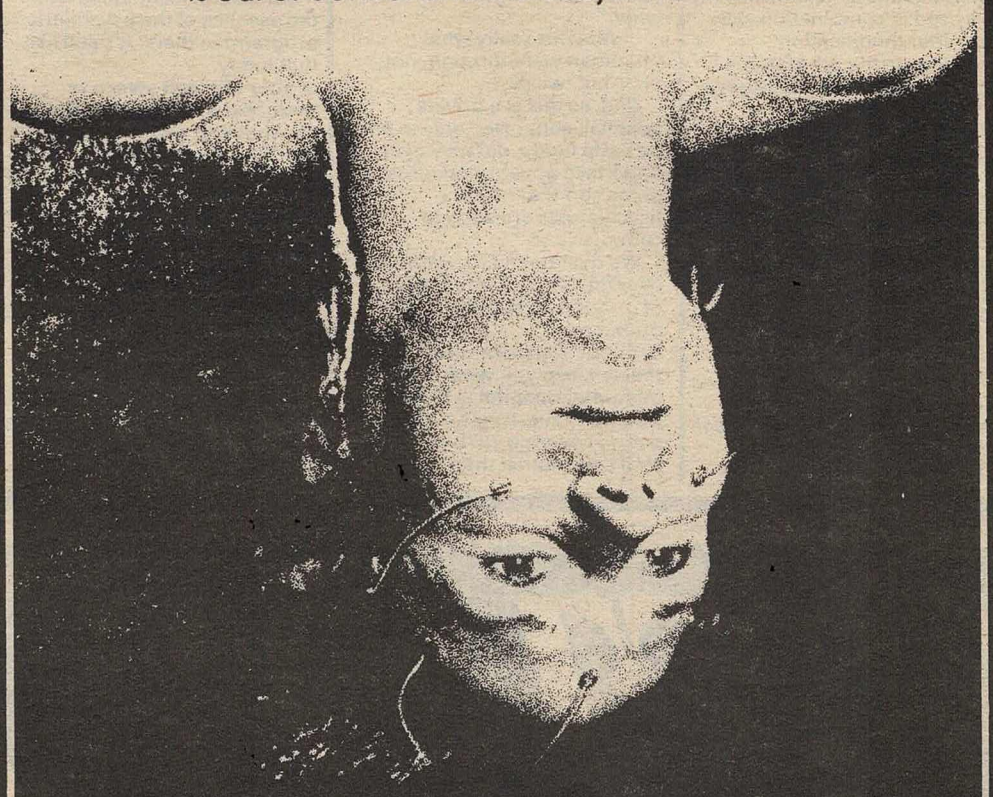

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THE LENNON MURDER — 3

INSIDE CHAPMAN'S CUCKOO'S NEST

BY JOHN MICHAEL

SINCE MARK CHAPMAN changed his plea to Guilty "on God's advice" and his trial for the murder of John Lennon consequently cancelled, there will be no detailed public scrutiny of his life and background.

In an attempt to shed some light on Chapman's possible motivations, we have over the last two weeks looked at the various points of view currently being expressed about Chapman.

Despite their initial absurdity, the scenarios painted by some investigators about Chapman's role in some 'conspiracy theory' linking him to the CIA, the FBI and everyone outside of the KGB, still need effective rebuffal.

Perhaps the FBI will one day release the full text of the documents they hold on the Lennons, and help dispel notions that they may have had a part in Lennon's slaying. Likewise, perhaps the CIA will release more documents about their programme of 'zombie assassins' described in 'Artichoke' documents.

Whether or not Chapman was some kind of brainwashed zombie programmed to kill Lennon, there is little dispute that his mental condition was hardly normal at the time of his action, though whether that makes him not responsible for the murder, as defence psychiatrists were going to say in court, is another matter.

Whether Chapman's psychopathic mental condition was in some way due to the treatment he received at a mental hospital in Hawaii, and whether current practices in mental institutions contribute to the frame of mind of killers like Chapman, is the subject of this week's investigation.

MARK CHAPMAN moved from Georgia to Hawaii at the advice of a YMCA colleague who suggested he might find better work there, and that the move might help Chapman overcome his depression over the collapse of his relationship with Jessica Blankinship.

Shortly after his move Chapman was found in his car half dead from a suicide attempt by carbon monoxide fumes from the car exhaust. He was subsequently treated at Castle Memorial Hospital, said to be one of the better psychiatric units on the island.

His first stay there was short, and he returned to Georgia in an abortive attempt to patch up his relationship with Jessica.

He was soon back in Hawaii and again attempted suicide. Again he went to Castle Memorial for treatment. Upon his discharge he worked at the hospital as a janitor and later in the print shop there.

What happened to Chapman at that hospital? Was he treated in the almost inhumane way of which many ex-mental patients complain, and at which an increasing number of ex-mental hospital nurses and doctors have become disgusted? Did he receive drugs and electric shock treatment? Was he ever part of any 'experiments' of the sort much favoured by mental hospital doctors in their search to 'understand' the human mind?

One person who may be able to supply some of the answers is Dr. Barnett Salzman, a one time staff psychiatrist at the Castle Memorial Hospital. He told *NME* of his reservations about the so-called treatment that patients underwent at the hospital; about his complaints to those in charge of the 'behaviour modification programme' in operation there at the time of his employment; and of his subsequent dismissal for his outspoken criticisms. Salzman told us that such hypnotic drugs as Thorazine were used in combination with 'behaviour modification' techniques in the programme that Chapman would have gone through.

He also referred us to an affidavit that he had sworn for the Los Angeles branch of the Scientology-sponsored Citizens Commission On Human Rights (CCHR) in which he outlined his criticism of the goings-on at Castle Memorial Hospital in the name of 'Therapeutic Treatment'. Paragraph three of that affidavit reads:

"Castle Memorial's behaviour modification program was designed by Dr. Ram Gursahani of the hospital who was the director of the program when Mark Chapman was there, and by Dr. Dennis Mee Lee, Director of Mental Health Services for the State of Hawaii. As my patients became involved in the behaviour modification program I determined that it was not only antitherapeutic but than it produced more damage than good. I felt that the program produced psychopaths and that patients with considerable anxiety and guilt could not handle the stress caused by the manipulation which was essentially 'brainwashing'. In this program appropriate behaviour, as determined by the staff, brought favourable responses and if the staff determined that the behaviour was negative, then negative responses including ridicule, playing one patient against the other, and other various means, were used to break down the patient's defences."

These are serious accusations against official mental health procedures from a qualified doctor, who had first-hand experience of such a program. In the same affidavit Dr. Salzman goes on to say that:

"A person like Mark Chapman (whose suicide attempt indicated that he probably had developed a very low self esteem, tremendous anxiety, and a lack of assertiveness) would come to Dr. Gursahani's program which demanded compliance to authority through covert techniques of subliminal approval and disapproval (basically brainwashing). In the event that the patient resists and asserts himself in conflict with the staff program, then the compliance techniques will be intensified and will result in further loss of self esteem and assertiveness operating on an unconscious level."

Was this really what Chapman went through, not once but twice?

And, as this is a private hospital, supported only in part by State funds, did they ever undertake government projects of the sort that military psychiatrists are wont to commission?

We questioned Dr. Salzman over the telephone in the hope of clearing up some of these problems.

NME: Dr. Salzman could you tell us when you were at Castle Memorial Hospital in Hawaii?
Salzman: Yes. It was over a period covering 1978/9. I was a staff psychiatrist there.

Was this during the time that Chapman was there or later?
Well, Chapman was actually there as a patient in 1977 for two periods. The periods generally last for 30 days, but the length of stay is often determined just by the state of the patient's medical insurance. I don't know exactly how long Chapman stayed there, but he also worked there for some time afterwards, and I don't know whether he might have been working there when I was resident. I can't ever recall meeting him.

Could you tell us what sort of drugs were administered to patients at the Castle Memorial Hospital when Chapman was there? And whether or not it had changed by the time you got to work there?
There was Thorazine and a whole range of other 'hypno' mind-bending drugs. The sort that reduced assertiveness and lowered the patient's self esteem — making them druggedly willing to accept Castle Memorial's authoritarian environment. Behaviour modification techniques were the essence of the psychiatric programme there. It's still like that today.

In your affidavit sworn to members of the LA CCHR you say that you protested about the 'inhumane treatment' that patients were made to suffer at the hospital. How exactly did you do this?
Well, I began to realize that the use of psychotropic drugs such as Thorazine and Haldol was just compounding the problems of the patients. I started to develop alternate methods of treatment such as vitamins, nutrients, amino acids, and more wholesome environments to help promote mental health. I tried to show the other staff members that this holistic approach was more constructive and beneficial to the patients.

What was their reaction?
They fired me.

Whose decision was it to fire you? Did Dennis Mee Lee have any say in that decision?
The final decision rested with Dr. Ram Gursahani, who was at one time director of the Hospital programme, and actually treated Chapman on one of his periods there. But he would definitely have consulted Mee Lee before any decision. Mee Lee is after all the Director of Mental Health for the State of Hawaii — he governs private as well as State mental facilities on the islands, but he's also a Seventh Day Adventist, and Castle Memorial Hospital is a Seventh Day Adventist financed hospital. Mee Lee set up the behaviour modification programme for Castle Memorial along with Gursahani.

But this programme isn't unique to this hospital. You see many of the doctors in today's mental health facilities throughout America served, at some time, in the military during the Vietnam war. Because there was such a high rate of 'dissidents' in the US military at that time — people who refused to kill Vietnamese because they thought it was wrong and pointless — much emphasis was placed upon the sort of 'treatment' that included the use of heavy hypno drugs and behaviour modification techniques. Many of the techniques were developed during this period and tested on dissident US soldiers and prisoners-of-war alike. This system now prevails throughout US mental health facilities.

WHEN CHAPMAN first appeared in court in New York his lawyer pleaded on his behalf that he was "not responsible for Lennon's death — due to insanity".

The plea was badly received by observers and investigators who felt that far too many people have got away with murder by pleading 'insanity', and Chapman should not be allowed to.

Increasingly regarded by many as a "Psychiatric Hunting Licence", the insanity defence is being used by more and more killers.

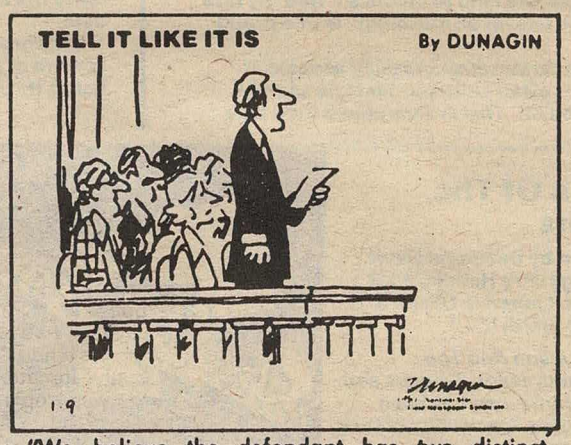
Instances have been given of the blatant abuse of this form of defence in one recent survey published in the *New York Post* which concluded that one in four killers who successfully plead 'insanity' are out within 18 months or sometimes less.

The best known case involved a New York policeman Robert Torsney, who shot a young, unarmed black boy and pleaded that at the time he was temporarily insane.

Under US insanity-pleas laws the killers must undergo a review by psychiatrists within the first six months, again within one year, and thereafter every two years during the period in custody. The criteria for continued confinement is that individuals are defined as "a danger to themselves and others" and likewise the criteria for release is that the individual is no longer regarded as such.

The Torsney case outraged many Americans. After several months he was being allowed to go home at nights and weekends, and was finally released after an embarrassingly short stay. He even attempted to get reinstated in the Police Dept.

Even more frightening than these 'abuse' statistics are the ones which show the incidence of violent and brutal killings committed by ex-patients of mental institutions. A high proportion of recent killings



"We believe the defendant has two distinct personalities, your honor, and we find both of them guilty."

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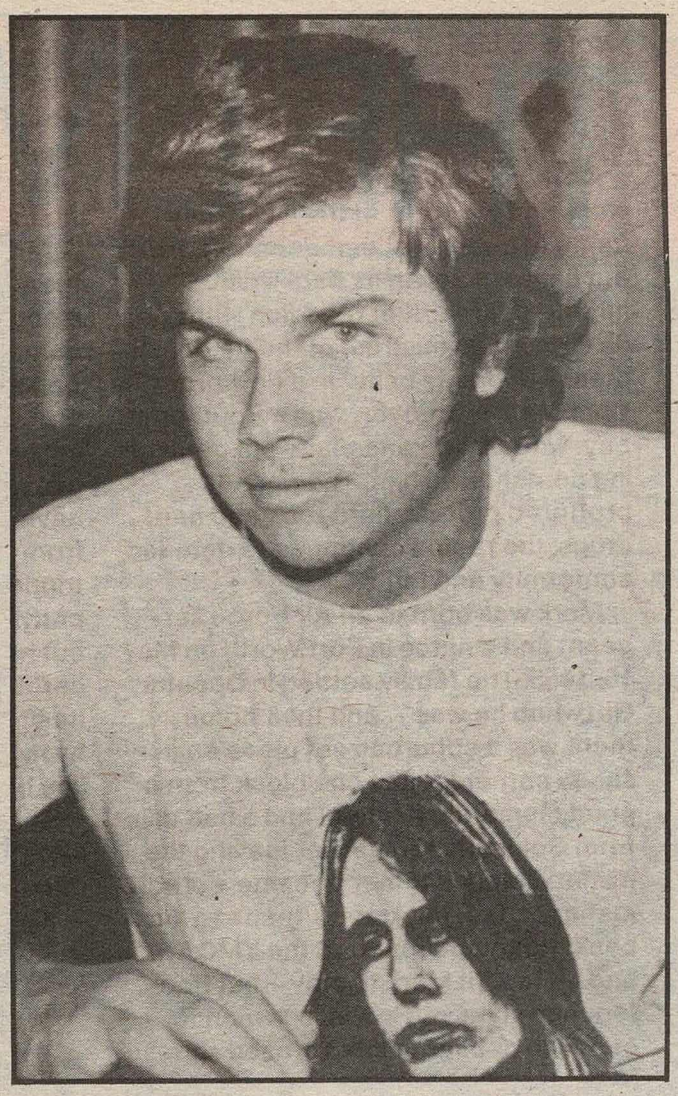
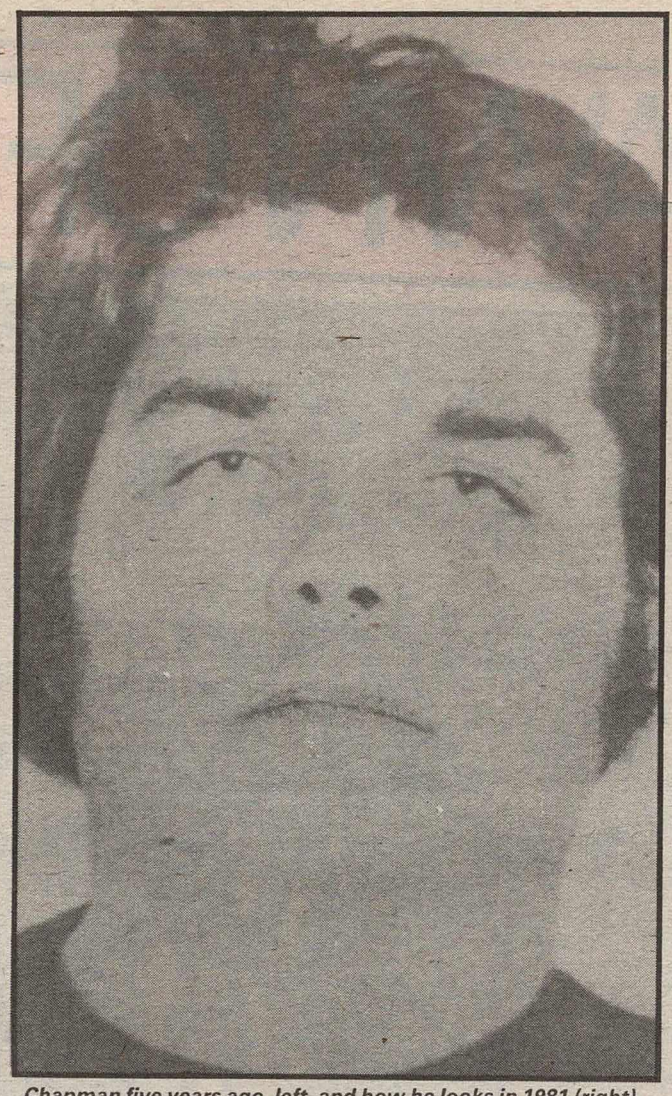




Chapman five years ago, left, and how he looks in 1981 (right).

have been committed by people released from mental institutions after suffering 'behaviour modification' treatment — most within months, many within weeks and some within hours of release. Those who have tried to bring attention to statistics of this sort tend to be regarded by the psychiatric profession as nuts themselves.

The evidence points in the other direction.

GARY GILMORE was given the death penalty in the state of Utah in 1976, and caused a worldwide sensation by insisting that the authorities carry out that sentence despite efforts by others to have it commuted.

Like Hinckley he attempted suicide while in prison, but his earlier prison history shows that he served a sentence in Oregon State Penitentiary when he was just 22 years of age.

At one point Gilmour was kept on heavy doses of Prolixin and was unable to move for four months except when forced to by guards. Under the effects of this drug he could stand up, but was unable to raise his hands to shave and the guards would be insulting him all the time, knowing he was incapable of reacting. This treatment was being used as a punishment, much in the same way that electric shock treatment is used in prison and civilian hospitals.

A female friend of Gilmore's mother who used to visit him with her has said that after this Prolixin treatment Gilmore had definitely 'changed for the worse'. But he proved so troublesome at the Oregon penitentiary that he was moved to the more secure Marion prison in Illinois. There Gilmore is said in *The Executioner's Song* to have claimed that he could look out of a window and see the very mental institution that was used for the filming of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest,* and is said to have also claimed that he himself had been sent there for treatment several times. After his release he committed several murders for which he was executed in early spring 1977.

Like Gary Gilmour, Charles Manson had spent a number of years in prisons of one sort or another, and at various times had been subjected to psychiatric "observations". These generally tend to be the sort of experiments where prison doctors give inmates some form of psychotropic drugs and observe the reactions.

Though opinions vary as to whether it was Oregon or Washington State Penitentiary, most agree that Manson was subjected to some courses of "treatment" under the drug Anectine.

Not much is ever said about Anectine, though it is known to inmates of prisons and mental institutions alike as the Fear Drug. Anectine is a drug which paralyses all the body's muscles, including the heart and the lungs.

The subject remains fully aware of his surroundings but gradually becomes unable to speak, move or breathe.

This process is monitored by doctors and the person is taken to the point of death before being given a strong stimulant to counter the anectine.

The person undergoing this "treatment" most often has it as part of a punishment process for various forms of misbehaviour. He is spoken to and berated while near to death, often being ridiculed and threatened with more such treatment if his behaviour does not conform to that desired by the institution in which he is interned.

As can be imagined, this form of treatment causes extreme terror in the subject, who is often kept on other drugs for long periods afterwards as a reminder of what can happen if they don't conform.

As reported by Mick Farren in the June 27 issue of *NME* Manson has been on another mind-bending drug, Thorazine, for the last six years.

No one would dream of looking for excuses for Manson's killings, but his psychiatric treatment certainly did not help stop his psychopathic tendencies.

Just over a year before he shot President Reagan outside the Washington Hilton John Hinckley sought help from a Lubbock, Texas physician Dr Baruch D. Rosen, who treated Hinckley over a six to nine month period for what Rosen will only describe as "emotional problems". The doctor has refused to say exactly why Hinckley had sought him out, and has been quoted in the April 13th issue of *Newsweek* as saying "Let's just say he had a problem . . . I'm sure it will all come out at the trial."

Hinckley was prescribed the anti-depressant drugs Surmontil and Valium in doses reckoned to be moderate, though there is no way of telling if Hinckley ever exceeded the dosage.

Though it has been claimed that Hinckley was undergoing psychiatric treatment from another doctor at the time of the Reagan shooting, it is impossible to confirm whether or not he was taking any psychotropic drugs that could have affected his mind and his reasoning.

It is still not known whether Hinckley will attempt an 'insanity plea'.

IT NEEDN'T be like this. Doctors like Barnett Salzman have shown that there are alternatives which can be explored. Even a thorough screening of those referred to mental hospitals can yield the most amazing results.

This was tried in Texas University Medical School with impressive results. Patients were given much more thorough medical examinations than normal and a frightening number of physical diseases were eventually diagnosed, and after treatment, it was found that the 'psychiatric' symptoms disappeared altogether.

Out of 38 cases of diagnosed 'Schizophrenia' many were eventually found to be suffering from such non-psychiatric diseases as hyperthyroidism, hepatitis, syphilis and anemia. Patients initially diagnosed as having 'depressive disorders' were, upon a more thorough examination, found to be suffering from diabetes, epilepsy and even arthritis. Others initially diagnosed as having personality disorders were found to really be suffering from such divers diseases as asthma, bronchitis and even haemorroids.

(Report entitled Physical Illness Manifesting as Psychiatric Disease, published September 1980, by Department of Psychiatry, University of Texas Medical School, Houston.)

The behaviour modification direction that is currently being followed in many places might have more sinister roots. Dr Barnett Salzman has said: "There is an atmosphere that is rampant throughout the established psychiatric institutions of this country (USA) that is promoting violence through behaviour modification programmes which force the individual to pretend that his problems have been handled rather than really handling what is wrong with the individual. This is a major indictment not only of psychiatry but of our society which is teetering on the brink of 1984."

For criticising current psychiatric procedures Dr Salzman has been given a rough time by others in his profession. He was a major witness at the enquiry which resulted in the passing of 'mental patients rights' legislation in Hawaii.

Salzman's affidavit, quoted from above, concludes with a 'Possible Chapman Scenario' which ends:—
The hospital says: "You come to us and we will take care of the problem." Not only is the problem not taken care of, further alienation occurs. This increases the rage and despair of the whole situation. And he's released. What's left? He realises that society has given the best that can be offered and he's doomed to a life of imprisonment, and at that point bitterness sets in and a target is picked such as one who's made a success, whose optimism has reached a level he may never attain, and he goes out in envy, bitterness and rage and kills him.

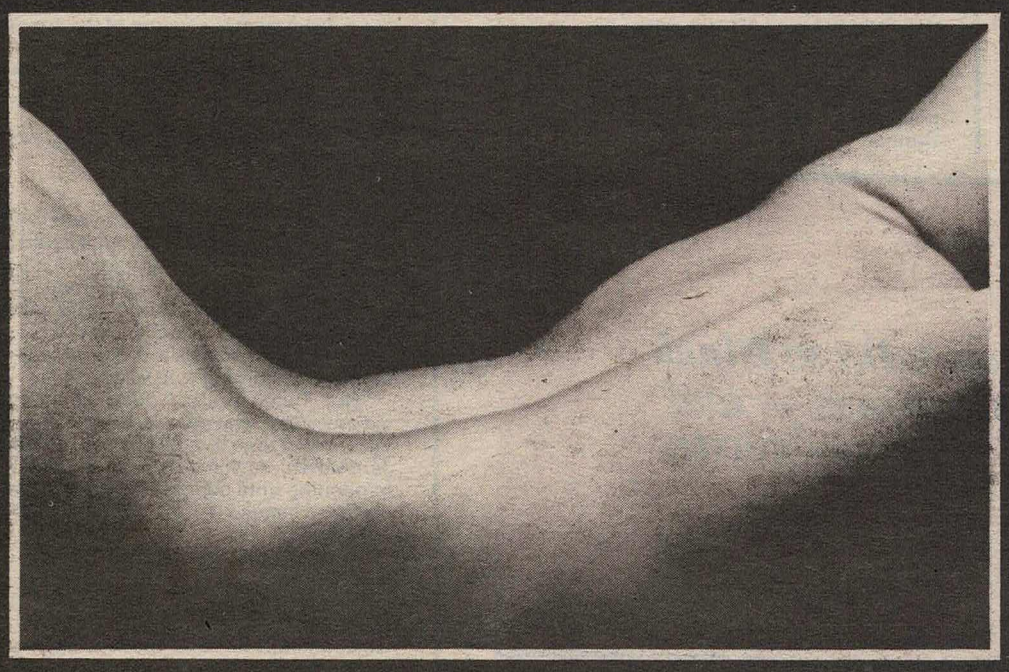
COULD THIS then be the factor responsible for Chapman's outburst of anger that killed Lennon? Was Chapman's Christian background deliberately or accidentally responsible for chanelling his pent-up frustrations against both the Scientologists and John Lennon?

Was this bias regarded as Chapman's *weakness* by anyone searching for the sort of "derogatory or personally painful information" described in the CIA "Artichoke" documents on programmed mind control of political assassins? Again it is interesting to ponder on the reasons for sending to California to get assassin Sirhan Sirhan's controversial psychiatrist considering the thousands available in New York where Chapman was being held. Diamond was to have been a major psychiatric witness for Chapman's defence. So was Dr Milton V Kline, a New York psychologist. He has specialised in — guess what? — hypnotism; with a bent towards obsessions, phobias and compulsions. The author of over 60 works, his first paper in 1958 contradicts the popular myth that a person cannot be induced under hypnosis to do something against his will or that he would not normally do.

In this country too there has been growing concern over the rights of mental patients and the treatment that is handed out in mental institutions, particularly those like Rampton and Broadmoor, hospitals for the 'criminally insane'. A recent Granada television programme, *Silent Minority,* certainly threw a disturbing light into goings on at Rampton.

Certainly the opportunity exists to ensure future safeguards for mental patients in the current review of the 1959 Mental Health Act. The UK Government's White paper issued on September 12th, 1978, *appeared* to be looking in the safeguards direction while the subsequent debate in parliament in February '79 suggested that whereas it is now possible for ex-mental patients to sue for damages after enforced ECT, the government would apparently like to make involuntary treatment fully legal with no recourse in law for the victims.

Mark Chapman will receive sentence on August 24th, when his defence will be pressing the judge for the minimum sentence of fifteen years to life.
Any further developments in the case of the man who shot John Lennon will be dealt with at the time.



the passions

skin deep

7" version with "I Radiate"
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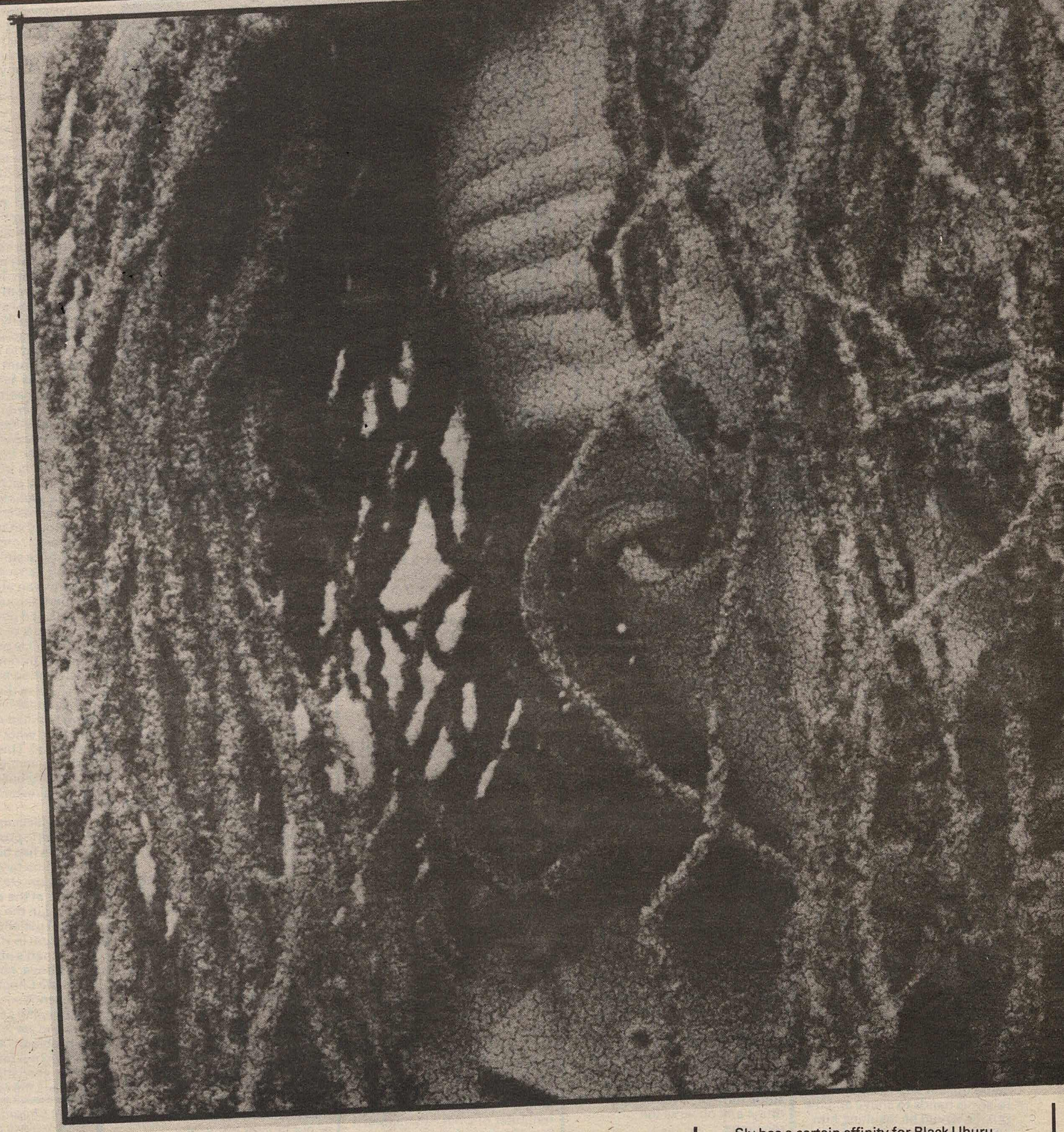
polydor

DAWN OF THE LIVI



ON A HOT sticky afternoon in uptown Kingston, Jamaica — the city that is a *sprawling* inferno, one can sense the claustrophobic cauldron of heat and tension as the wave of post-election violence continues to swell. Michael Rose feels it, thought that it would happen and wrote the song, 'Carbine' on the Black Uhuru album 'Red' especially for the Kingston youth — the Rude Bwoys of 1981.

"Cost of living reach the sky/
And no one knows why/
It's just revolution time in dis yah Iwah/
So cool off/
Cool off the carbine a yard . . ."

". . . Because you can't pinpoint it," Rose is explaining to me," and say this shooting was right but that one was wrong. So you just have to say carbine *enough!* Seen?"

We're sitting in the yard at Island Records, Kingston, where Michael together with the other members of Black Uhuru, Puma Jones and 'Duckie' Simpson, have been going over the schedule for their European tour, just cooling their heels and waiting . . .

It's nearly a year since 'Sinsemilla', the group's first LP for Island was released and immediately hit the right note, forging a cross-cultural connection between dreadlocks and baldheads, both black and white.

And, in common with Bob Marley And The Wailers, Black Uhuru have made that connection without sacrificing their own roots credibility or their own distinctive musical style.

'Sinsemilla' was not cooked up especially for western taste-buds and neither is their new album, 'Red'.

Black Uhuru are very much the reggae sound of the moment.

PUMA JONES has the most visual impact of the trio. Today she's dressed simply in a green jersey skirt and matching top with a white 'kerchief tied around her locks. Her fresh-faced good looks, radiate health and well-being; but in any case she doesn't wear any make-up: how could she when she gladly sings Michael Rose's protest song about make-up, 'Shine-Eye Gal'? And this is one of a series of hit singles which propelled the band towards their Island contract.

'Shine-Eye Gal' also featured a guitar lick or two courtesy of Keith Richards; an unusual choice of musician?

"Well true, we have a different sound but it's still not the same as backayard," Michael Rose explains, dismissing that particular collaboration. And Duckie agrees with him; but then, Duckie is faintly suspicious of anything foreign.

Derrick Simpson, aka Duckie, is a founder member of Black Uhuru and also the most stylish of the three. On the cover of 'Red', he's photographed in a trim denim jacket with a brightly coloured scarf tied like a tribal headband; it's a complete contrast to Michael's crumpled leather jacket and outsized peaked cap.

Rose could be any Jamaican youth on the streets, until — that is — he begins to speak. His aura emanates from somewhere inside his vocal chords, whether the words are tumbling out in double-quick time, or, as today, like slow, thick honey glued to the bottom of the jar — the result of a better than average draw of 'Sinsie'.

Rose has always had that spark, even as a youth when he was hitting the Jamaican north coast club circuit with a group called Love Unlimited, playing calypso music in places like the Intercontinental, the Hilton and the Little Pub, Ocho Rios.

"Yeah," recalls Duckie doubling-up with laughter, "him dress up like Mickey Mouse — tourist look pon him and get their kicks . . ."

Not militant style *at all.*

But Black Uhuru have always been a *hard* band, right from their first album 'One Love Crisis' released on Count Shelley's Third World label back in '77 when the line-up included Errol Nelson, now singing with The Jayes. And even then they had some of the best session musicians working with them: people like Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar.

Sly has a certain affinity for Black Uhuru, having grown up around the Rose family. Michael's elder brother was his best friend and he was able to observe Rose's talent developing right from the start. So it was only natural that when Black Uhuru signed to Island Sly and Robbie should produce 'Sinsemilla'. They also produced the second album, 'Red' — a controversial set because of the subject matter of some of the songs.

"The youth of Eglington won't put down their Remington/
The youth of Brixton/
They leave their 45 Smith and Weston Pistol Pistol . . ."

'THE YOUTH of Eglington' was written in Canada last October but it could just as easily have been written in April after the Brixton riots. The only difference is that the battle of Brixton wasn't fought with guns but with Molotov cocktails and bricks . . . not *quite* as lethal. But are they surprised to find their words coming true so soon?

"No," Puma replies, "because our songs are visions and our words are always part of that vision. And then it *must* happen, whether in Jam Down, New York or London; it will keep happening until people take notice of what is going on instead of trying to hush it up until next time."

So did Michael feel a responsibility for guiding the youth through his words?

"I wouldn't say that it was a responsibility, it's just that I and I grow a certain way, where we don't say that I and I have to fight certain things, for I and I are the ghetto ones them, they don't check for I and I: it's the upper

Roz Reines talks to Black Uhuru, new kings — and queen — of reggae music.

NG DREAD

classes that cause I and I to have barriers."

"Our responsibility," adds Puma in her Southern drawl, "is to speak the truth; it might be an offence but it's certainly not a sin."

Offence or not, inevitably in social warfare a lot of people get hurt on both sides. While Uhuru certainly don't condone the violence they don't condemn it either. As Michael explains, "If you retaliate for your rights that means you know something; you're not just fighting without a case, for we have to show them to respect the concept of I and I."

"Besides," adds Puma, "we're hurt all the while; don't you check say we hurt? It's not we alone must feel it. Revolution must go through."

Nevertheless, on 'Carbine' you take a stance against the violence.

"Well yeah," Michael agrees, "that's because of the pressure that dep on the youth the whole time through them system: them talking about helping all humanity, it's just a joke. The only people escape their life is in the disco but they're still under all sorts of emotional and economical pressure, it's crucial, you know. You see lickle youth that are just lost and I and I can't show them *nothing*."

Puma: "It's got to the point now where we can't even live with each other. You see all the fighting going on and you ask why? Why are black people treating each other this way? Do you think we can bear this?

"All we have left to fight is each other more time, so you know *something* is wrong, so I mean you just have to identify with what you're dealing with and put the pressure back where it belongs."

And having being brought up in the Harlem district of New York, Puma has seen enough of blacks fighting each other; it is the real concrete jungle, more vital than anything Kingston has; slicker, faster . . . So it's not suprising that she should sometimes come across as the most militant member of the group.

"Don't say I'm American, I'm African," she angrily declares, thumping the table hard with her clenched fist. "Alright, I may have been born in America, in South Carolina, grew up in Harlem, went to school in them lickle institutions, so what?"

Was it difficult?

"*No* because all my education did help I to get well smart to them. And then *some* things are just roots; there's nothing difficult about that. But it is difficult when you start to try to be something you're not. I am an African. So there's no problem in being that. I just know say Jah guide I and I. And it's Jah really guide I and I to Jamaica and lead I to this stage."

IN JAMAICA, Puma began by doing interpretative dances with Ras Michael And The Sons Of Negus, and then did backing vocals on their LP 'Movements'.

"I've really always been a singer at heart," she says, "but when you look at the works you say, Oh Aretha Franklin is a singer, Diana Ross sings . . . But I didn't evolve that way, I give thanks . . . Still it was just a short time with Ras Michael and after that it's just been Black Uhuru."

She picked up on Uhuru after listening to 'Love Crisis': "There was one track in particular, 'I Love King Selassie'; even before knowing them I did really *love* that tune . . ."

"I love King Selassie red, oh yeah/
I love King Selassie I gold/
I love King Selassie green/
Oh I love everything that is clean . . ."

Now Puma fits in so perfectly it would be difficult to imagine Uhuru without her. Visually, she also conforms to the rasta women's tradition of keeping your head covered and wearing dresses, rather than short skirts or trousers. And she agrees completely with the rasta male attitude on the inequality of the sexes.

This becomes obvious when Duckie casually informs me during the interview that "no woman on the face of this earth can see Jah face or praise Jah unless she has a man to represent her," and Puma further explains that when there is a oneness — a union between a man and a woman — then there is a fullness.

"It's not a separatism we a deal with here, so don't bother to go on with your liberation theories and things like that," Puma warns.

Liberation theories? Surely any woman who knows herself might also have the capacity to know God, Puma?

"Look. This is something spiritual we're talking about here, you know. For a woman to gain a certain amount of wisdom and knowledge she must seek the King and the King must provide that knowledge and it comes through *man!* We do not defend iniquity in any form, but in order to face certain things as a woman, she must know a man."

What things?

"Reality," interjects Duckie.

But a woman facing life alone faces a pretty harsh reality indeed.

"Ah," says Puma, "that's because you're thinking like an Englishwoman and not like a Rastafarian. But it's not to say that these things exclude anyone, it's just that I don't know any rasta woman who truly doesn't have a man."

OK, but she has to share him with other women as well.

"Who says that?" Puma angrily explodes. "You can't make a statement like that!"

"Come on. What is it you disagree with?" Duckie asks. "A man having sex with six women? Well that's not right."

It's not?

"No because, how can a man keep his eye upon six girls, *some* of them must be another man's girl . . ."

So how does it work then Duckie?

"You have your queen or your wife but there's one thing she must realise, a man cannot have sex with one woman all his life."

OK, since we're dealing with truths and rights here, a woman should also be able to tell the man that she needs someone else as well; it's only natural.

Duckie is outraged.

"How can a girl say *that* and still be a lady? Once you become a woman you have to live up to certain things. But then," he reflects, "I suppose foreigners have a way of doing things differently."

He recalls visiting a friend in New York and hearing the friend's 'roomie' telling him, "I'm going out tonight motherfucker and I'll be back tomorrow." Duckie felt extremely sorry for his friend.

"No woman can do *that* to me . . . well, if she lives in one place and I live in another, that's a different thing," he adds reasonably.

Photography by Pennie Smith. Top: Duckie peers out; left Puma; right Michael Rose.

"But if we live together, she can't do that."

But then you can?

"Yes."

This is where we disagree. And the group have a clearly stated and equally controversial view on abortion; on one song on the 'Showcase' album Michael is very much against it.

"Abortion Abortion/
You've got to have caution/
Or else don't deal with I . . ."

"That's right," he confirms, "it's not what you do but how you do it.

"What's the matter," he asks, "you having problems with your love life or something?"

This time Puma is on my side.

"Don't pay them any heed," she tells me, "them just a chat."

As Michael and Duckie continue to wink and chortle at each other I can't help but think they're like two cowboys without a ranch . . .

Puma's own views on the subject are that everyone should deal within righteousness.

"If a man deals with too many women then someone gets hurt-up and I don't check for that. A man has to come from his heart, you know, so he will know how many women he can deal with. It's always been that way in Africa — part of our cultural tradition, and what the Europeans term as primitive.

"But Babylon deal with a Queenship," she continues, referring to the Queen of England, Mrs Thatcher and Co." They distort things; that's why you have homosexuality because they put all the emphasis on women and use lust as the main come on . . ."

It's the same thing that one of The Ras Angels was explaining to me the other day: how the system here makes things easier for a black woman than it does for a black man. A woman can get a job, sign up for a flat and the total effect on the black family unit is one of disruption.

"That's right," Puma continues, "so you must mind yourself because Satin is out there waiting for you — because Satin works through women . . ."

OUT OF THE three members of Black Uhuru, probably the least is known about Derrick Simpson. But it was Duckie who originally started Uhuru backing in '74 with Garth Dennis, aka Garty now with The Wailing Souls. They released one single called 'Folk Song', and when that was unsuccessful Don Carlos and Garty went their separate ways, leaving Duckie to re-shape the group with his old friend, Michael Rose. Together with Errol Nelson, they recorded 'Love Crisis'.

Duckie's life has been nothing if not varied. He was born in Jones Town, which he describes as the "dungle", and it certainly is one of the areas most often featured in the *Daily Gleaner's* report on the latest crime statistics. This is where he spent the early part of his life, occasionally escaping the heat for a few months at a time in the Jamaican countryside. Then, a few years ago he settled into the equally notorious Waterhouse district of Kingston.

Did he have any problems with the police there?

"Every day you have to deal with the police but me so skilful, me never get in prison yet."

He spent a lot of his spare time with his head buried in books, his favourite being about crime — the goodies versus the baddies . . . "Mafia this, Godfather that," he remarks.

Of course, there were the few days when he was forced to spend some time in the local lock-up for possessing herb, but even there he was able to get hold of some every day.

He first turned towards rasta when he was in his early teens.

"From about 12 me dropout of school, but me hang out with some big dread and ting and me start to read a lot. African history, Bible and ting and decide to join up the Twelve Tribes."

He didn't stay with them for long though; there was no need to, he felt.

"All them rasta organisations — Cockpit, Orthodox Church, Twelve Tribes — them play a role still; when you want to transform yourself into rasta you go join Twelve Tribes. Now me join *nothing* towards rasta . . ."

"Anything join *must* break," observes Michael Rose sagely.

"Are you a rasta?" the gregarious Duckie asks me. The day before he'd seen me wearing red, green and gold clothes. "You must a defend something. What you a defend?"

I tell him that I'm still deciding what to defend, but he won't have it.

"You must decide one way or the other, come right or not at all and then, if you're not rasta, you can come give them red, green and gold things to me or Rose or Puma and mek we wear them instead."

Ah! Since when did rasta have a prerogative on red, green and gold?

BLACK UHURU talk about their songs in revolutionary terms because of the ideas expressed in each one. You can follow the sequence through from 'General Penitentiary', 'Abortion', 'Sinsemilla', 'Youth Of Eglington' and 'Carbine'.

"You see, what's happened now," Puma

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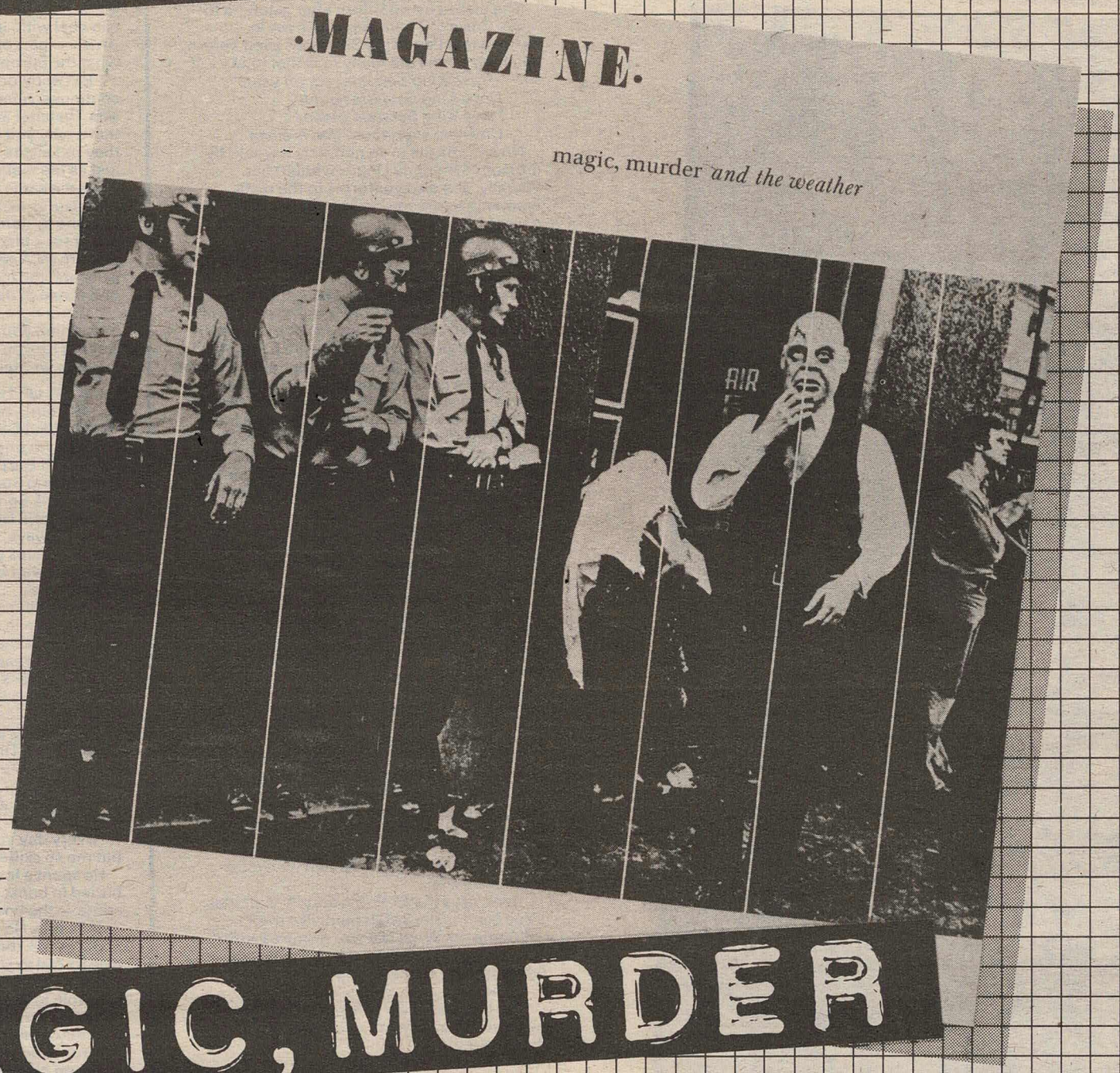

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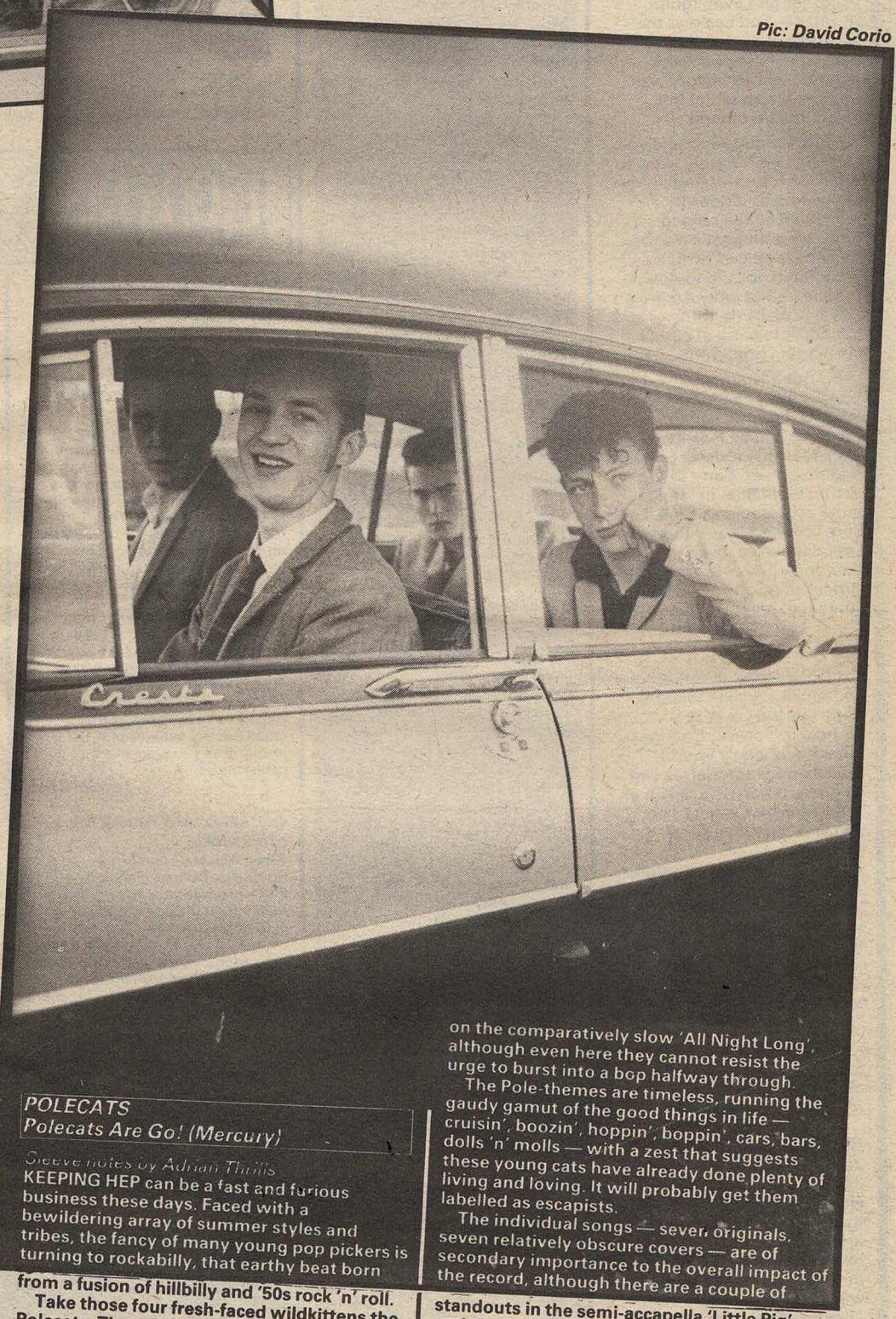
Pic: Pennie Smith

LPs ON WHEELS



Pic: David Corio

Go Joey Go!

The Ramones take the bus (top) whilst The Polecats ride the Cresta of a wave (below).

THE RAMONES
Pleasant Dreams (Sire)

IT'S BEEN a long, long wait since the Fab Four from Forest Hills foolishly put their genius into the mono-maniacal hands of noted has-been Phil Spector for 'End of the Century' . . . a gesture where the moment, the Man and the Band may have seemed right but the selection of songs just wasn't sufficiently strong.

But now we know those empty hours were worth it: 'Pleasant Dreams' is that LP the Ramones have always dreamt of making. A whole album of wholly realised songs, framed with non-stop pop expertise by producer Graham Gouldman (ex 10cc) and lovingly set in a running order which not only accelerates but, in doing so, accentuates Exactly What the Ramones Got That Nobody Else Has. What is that, you're asking? Well, for starters: stories, plots, a heritage, recognisable characters, tremendous language, colourful location work, overdrive, excitement, poetry, rhythm . . . buy the album and finish the list yourself.

Several changes contribute to Operation At Last and the effectiveness with which it puts across the Ramones' real potential as a *fait accompli*. One is Gouldman's obvious understanding of how the mid-'60s hits so beloved of this band were structured — a cut called 'This Business Is Killing Me' recalls 'Bus Stop', the hit he wrote for the Hollies during his post-Mindbenders stint as a songwriter. Another real surprise is the way he's re-shaped the Ramones' sound (by bringing both drums and Joey's vocals right upfront, holding the guitars well back and maximising the band's *esprit de corps* through harmony) — not to tamper with but to enhance the explicitness of their world view.

Something new among the songwriting credits, too — six numbers are down to 'Joey Ramone' alone, five to Dee Dee and the best cut ('It's Not My Place in the 9 to 5 World') is uncredited on the test pressing. It's great to hear a Ramones LP on which their stand as possibly the last true individuals in America produces real and appropriate dividends; if there's any justice this album will win new friends and influence new people. Certainly it will cement Joey's heroic stature as a vocalist — in the words of baseball great Mickey Mantle, he *follows through* on every note of every track.

And what notes! What tracks! Fully six out of these twelve cuts are pure stunnerama drama. They include Joey's 'We Want The Airwaves', the album's opener; The 'KKK Took My Baby Away' (lots of tuneful sentiment, choral harmonies and the old HEY HO); 'This Business Is Killing Me' and '7-11', the album's runner-up piece of resistance. Add to those Dee Dee's 'All's Quiet on the Eastern Front' (Ricky Riccardo plays a fluid flamenco shimmy in praise of New York City while Joey and Dee Dee trade vocals); and his new Ramonian classic 'Come On Now'.

Most of all there's the double-quick, double-takingly original 'It's Not My Place in the 9 to 5 World' — sung by Joey with all the fervour, reach and naked expressive talent of the solo star Spector once high-handedly envisioned making him. Part of the feeling is of course down to the close-to-home sentiments ("To get a good job you need the proper schooling / Who the hell do you think you're fooling?") and the fact they include tributes to all those things dearest to Joey's heart (Lester Bangs, the Uncle Floyd Show, Alan Arkush, Roger Corman, etc).

The LP's other really brilliant departure is Joey's '7-11'. It bids fair to be regarded as the band's first *real* Morbid Death epic, structured as it is along the exact lines implicit to that genre (the fated couple meet in a 7-11 store — *"I even went for a little spin / Down to the Holiday Inn / We was young and in love!"* — and their single night of bliss includes a visit to a record swap and a dance after which everything slows so Joey can recite his moving recollection — *"oncoming car ran out of control"* of the tragedy which left him standing *"in the rain in pain"*. Cue drums and thunder. The tide of emotion in '7-11' is interrupted in mid-flow by a diatribe about that recurrent Ramonian concern, the state of the airwaves: *"Bop she wop she wop she wop / Bop she wop she wop she wop / What ever happened to the radio? / Where did all the fun songs go? / Summer fun with the Beach Boys on."* laments Joey, before adding the sinister, *"But we all know what went wrong!"* and continuing the lament for his lost tootsie.

There's more, of course. Joey's 'Don't Go' and 'She's a Sensation' sound more Spector-like than any of his actual ventures with the Ramones. Dee Dee's 'You Sound Like You're Sick', 'You Didn't Mean Anything to Me' *Everything was crummy / Nothing was on TV / I was ready to pack it in / Forget the agony"*) and 'Sitting in My Room' may be weaker links but all still exceed the expected standard of existential yuks while excelling ear-wise . . . and that's saying a lot. In fact, possibly too much. Better you should fork out and find out what weird *really* is for yourself.

Cynthia Rose

KIM CARNES
Mistaken Identity (EMI International)

KIM CARNES uses pretty much the same vocal devices to indicate 'gutsiness' and 'commitment' as Rod Stewart does: to assume that Ms Carnes actually possesses these qualities is more a matter of courtesy than conviction. The single 'Bette Davis Eyes' and the title track — a sort of ballady thing which my best friend informs me is vaguely reminiscent of The Doobie Brothers — are by no means unpalatable, but the vast majority of the material contained herein belies the futurist trappings of the single video and the punky lettering on the sleeve. In other words, the album is Hollywood Studio Horrid of the most banal variety imaginable, and should be avoided by those not currently in need of deep, restful slumber.

Charles Shaar Murray

POLECATS
Polecats Are Go! (Mercury)

Sleeve notes by Adrian Thrills

KEEPING HEP can be a fast and furious business these days. Faced with a bewildering array of summer styles and tribes, the fancy of many young pop pickers is turning to rockabilly, that earthy beat born from a fusion of hillbilly and '50s rock 'n' roll.

Take those four fresh-faced wildkittens the Polecats. Though their average age is just a tender 19, these four young Londoners have sought their musical inspiration not from the punk or funk modes of today but in the twangy groove thang of yesteryear.

These cool cats play their rockabilly bop with plenty of gusto and good ol' down-home enthusiasm, strummin', slappin', yowlin' and howlin' their way through an album of 14 songs in less time than it takes to unwrap a Kentucky Fry: 'Polecats Are Go!' knows exactly where it's going and wastes no time in getting there.

The Polecats play it with style and fire and play it completely free of the pretentions and frills of the psychobilly or electrobilly brigade. Their LP positively explodes with youth, vitality, amphetamined exuberance and sundry other teen cliches without ever sounding un-natural or forced.

Obviously aware of their limitations, the Cats keep largely within the well-defined boundaries of the genre, flitting from punchy roadhouse rockers — 'Red, Ready, Amber' and 'Big Green Car' — to more countrified styles — 'Don't Cry Baby', 'Black Magic' and 'Running Back' — and only hinting at balladry on the comparatively slow 'All Night Long', although even here they cannot resist the urge to burst into a bop halfway through.

The Pole-themes are timeless, running the gaudy gamut of the good things in life — cruisin', boozin', hoppin', boppin', cars, bars, dolls 'n' molls — with a zest that suggests these young cats have already done plenty of living and loving. It will probably get them labelled as escapists.

The individual songs — seven originals, seven relatively obscure covers — are of secondary importance to the overall impact of the record, although there are a couple of standouts in the semi-accapella 'Little Pig' and the eerie, spacey 'Marie Celeste'. The latter, interestingly, is the only track on the LP *not* produced by Dave Edmunds, being the work instead of Tony Visconti. While Edmunds' vision and feel for rockabilly makes him a readily sympathetic producer for the Poles, his knob-twiddling is sometimes *too* dominant. On a couple of tracks — notably 'We Say Yeah' — the sound he achieves is just a little too Edmunds-ised, the group winding up sounding uncomfortably like a surrogate Rockpile.

The only other gripe here is the inclusion of all the group's previously-released single A and B sides, including their brave but unsuccessful stab at Bowie's 'John I'm Only Dancing' in which the clever innuendo of the original is all but destroyed.

Despite the minor reservations, this is still a smart debut set and one which I doubt the group will ever surpass if they bop till they drop.

Polecats one to four — that's Tim, Boz, Phil and Neil — most certainly *are go!* And there ain't no stopping them now. In fact I'd say they were already *solid gone!*

Adrian Thrills

ARTHUR LEE
Arthur Lee (Begg Banquet)

AS PRIME mover with late '60s soft-psychedelic West Coast outfit Love, Arthur Lee was largely responsible for one of the epochal albums of the period (and one which still sounds fresh today) in 'Forever Changes', the only record ever to successfully fuse rock and folk elements with orchestral strings and brass.

Love were a weird bunch, for sure — the pages of early *Zigzags* were littered with tales and rumours of strange behaviour, massive drug excesses and even (gulp) murder — and Lee was the weirdest of the lot, the paradigm case of a "rock legend" whose history was too heavy to bear (cf Roky Erickson and others).

This recently-recorded solo LP from Lee is hardly likely to enhance his reputation, consisting as it does of jerry-built songs relying largely on simplistic macho heaviness spiced with the occasional dose of toytown reggae — that jerky American travesty of JA rhythms — and generally reeking of comfy born-again bonhomie.

It's not *all* bad, mind — the opener 'One', a stripped-down R&B runaround, sounds a little like Wilson Pickett backed by the Muscle Shoals Swampers, or 'Party Down' period Little Beaver, and is quite acceptable as such. Lee here sounds blacker than he ever did before, even mentioning his *"brothers in Africa"* at one point, in the context of universal love and peace, *one* people on the earth, and all that.

'I Do Wonder' is stylistically and musically akin to 'Da Capo' period Love, or a stringless 'Forever Changes', but with infinitely weaker melody and material, as can be gauged from the re-run of '7 & 7 Is' which opens side two, still shining after all these years.

For the most part, though, 'Arthur Lee' is a depressing array of archaisms and amateurisms, mundanities and mediocrities, only worth considering seriously as an exercise in auto-iconoclasm. And not for long, at that.

Andy Gill

MOTION
Motion (Double D)

GEORGE OBAN'S debut album comes like a sigh of relief; an ice cold drink to parched lips; a patch of calm in an otherwise turbulent sea.

This is music to unwind to; crystalline guitar licks you can take a bath in, soak for hours if you like — let the melodies flow right through you.

Oban was one of the founder members of Aswad who left to explore new territory: while Brinsley and Co. went direct to the roots of reggae, Bassie George 'Levi' Oban made a detour in a jazz direction. The result is 'Motion' — a successful fusion of jazz and reggae rhythms, a mellow soundtrack for tough times or even for great times . . .

Oban employs subtlety and shadow-play, breathing new life into old songs; soul hits like Dionne Warwick's 'Walk On By', now repackaged with an Eastern-style intro, and the '60s disco-ish 'Love Uprising', which also comes in for a new zestful delivery to get you moving in a more interesting direction.

This is a studio sound more than anything else — a closely-knit group of musicians which includes Aswad's dynamic drummie, Angus Gaye (aka Drummie Zeb) inter-weaving Oban's cool cool bass with delicate spirals on the snare and high hat. Another member of Aswad, Tony Robinson, proves his musical dexterity on classy keyboards with John Kapie and Bunny McKenzie adding their support on lead guitar and harmonica. Two of the newest talents unearthed in this set are Morris Adetakombo, who plays an acoustic guitar solo with lots of feeling on 'No Man Is An Island' and Wolete Miriam, Oban's wife, who sings most of the lead vocals in a warm and sensuous voice.

Rhythmically, some of Oban's original numbers free-form in jazz style; sometimes as on 'Crazy Beat', it's up-tempo and irresponsible, sometimes ('Hawaian Hi') it's a little self-indulgent. Either way it does nothing to ruin the set — this album is already a classic.

Roz Reines

FRANK ZAPPA
Tinseltown Rebellion (CBS)

IT HAS taken Frank Zappa — former wit, innovator, satirist and crusader against the mediocre and bigoted — a mere 15 years to become everything which he opposed in the '60s. 'Tinseltown Rebellion' is a double album of tedious, cliched music, mean-spirited and exploitative sexual fetishism and furious hatred of anybody less narrow-minded and screwed up than Zappa himself.

Zappa's work during his first six or seven years as a force in rock music ('65-'72, roughly) was genuinely challenging, compassionate and inventive, but the way that his current band handle 'Brown Shoes Don't Make It' (from 'Absolutely Free', the second Mothers Of Invention album) demonstrates just how far Zappa has slid since then, and just how little he cares about it.

Frank Zappa has become the sort of person who would not only spend several minutes on stage requesting women in the audience to remove their underwear and throw it on stage, but would also take up several minutes of an album with a live recording of himself doing so, and then cap the whole thing by printing a verbatim transcript of his monologue on an album sleeve.

He exposes himself completely on 'Tinseltown Rebellion', and he's too dumb and complacent to realise what he's exposed. He deserves pity rather than contempt.

Charles Shaar Murray

LIGHTNING STRIKES

A.D.C. BAND: Brother Luck (Cotillion)
A.D.C. bland

Lloyd Bradley

TREK W/QUINTRONIC: (Biplane Records, Lansdale Pennsylvania)
Trek and Quintronic are two electronic instrumentalists from Pennsylvania. Each track takes you to a pitch of techno-age hysteria and then brings you down again none the better for it. The drum machine produces brittle rhythms and the songs always ease away from rewarding complexity. Trek, who cannot have been christened with this name, sings in a fake English accent, and tags "man" onto the end of many of his lines. The synthesizers produce overall a black, unvaried sound with little manipulation of timbre. The rationale behind this kind of music, one supposes, is that a small dose of catastrophe immunises you against a bigger catastrophe.

Edward L Fox

ALBANIA: Are You All Mine (Chiswick)
Given Albania's low profile — i.e. no-one's ever heard of them — EMI's promotion of the group has made great play on the 'Albania, land of mystery' angle. Unfortunately, the Albanian image has other aspects — like drabness, anonymity, conformism — and having heard the group, it's these characteristics that stick.

Paul Du Noyer

MODELS: Alphabravocharliedeltaecho foxtrotgolf (A&M)
Couldthisbethesamebandthat featuredfatboyantmarcoand usedtoplaytheroxy? Somehowlthinknot.

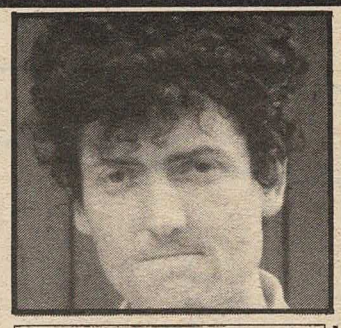
Adrian Thrills

THE TWINKLE BROTHERS: Me No You, You No Me (Twinkle/Rough Trade)
Recorded at Tuff Gong but mastered in London, the title track shows the calypso and pop influences in the Bros material. So does 'Beautiful Jamaica' and 'Stealing', a catchy gem about a misspent youth at the movies. 'Longing For You' is almost a soul song. The more militant cuts come over as reasoned Garveyism rather than fighting Rasta, but the loving harmonies never cloy. Casualties of Virgin's Front Line can still make good . . .

Paul Tickell

BILL WYMAN: Green Ice (Polydor)
If Wyman ever retires from the Stones, on the evidence of this album he has a reasonably rosy future ahead writing film scores. He relies a lot on Latin influences, though he never attains the heights of Morricone's exotic turbulent power. Wyman is more an exponent of the lively clipped muzak with moody bass and a hint of blues guitar on the more successful pieces. Maria Muldaur sings now and again.

Paul Tickell



KEN LOCKIE
The Impossible (Virgin)

THE CULTISH and accomplished off-centre pop of Cowboys International's 'Original Sin' album, and the widescreen Spectorama of his self-produced 'Today' single of a while back demonstrated that Ken Lockie certainly possesses an unusual talent — though it's questionable whether he's exerted it in the right direction yet.

There are several similarly striking moments on 'The Impossible', but there are also others which try to be too clever and end up too clumsy, or which have all but abandoned coherent melodic appeal in favour of production and arrangement considerations: an ass-backwards approach to music-making, doomed to failure unless, like Brian Wilson, you can adjust and anchor the melody firmly within those larger considerations.

Consequently, there's something of the air of artifice about parts of 'The Impossible', showing Lockie to be a kind of pragmatic synthesist with no single guiding musical vision, but an ear for what's necessary in different places, and a magpie's nest of musical techniques.

There's a particularly effective, big, booming Comsat-esque drum sound on several tracks, especially the recent single 'Dance House', 'Under My Skin' and the majestic 'Footsteps', which would itself sound great spread across twelve inches: all cool and sleazy walking bass and snare snaps like gunshots, with dense, brassy Dexyhorn punctuations butting in here and there. Lockie's former second generation Bowietone vocals now modulate closer to the clarity and challenge of Tim Buckley here and on the title-track, the other curious tour-de-force of a decidedly odd LP.

But for all the wit, invention and originality Lockie displays, there's barely an ounce of passion in evidence on 'The Impossible', hardly a moment where something approaching free-ranging emotion rears its head. Always a bad sign . . .

Andy Gill

ALTERNATIVE TV
Strange Kicks (IRS)

MARK PERRY, the Deptford wonderkid, has been around, has been important and has been a bore . . . There was *Sniffin' Glue*, early invigorating and individual singles from ATV, and then The Good Missionaries with their free-form musical group therapy. Without erstwhile partner Alex Ferguson, Perry floated off on his own somewhere; unappealing and undisciplined. He may have had the content, but Ferguson had the style necessary to keep him in shape.

Contrary to what his music may suggest, Perry, talking to Danny Baker in the *NME* two years ago, claimed he was envious of Bruce Foxton. That's where 'Strange Kicks' comes in. Reunited with Ferguson, Perry sounds like someone about to plunge into a journey along the Styx only to be redirected via Surrey Docks. Less songs about wanking and paranoia, more songs about chip shops and bus shelters.

'The Ancient Rebels' is more than fair, hollers and stomps of the Glitterpunk variety, the Ferguson/Perry partnership in fine ragged rearranging fettle with a pithy overview on '76's angry young men. *". . . ended up with lots of fools who stuck with older rules . . . the ancient rebels, so they say, will live to fight another day."*

Perry presents or seems to be trying to present the subconscious side of the observations made on London life by the likes of Squeeze and Madness but, having played around with a variety of approaches, tears away the mask on 'Cold Rain' and reveals himself as a budding Harry Chapin or a layman's Supertramp.

'Strange Kicks' is a confused and confusing mixture of songs and ideas; Perry is still yer actual hardheaded single-minded punk, but his attempts at articulation are erratic, opportunist and overly pessimistic. It's certainly strange, considering his recent track record, but it doesn't have any kick.

Gavin Martin

JOE JACKSON
Jumpin' Jive (A&M)

HEY! My favourite Joe Jackson record! The only Jackson record I close to like. Now that we've undergone (gone over) the most basic and the most final pop revolution (you haven't even noticed, have you!) the jazz will be curled into the view of all the saltiest pop nuts and juiciest disco fruits. Here's Joe, juiced up and jaunty! Smarter than you'd (I'd) ever think. He could never be cool, but he wants to visit all the right clubs.

Jackson, sensing the stripping away of the suffocating big seriousness of the rockrating, has dived through the cooler hoop of jazz into adaptable nostalgia and covers the sophisticated gaiety of swing shifts into bop '40s with plain shirted, silly grinned, happy days abandon. This is no front, no quick way to please the turks and the trendies, just a lovable, buffooning labour of love, an unstable riding of a hobby-horse. Not a calculated anticipation of a new trend, just a flawed, flashy, coarse, strictly sycophantic appreciation of the days when the winds blowed cold, trousers flapped, drugs drived, girls twitched, trains steamed and the future disappeared. It's for fun, or something. A laugh, or anything. Indulgent, but in ways not as indulgent as what he's done before.

"Who's this, then? 'Sitt'n at my pee-yann-er. . .'"

Pic: Barry Plummer

Out of time, out of place, can't be too spontaneous, can't be as critically happy and hedonistic as the days when it all went on, the romance and gloss and sensual luxuriance of a fabled period gathered up and stretched with theatrical glorification, a fantasy represented with drunken badinage. It's good to hear Joe having fun, owning up, and opening up. He bursts with pride as he leads six plain joes through an idealistic selection of bop boasts, comic scat cuties, lordly-breath takes, once scandalous crime-rhymes . . . The group are no Hot Seven, Joe's no Mose, no Melly, no urbane smoothie, no crowned clown, but nothing they do compromises the slick, tricky, buoyant cant confidence of these dozen originals. Perhaps he could do no wrong reviewing these sweet dreamers: there are some that could, and he thought of it!

There's three from Cab Calloway's repertoire — the hi-de-ho man of Betty Boop burlesque — a Lester Young-King Pleasure fancy piece 'Jumpin' With Symphony Sid' — the bop that opens the disc and immediately convinced me that Jackson wasn't fooling or rather was fooling (better the operation be a joe foolery prank than a serious study) — a handful of Louis Jordan freshen-ups, plus a dowdy 'Tuxedo Junction'.

After what the Lounge Lizards have done lately 'Jumpin' Jive' is a little plebian. It's never as STUPID as Calloway would have wished. Joe's attempts to be the sophisticate or the self-deprecating charmer or the absorbed goon are risible: he's as much a jazz singer as Neil Diamond. But he feels for this music: no doubt. As an imperfect introduction to ridiculous delights, as a playful acknowledgement of past masters and great jesters, as a shuffling celebration of jump and tease, it's acceptable, even respectable. Play with Joe. Get to the real stuff. Excuse me.

Paul Morley

David Murray blows the light fantastic Pic: Jak Kilby

Hard Bop Houses!

LET'S TALK about groups. Jazz's current focus sees a swing away from star soloists: it's not that the masters aren't there, but many of the newer players prefer to employ the grip of a particular group sound, be it the primitivist New Orleans effect, an R&B or funk-based roustabout or the pent-up house of hard bop laced with post-Ornette melodic freedom.

Or maybe a combination of it all, like the World Saxophone Quartet. A supergroup, but one where concern for results triumphs over Me! Me! hyperbole. David Murray, Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill and Hamiet Bluiett between them play soprano, alto, tenor and baritone saxes and alto and bass clarinets on 'WSQ' (Black Saint import). The absence of any rhythm section is a forcing bid: they *have* to put up their best, 'cos there's nothing to fall back on.

The eight (mostly brief) tracks are like a stroll down some hall of saxophone tradition, ghostly echoes of Ellington and Basie sax sections mingling with thrilling explorations of unsafe areas of blowing. Straight-laced passages of harmony and counterpoint suddenly career into frothing four-cornered rave-ups which calmly regroup into a heavenly coda.

Air — Henry Threadgill on reeds, Fred Hopkins bass, Steve McCall drums — are masters of a similar shuffle. 'Air Mail' (Black Saint import) is their sixth album. The first side is brilliant, some of the finest music I've heard all year. McCall's 'B.K.' (played at their tremendous Hammersmith gig in May) is a staccato hop, Threadgill's citrus-sharp flute frippery and the writhing momentum of Hopkins as twin stars in the firmament. It seems cheeky to say it, but I think McCall (hardly a spring chicken) is getting better — his entrancing solo passage bulges with unexpected swerves of direction, flickering cymbal tracers stitched invisibly into curtly-rolled snare patterns. Hopkins' 'R.B.' dallies in alleycan percussion, moves into a stately requiem and seems set to disappear down a corridor of rustling bells before they burst back in a superbly controlled climax of tenor, bass and drums, resolutely declamatory.

A shame then that Threadgill's 'C.T., J.L.' is a disappointment. The composer's alto blips out a central motif succinctly enough but the idea's spread too thin over 18 minutes and they sound rattled by the end.

String Trio Of New York are less expansive, more fractiously implosive. The grouping of acoustic guitar, violin and bass goes back to jazz's string band beginnings; but the Trio insist on a steel-fingered, rough-tongued language that says this is NOW! 'Area Code 212' (Black Saint import) is a funny (as in ha-ha) record. There's cracked flamenco lampoonery in bassist John Lindberg's 'Strawberries' alongside the bare-knuckled slugfest of 'Abjunctinuity' and the frolicsome swing of 'Bang's Bounce', a featured treat for violinist Billy Bang. Guitarist James Emery lovingly picks out the opening of 'Coho' like he's closed his eyes and drifted back into a smoke-filled Hot Club of France. STNY make a flirtatious music: you could easily string along.

Andrew Cyrille and his group Maono favour a more conventional approach. Though a penetrating sticksman, Cyrille is content to work in tandem with bassist Nick De Geronimo as backdrop for the horns. What pulls 'Special People' (Soul Note import) above a meat and potatoes blowing session is the excellence of soloists and a couple of intriguing tunes. David S. Ware has a mountainous tone on tenor and a technique that takes in both frenzied gabbling and a measured muscularity like a man shouldering his way through a crowd. Ted Daniels is on trumpet (Defunkateers will know him) and his wraparound velvet tone and splintery phrasing are at their best on Ornette Coleman's 'A Girl Named Rainbow', a gentle chuckle of a tune. 'Baby Man', a trimly pretty Milesian mode, is the other standout.

'Tin Can Alley' (ECM) by Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition sounds the most streamlined of this bunch through the impeccable ECM sound. But this is a special edition anyway. The drummer/pianist leads Chico Freeman (a young lion among tenor players), John Purcell (alto and baritone) and Peter Warren (bass and cello) through five arrogantly confident tracks. 'Tin Can Alley' opens, DeJohnette's trick of stop-go rhythms as a showcase for deep-throated tenor and baritone outings. 'Pastel Rhapsody' is in the line of DeJohnette ballads like 'Lydia' and 'Silver Hollow'. Flutes, saxes and piano fashion rich swathes of melody, a very tender seduction.

'Riff Raff' is a pug-nosed rumble through the lower registers. 'The Gri Gri Man' is a tetchy percussion interlude. 'I Know' rides out on a lolloping lowbrow riff, Fiery Jack gleefully roaring out an old blues shouter's vocal over the top (never thought I'd hear anyone say "Get Down!" on an ECM record). It's a fantastic set!

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EDDY GRANT
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'I LOVE YOU, YES, I LOVE YOU'
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RECORD NEWS

SELECTED SINGLES

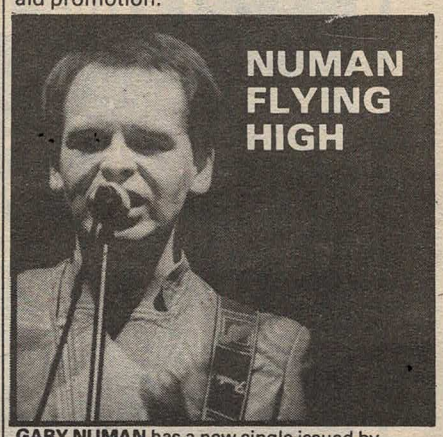
● **SPANDAU BALLET** have their new single issued by Chrysalis this weekend, in both 7" and 12" formats, coupling 'Chant No.1 (I Don't Need This Pressure On)' with 'Feel The Chant'. Produced by Richard James Burgess, the tracks feature Light Of The World's horn section, Beggar & Co.

● **EDDY GRANT** follows up his recent 'Can't Get Enough' hit with a new single, released this week on the Ensign/Ice label. Titled 'I Love You, Yes I Love You', it's taken from his current album — while the B-side 'It's Our Time' is a track from his first LP 'Message Man'.

● **MATCHBOX** persist with their policy of reviving oldies on their latest Magnet single, out this weekend. It's an up-dated version of the Buddy Holly classic 'Love's Made A Fool Of You', and it's a preview of their new album, due out in September.

● **SOFT CELL** have had the release of their first Phonogram single scheduled for July 17. It couples a re-vamping of the Gloria Jones hit 'Tainted Love' with a revival of the first-ever Supremes hit 'Where Did Our Love Go'. The band are lining up a series of gigs to aid promotion.

SOFT CELL



GARY NUMAN has a new single issued by Beggars Banquet next month, titled 'She's Got Claws'. It will be featured in a TV documentary to be networked in August, which will follow Numan as he pilots his own Piper Navaho plane around the country.

● **Nazareth** have re-recorded the Tim Rose song 'Morning Dew' for release as a Nems Records single early next month. It was originally included on their debut LP, but they've recently been getting numerous requests for it, so they've decided to put out a new version — ten years and 13 albums later.

● The first **Mo-dettes** single 'White Mice', originally issued in 1979 by Mode Records through Rough Trade, re-appears this week on Human Records through Stage One. The double-A coupling is a live version of 'Kray Twins', which was first featured on the band's debut album. Other singles from Human include 'T.V. Lovers' by **Hermine** and 'Professionals' by Glasgow band **Ana Hausen.**

● Former Aswad bassist George Oban is the man behind **Motion,** who release their self-named debut album on Double D Records on July 24 — and current Aswad members Angus 'Drummie' Gaye and Tony Robinson are among backing musicians. A single from the LP 'Crazy Beat' is also scheduled.

● **Michael O'Brien,** who recently signed with Zilch Records (through RCA), releases his first single this week — titled 'Seven Quid A Week'.

● **Screaming Lord Sutch** celebrates 20 years in the music business by releasing a four-track EP of newly recorded material on Ace Records. There's also a limited edition 12-inch EP featuring the four Sutch tracks, plus the four tracks on the recent **Meteors** EP.

● Guitarist **Kevin Harrison,** who previously worked with This Heat, has his first album on Cherry Red Records out this weekend titled 'Inscrutably Obvious'.

● **The Lucky Saddles,** who describe themselves as Britain's first Gospel-Billy band, have their debut single 'Both Be Here Today' issued by Albion at the end of this month.

● Warner Brothers release the soundtrack album from the film *The Great Muppet Caper* on July 31, the same day on which the movie opens in London.

● **Foreigner** — who, as already reported, visit the UK next month — have a single titled 'Urgent' issued by WEA on July 17. It was written by Mick Jones, and features Junior Walker guesting on sax. It's taken from their new album '4', out this week.

● 'Dirk Wears White Sox' — the final album by **Adam & The Ants** on Do It Records, before they moved to CBS, which had a good *NME* chart run earlier this year — has now gone gold. And to celebrate the achievement, Do It make the LP available in cassette form this weekend, for the first time.

● **Shakatak's** new single 'Brazilian Dawn', taken from their recently released debut album 'Drivin' Hard', is out this week on Polydor in both 7" and 12".

● **The Belle Stars'** first single for Stiff Records 'Hiawatha' is now available as a picture disc, selling at the same price (£1.15) as the regular version. The same label has issued an extended 12-inch version of the current **Department S** single 'Going Left Right', with a B-side featuring 'She's Expecting You' and a French version of their hit 'Is Vic There?', and the price here is £1.70. Also from Stiff this week comes the single 'Throw Some Water In' by a Manchester group rejoicing in the name of **Sprout Head Uprising.**

● Sky guitarist **Kevin Peek** has a single issued by Ariola this weekend titled 'Coming On', which is being used as the theme for the new BBC-2 series *655 Special*, starting next Monday. A solo album by Peek follows later in the year.

● The live album **'T. Rex** in Concert' is being issued on July 31, and will be generally available in shops around the country. It was produced by Tony Visconti, and is released with the full co-operation of EMI and Cube, Rex's two labels during their career.

● **Black Slate** have their new single scheduled for release by Ensign — it is 'Live A Life', a track from their upcoming August album 'Sirens In The City', and it's coupled with 'Reggae Feeling'. The 12-inch version is out on July 17, and the seven-inch a week later. Currently on a world tour, the band will be returning to the UK for an autumn tour.

● 'The Devil's Music' is a double soundtrack album from the renowned BBC-TV series of the same name. One LP is devoted to Mississippi and Memphis blues, and features the likes of **Big Joe Williams, Booker White** and **Sonny Blake** — and the second concerns Chicago blues with **Billy Boy Arnold, Little Brother Montgomery** and **Joe Carter,** among others. All material was recorded on location specially for the series, so it's not available elsewhere. It's been acquired by specialist blues label Red Lightnin Records, who release it on August 7 at a price of £5.50.

JUST LIKE ELTON

ELTON JOHN'S new single, issued by Rocket this week, is 'Just Like Belgium' — taken from his current album 'The Fox', and written by Elton and Bernie Taupin. The B-side is a new Elton-Gary Osborne number called 'Can't Get Over Getting Over Losing You'.

● JUDIE TZUKE also has a new single out on the same label, titled 'Higher And Higher'. It's culled from her hit album 'I Am The Phoenix'.

MIDSUMMER LP BONANZA

NEARLY 100 albums are being issued by the major labels during July and August — and that is an unusually high number for the midsummer period, when the companies are normally expected to save their big guns for the autumn. And here's a cross section of some of the albums coming up during the next few weeks:

BLUE OYSTER CULT 'Fire Of Unknown Origin' (CBS); BROTHERS JOHNSON 'Winners' (A&M); THE COMMODORES 'In The Pocket' (Motown); DESMOND DEKKER 'Compass Point' (Stiff); DEVO 'Live' (Virgin); DR FEELGOOD 'On The Job' (Liberty); JOE EGAN 'Map' (Ariola); PETER FRAMPTON 'Breaking All The Rules' (A&M); ROBERT GORDON 'Are You Gonna Be The One' (RCA); LINTON KWESI JOHNSON 'Dread Beat'n'Blood (Virgin); KIRSTY McCOLL 'Desperate Character' (Polydor); ELVIS PRESLEY 'Just Can't Help Believin' (RCA); VILLAGE PEOPLE 'Renaissance' (Mercury).

● The **Feelgoods** album, featuring 12 stage favourites and recorded live in Manchester, is due out next week — and it's the last to feature guitarist Gypie Mayo who left the band last month, to be replaced by Johnny Guitar. Following their appearance in the 'Rock On The Tyne' festival on August 30, the band are planning a major British tour for October.

● **Josef K** have their debut album 'The Only Fun In Town' out this week, and it's also the first LP from Scottish label Postcard Records. From the same source on July 17 comes the **Aztec Camera** single 'Mattress Of Wire', to be followed by an album in the autumn. And **Orange Juice** start recording their album this month, for September release.

● Manchester band **The Mothmen** released their first single last weekend on Do It Records, 'Show Me Your House And Car' — and it's already been deleted. Reason is that their latest batch of tapes — produced by Hugh Jones, of Teardrop Explodes and Echo & The Bunnymen fame — are so good that it's been decided to withdraw the planned single. Instead, they'll soon be putting out material from the new recordings.

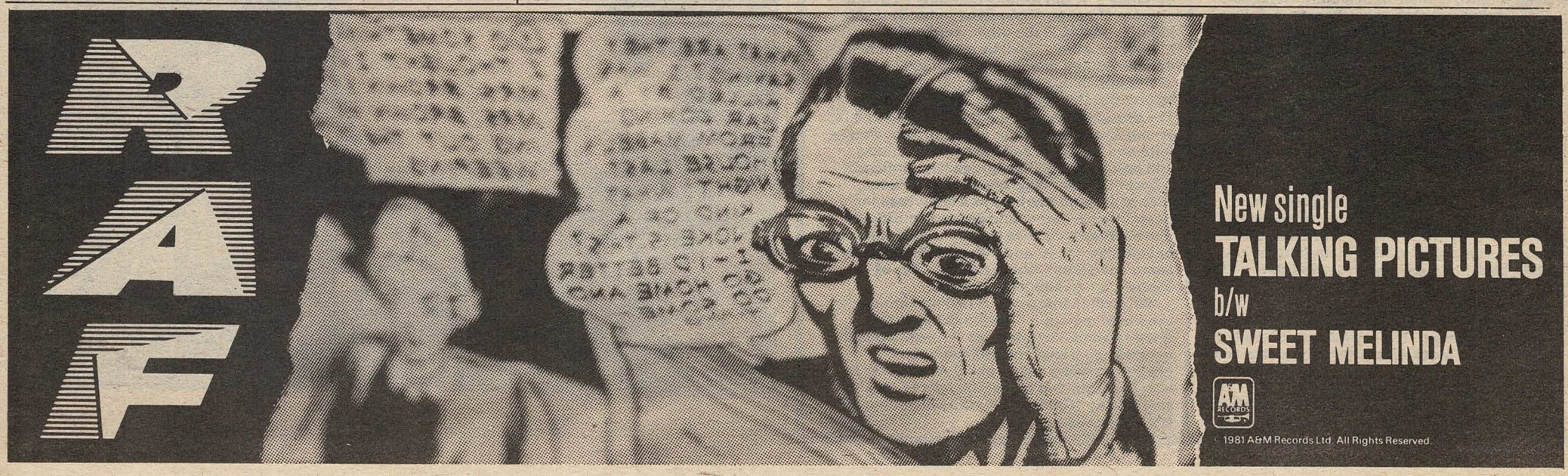
ALL-STAR SOUNDTRACK

THE SOUNDTRACK album from the Eddie Kidd film *Riding High,* now on general release, is now available on Jambo Records (distributed by Spartan). Among the acts featured on the LP are The Police, The Boomtown Rats, Madness, Squeeze, Gary Numan, Lene Lovich, The Pretenders, Dire Straits, Chic, Cliff Richard and The Shadows — plus eight others. Because of the unusually long running time, the album was cut on a special computerised lathe, to ensure higher volume and fuller sound.

Twin cassettes, golden oldies

WEA release a series of eight double-play cassettes on July 17, each containing two classic albums by the artist concerned. They carry a dealer price of £3.04, which should mean a retail price of under £5. They include 'Harvest'/'After The Goldrush' by **Neil Young,** 'Fleetwood Mac'/'Rumours' by **Fleetwood Mac,** 'Morrison Hotel'/'LA Woman' by **The Doors,** 'One Of These Nights'/'Desperado' by **The Eagles** and 'Breezin'/'In Flight' by **George Benson** — plus sets by **George Harrison, Emmylou Harris** and **Van Halen.**

WEA also release a series of singles representing the best of the last two decades. There are 15 "Classic Hits of the Sixties", including 'Mack The Knife' by **Bobby Darin,** 'Cathy's Clown' by **The Everly Brothers,** 'I Got You Babe' by **Sonny & Cher** and 'Classical Gas' by **Mason Williams** — while the 15 from the Seventies include 'Horse With No Name' by **America,** 'Riders On The Storm' by **The Doors,** 'Rivers Of Babylon' by **Boney M** and 'December 63' by **The Four Seasons.** More will be issued shortly.



Hackett on the circuit

STEVE HACKETT headlines an early autumn tour around the UK, taking in Portsmouth Guildhall (September 29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Liverpool Empire (October 3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Manchester Apollo (8), York University (9) and London Hammersmith Odeon (11 and 12). A date at Gloucester Leisure Centre on October 1 is still subject to confirmation.

As already reported, Hackett has also been booked for the Reading Festival, where he's expected to be special guest on the Friday night (August 28). And prior to this, he's playing a handful of warm-up dates in order to work in his new band — at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (August 22), Poole Arts Centre (23), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (24) and Nottingham Rock City (27), with one more still to be set.

He spends the whole of September touring Europe, and after his British tour he's off to the States until Christmas.

CLIFF'S AUTUMN TREK

CLIFF RICHARD is to undertake an extensive late autumn tour, starting at the beginning of November and running through to just before Christmas. It comprises 30 major concerts, but only eight venues are involved, as he'll be playing three or four nights at each one. Cliff, whose new 'Love Songs' compilation album makes its impressive chart debut this week, plays the following dates, all of which are inclusive:

Glasgow Apollo (November 2–4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5–7), Manchester Apollo (11–14), Brighton Centre (18–21), Birmingham Odeon (25–28), London Hammersmith Odeon (December 2–5), Bournemouth Odeon (25–28), London Hammersmith Odeon (December 2–5), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (9–12) and St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (16–19). Ticket prices at all venues are £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50.

Theatre box-offices at Glasgow, Edinburgh and Manchester are open now; at Brighton it opens this Saturday (11); and at Birmingham on August 31. Bournemouth tickets are at present only available by post from the Winter Gardens, Exeter Road, Bournemouth BH2 5AP. St Austell box-office is taking telephone and postal bookings at Cornish Leisure World, Carlyon Bay, St Austell, Cornwall PL25 3RG (Telephone 072681 4261). Hammersmith has still to announce its box-office opening date.

Horses get wild with Robertson

WILD HORSES have parted company with guitarist Brian Robertson. A statement from manager Chris O'Donnell says: "After his stint with Thin Lizzy, Brian seemed to be the kind of wild guitarist we are looking for . . . but he lost the craziness and charisma, and he was holding up the group's career, so he had to go". Drummer Clive Edwards has also left the band to pursue other musical interests.

Leader Jimmy Bain has now brought in two ex-Lionheart members, Reuben Archer (vocals) and Frank Noon (drums), plus 19-year-old lead guitarist Lawrence Archer — "to make it a more exciting group", he says. They go into the studios this month to record a new album, and are also planning their live debut at London Marquee in July, with extensive gigging to follow.

Crimson revival

KING CRIMSON are back in business again, seven years after they split "irrevocably". The current line-up comprises Robert Fripp, Bill Bruford, Adrian Belew and Tony Lewin — which is the same band who played selected UK and European dates earlier this year under the name of Discipline. What's more, their album for September release by EG/Polydor is titled 'Discipline', but henceforth they'll work under the King Crimson banner. A tour of America and Japan is being finalised, but there's no news yet of any further British dates. Fripp is the only remaining member from the original Crimson personnel in 1969, though drummer Bruford was in the second incarnation in 1972.

MODE'S BIG BREAK

DEPECHE MODE move another step closer to the big-time, following the recent chart success of their single 'New Life', by signing to the important T.B.A. Agency — who represent the likes of David Bowie and Adam & The Ants. The company's Dan Silver is at present lining up a series of headlining dates for them, the first confirmed being at London Victoria The Venue on July 23 (admission £2.50), with provoncial gigs to follow next week.

GERS NETS GILLAN JOB

IAN GILLAN announced this week that former White Spirit guitarist Janick Gers, who took over at short notice in the Gillan band following Bernie Torme's sudden departure, has now been taken on as their permanent new member. He added that he didn't want to comment on Torme's walk-out, other than to wish him luck.

WENDY woos 'em again

Photo-playing

THE PHOTOS begin a four-date mini-tour at the end of the month, visiting Retford Porterhouse (July 31), Nottingham Rock City (August 1), Sheffield Limit Club (2) and London Victoria The Venue (3). They've slotted in these dates after emerging from a lengthy stint in the studio, recording a new single and album.

The single is 'We'll Win' coupled with 'You Won't Get To Me', produced by Tony Visconti and released by Epic this weekend. The A-side has now been added to the band's new album 'Crystal Tips And Mighty Mice', which is scheduled for release in September, when they'll be going out on a major nationwide tour.

TWO SPECIAL CONCERTS IN THE BIG-TOP

TOUR NEWS

Minott salutes Marley

SUGAR MINOTT is to headline a special Bob Marley tribute show, being staged for two nights next month in the Big Top in South London's Battersea Park.

It's on Saturday and Sunday, August 15 and 16 — and the rest of the bill features Errol Dunkley, Matumbi, General Saint & Clint Eastwood and Sir Coxsone Sounds, plus comperes David Rodigan and Alex Pascall. The concerts go under the banner of "A Tribute: Roots Rockers Jamboree 1981," and are for the Bob Marley Appreciation Society.

Tickets are £5 (or £4.50 for NUS card holders), plus 30p booking fee. They are available at the Big Top box-office and usual agents, or by post from Soulville, Department 'Jamboree 81', 11 Elmfield Mansions, Elmfield Road, London SW17 8AA — postal orders only (no cheques or cash) made payable to "Soulville", and enclose s.a.e.

● Sugar Minott, who reached No. 3 in the *NME* Chart earlier this year with his single 'Good Thing Going', has had his proposed UK tour further delayed — this is due to continuing problems over his recording deal. The tour isn't now likely to take place until early autumn.

Damned rock against the missiles

THE DAMNED are one of the headliners of the Northern Carnival Against The Missiles, to be staged in Manchester (Moss Side) Alexandra Park on Saturday, August 8. It's claimed to be the largest event ever held in protest against Cruise missiles, and among other confirmed acts are Hawkwind, the Ronnie Lane Band, John Cooper Clarke, The Thompson Twins, Chris Sievey & The Freshies and Harlem Spirit.

The day begins at 11am with a rally in the centre of Manchester, followed by a demonstration in the park ending at 1pm, and that's when the music begins. Admission is free, but £1 sponsor tickets will be sold to help defray expenses. The carnival will also feature children's entertainments, stalls and other events. It's sponsored by a number of organisations — including CND, the TUC, No Nukes, Manchester Labour Party and the Students Union.

The Damned, who played to a capacity audience at London Lyceum last Sunday, are to repeat the concert at the same venue this Sunday (12) — it starts at 6.30pm, with Ruts DC and Anti-Pasti again supporting, and tickets are £3. This gig and the Manchester carnival will be their last UK dates this summer, but they're being lined up for an extensive autumn tour to coincide with the release of their new album.

More Sioux

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have added three more dates to their extensive summer tour, reported last month — at Chelmsford Odeon (July 26), Lancaster University (August 8) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (September 2) — and they've switched their August 21 venue from Nottingham Rock City to Derby Assembly Rooms. To tie in with the tour, the band's new single is released by Polydor on July 24, coupling 'Arabian Knights' and 'Supernatural' — and there's also a 12-inch version which carries a bonus track titled 'Congo Conga'.

Extra Uhuru show next week

□ **BLACK UHURU** have slotted in a second night at London's Rainbow Theatre at short notice, due to heavy ticket demand. The original date there next Monday has now sold out and, with many people being unable to obtain tickets for that gig, the group have decided to play an extra Rainbow show next Tuesday (14).

FELA POSTPONES

FELA KUTI and Africa 70 have postponed their one-off London concert, planned for this weekend. Their UK agent Ian Flukes explained that the show was to have been part of a wider European tour, but it had been necessary to cancel the French leg owing to promotional difficulties, and this made the British visit impracticable. He added: "Kuti is very keen to come to London, and he'll definitely be here in September."

the passage

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Mon 13th July — Adm £2.00
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Tues 14th & Wed 15th July
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SAT 11
KOUSH
SUPPORTED BY BUMBLE AND THE BEEZ
MON 13
ARTHUR 2-STROKE & THE CHART COMMANDERS, ANSWER, TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
TUES 14
SNAX
WITH BARRIE MASTERS
THE HONEYDRIPPERS POSTPONED

WED 15 REGGAE NIGHT
BARRY FORD
THUR 16
MARK RYDER AND THE HEROES
COMING UP . . .
TUES 21 WED 22
QUEEN IDA BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND
TUES 28
COUNTRY JOE McDONALD

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THE METEORS + El Trains

Friday 10th July — £1.50
THE DANCE BAND + The Creamies

Saturday 11th July — £1.50
THE DANNY ADLER REVUE + The Cast

Sunday 12th July — £1
THE ALTERNATIVE CABARET

Monday 13th July — £1
PANIC + The Defendants

Tuesday 14th July — £1.50
NIGHTDOCTOR + Dub, All Up

Wednesday 15th July — £1.25
THE GAS + Top Secret

the Damned

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HAZEL O'CONNOR'S MEGAHYPE
with Special Guests
ICEHOUSE

Saturday 1st August — £2.00 Adv
THE PHOTOS

Thursday 27th August — £3.00 Adv
STEVE HACKETT

Tickets from:- Rock City Box Office, Virgin, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following
July 8/9 RAINBOW

JULY
8, 9 Rainbow
9 Duran Duran
10 Diamond Head
11 Heath Brothers
11 Iggy Pop
12 The Staple Singers
12 John Sebastion
12 The Damned
13, 14 Black Uhuru
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz
19 Monochrome Set
19 Robert Hunter
24 Bad Manners
25 Def Leppard
26 Killing Joke
28 Pretenders
29 Humble Pie
29 Ian Dury
30 Mike Oldfield
30 Pretenders
31–Aug 2 Cambridge Folk Fest

AUGUST
1 Black Sabbath/Motorhead
8 Thin Lizzy
18 Barbara Dickson
22 AC/DC + Blue Oyster Cult
24 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner
28–30 Reading Rock Festival

SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
13 Michael Schenker

OCTOBER
1-3 Johnny MAthis
5-10 Andy Williams
11 Steve Hackett
17 Sheena Easton
17, 18 Sheena Easton
24, 25 Saxon
30, 31 The Shadows

NOVEMBER
8 Styx
21/22 Judas Priest

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DECLINE & FALL
Ex Only Ones
+ Midnight & The Lemon Boys

Saturday 11th July — £1.50
SORE THROAT
+ Rick Smith Essential Villians

Monday 13th July — £1.50
ANIMAL MAGNET
+ Crosswords

Tuesday 14th July — £1.50
THE DANCING DID
+ Airstrip 1

Wednesday 15th July — £1.50
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+ Stolen Pets

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JANE AIRE & THE BELVERDERES

Friday 10th July — £1.25
NAKED LUNCH

Saturday 11th July — £1
OK JIVE

Sunday 12th July — £1
TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS

Monday 13th July — £1
RHYTHM METHOD

Tuesday 14th July — £1
21 GUNS

Wednesday 15th July — £1
LUCKY SADDLES

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Wednesday 8th July — £1.50
BROADCAST + Russian Drugs

Thursday 9th July — £1.75
BIRTHDAY PARTY + The Transmitters

Friday 10th July — £1.75
TALISMAN + Dif Juz

Saturday 12th July — £1.50
REPETITION + Marine

Monday 13th July — £1.50
BUMBLE & THE BEES + **THE ALMOST BROTHERS**

Tuesday 14th July — £1.50
THE CHEFS + Hungs Klang

Wednesday 15th July — £1.50
THE PASSAGE + The French
Club DJs Mike Hope & Joe Lung

THE BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

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THE JAZZ FUNK INVADER DISCO

Friday 10th July — £1
ENGLISH SUBTITLES + Sonic Tonic

Saturday 11th July — £1
DOLLY MIXTURE + The Rapiers

Sunday 12th July — £1
PURPLE HEARTS

Monday 13th July — £1
THE WHIZZ KIDS + Top Secret + Kidz Next Door

Tuesday 14th July — £1
New Wave Nite
HUMANS + Sponge Maniaks

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

RANDOM HOLD
THUR. 1st appeared here on a bill with ADAM ANT. But their fast choppy rhythm and Devo'ish electronics didn't mix with bordage punk. Since then Adam has changed and so has Random Hold.

FRI. 10th. A ROCKING GOOD NITE with the **DELTAS AND PHANTOMS**
DOUBLE BILL of perpetual mo-mo-mantum, bouncing quiffs and a sound right out of the SUN vaults.

FLYING PADOVANIS
SAT. 11. An oddly likeable mix of Shadows/Ventures Acid punk and vivid improvisation.

MON. AIRSTRIP 1 + ROULETTE + SINISTER + REXTER.

TUE. PUNTER + THE NEW BROWNIES + LUCKY SADDLES + BOGUES + GALLERY

NIGHTINGALES
WED. Sound is raw, the playing and singing engagingly direct.

AEREAL FX
THU. 16. 5-piece whose debut 45 was a real whimp. Live, however single and set is sharp and attacking — the k-board atmospherics being specially effective.

IMBIBERS NOTE! Sedation happy hour: 7.30pm to 9.30pm every night. Drinks are half price.

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8 till 11.00
July 12th
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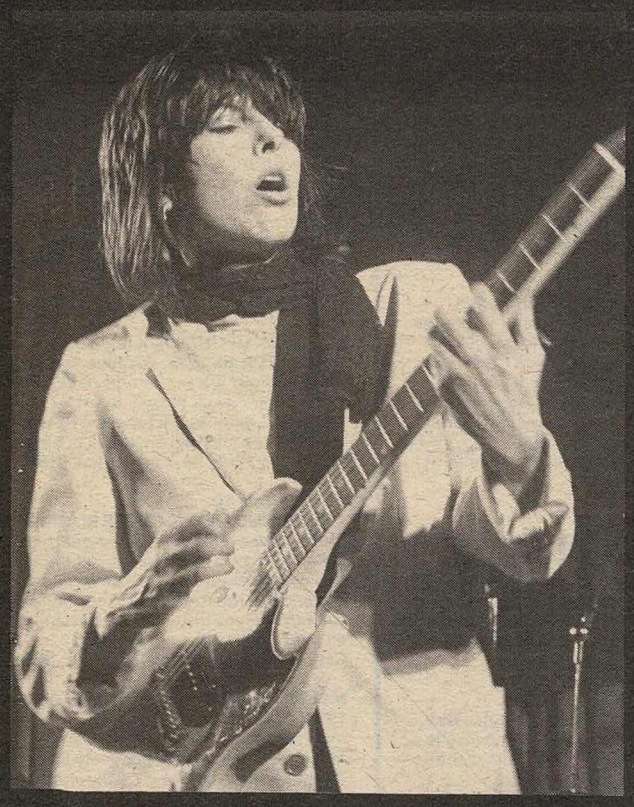
THE BELLE STARS
Cheltenham Eves — Sunday 12th July
Tickets £2.25 (£2.00 Adv.)
Oxford Scamps — Monday 13th July
Tickets £2.25 (£2.00 Adv.)
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS

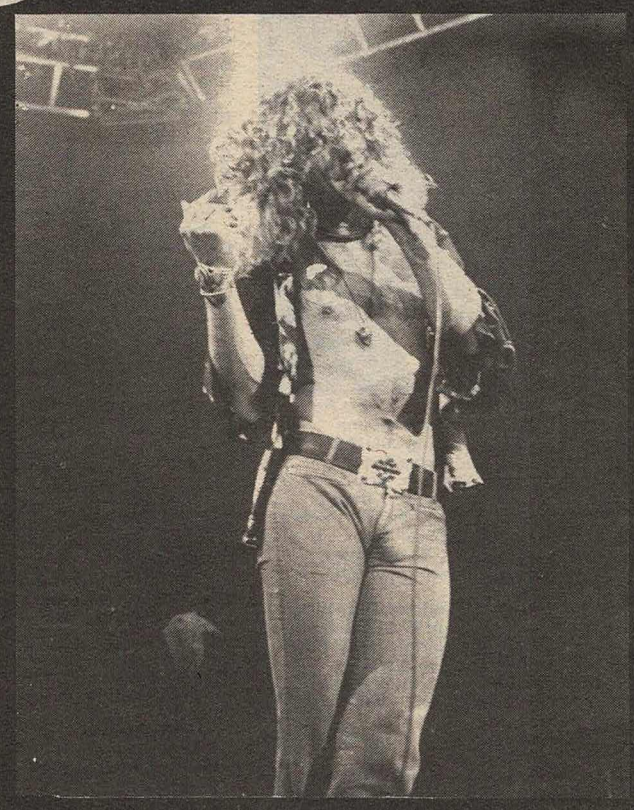
Nationwide Gig Guide



AFTER the hectic activity of the past month or so, which has really been quite abnormal for the time of year, there's a marked lull in the proceedings this week — with no major open-air events of any significance, and a substantial drop in the number of major tours setting out. It's almost as though the circuit were girding its loins, in readiness for the string of big summer specials, due to begin next week.

THE PRETENDERS hit the UK road for the first time this year, opening just about as far away from the critics as they can possibly get, in Inverness on Wednesday. The other two new tours are for metal freaks, with RAINBOW kicking off in London tonight, and DEF LEPPARD heading a package which starts in Bristol on Monday.

A few worthwhile one-off shows in London, headed by JOHN SEBASTIAN making a rare British appearance at the Dominion on Sunday. The same day finds THE DAMNED in a repeat of last weekend's gig at the Lyceum — while on Tuesday, THEATRE OF HATE are at the 100 Club, and Robert Plant brings his occasional band THE HONEYDRIPPERS to town for the first time to play Dingwalls.



Thursday 9th

Doll By Doll

Aberdeen Jay Jays: **Faintly Ominous / Stereo Exits**
Aylesbury Civic Hall: **Black Uhuru**
Banubury Winter Gardens: **Diamond Head**
Bath Nero's Club: **The Passage / Lee Coombes / Dol's House / Phantoms Of The Underground**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Loud Noises**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Rivington Spyke**
Bourdon Robin Hood: **Daddy Yum Yum**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **High Risk**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Granary: **More**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Noiz Boiz / Squashed Piranha / Thin Air**
Carlisle Micks Club: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Little Roosters / Far Canal**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **The Lulu Boys**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Falmouth Art College: **The Utensils**
Fokestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **English Rogues**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Galspie Stags Head Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Gillingham Old Ash Tree: **The Graphics**
Hebron Dolwilym Mansion: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Kibblesworth Youth Club: **Total Chaos / The Randy Rabbits**
Kinghorne Cuinzie Neuk: **The Cheaters**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **Fallen Angel**
Leeds Brannigans Bar: **Harmonica Trev & Spectre**
Leeds Warehouse: **Wah!**
Lincoln New Penny Club: **Survivors / Total Strangers**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool 7.40: **Sans Culottes**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Belgrave Square Charity Show: **Chas & Dave**
London Camden Dingwalls: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Nightwork / Quasar**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gem**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Park Avenue / Dead Sea Sound**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Random Hold**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Don Weller Quartet**
London Euston The Pits: **Motor Boys Motor / Top Secret**
London Fulham Greyhound: **the Meteors / The El Trains**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Kissing The Pink**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Stage Struck / The AK Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Kissing Sharks**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Mainline**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Neville Dickie**
London Marquee Club: **Blue Zoo**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Macondo**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Prince Far I & The Arabs / Ashanti Roy & The Congos**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Limehouse**
London Putney White Lion: **Ricky Cool & the Rialtos**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Rainbow**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Betty Carter Trio (currently until July 18)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig Swing Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Imports / The Reflections**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Mickey Jupp**
London University Union: **Disband / Ben Elton**
London Victoria The Venue: **Robyn Hitchcock / TV Personalities / The Temper**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Birthday Party / The Transmitters**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Airstrip 1 / Idiot Dancers / Strict Baptists**
London W.14 Sunsett Jazz: **Toe-Rag / Johnny Mars Harp Party**
Luton The Cottars: **The Breed**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Kenny Shaw / Ian Balantyne Quartet**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Motivation**
Manchester (Walden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **The Cassettes / Jah Lizard**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Arthur 2-Stoke & The Chart Commandos**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & the Lasers**
Nottingham Palais: **Ras Michael & The Sons Of Negus**
Nottingham Rock City: **Iggy Pop**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Art Nouveau**
Poole Arts Centre: : **Barbara Dickson**
Preston Warehouse: **Natural Scientist**
Reading Target Club: **Apocalypse**
Rotherham Thurnsco Hotel: **Whipps**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Revillos**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Rembrandt**
Southampton Club Manhattan: **The Ex Band**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Fatal Dose**

Friday 10th

T.V. Smith

Banchorty Burnett Arms Hotel: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox-Pete York Allstars**
Barnsley Civic Hall: **Seventh Son**
Baschurch Walford Farm Institute: **The Breed**
Bedford The Favourite: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **Black Uhuru**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Wah!**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Jets**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Privates / Black Symbol**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Vision Collision**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Parizans / The Privates**
Bracknell Folk Festival (for three days): **Nic Jones / Shirley & Dolly Collins / Cyril Tawney / Kitsyke Will / Pyewackett / Cathy Lesurf / Johnny Collins etc.**
Braintree The Institute: **Amba / Invasion / Figures Of Fun**
Bristol Big Top at the Stadium Car Park: **Gary Glitter**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Network**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Positive Noise**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Agricultural Hall: **Rainbow**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Glasgow Custom House Quay (lunchtime) and Prestwick St. Ninian's (evening): **H20**
Glasgow Plaza Ballroom: **The Strings**
Gosport John Peel: **High Risk**
Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: **The Lulu Boys**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Coyotes**
Harstoft Shoulder Of Mutton: **Permanent Wave / Helen Watson**
Hastings Old Gold Cross: **Mathews Brothers**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **720**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Dolphins**
Kidderminster Lock Inn: **Doonan & Wilson**
Lancaster CND Rally: **Natural Scientist**
Launceston White Horse Hotel: **Dangerous Brothers**
Leeds Brannigans Bar: **Really**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Screamin' Lord Sutch / The Hot Rod Gang**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band / Call Of The Wild**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Brunel**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Laverne Brown Band / The Switch**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Deltas / The Fantoms**
London Euston The Pits: **Decline & Fall / Midnight & The Lemon Boys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **The Thompson Twins**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Shades**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **English Subtitles / The Tonix**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Whizz Kids / The Dumb Blondes**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Reluctant Stereotypes / Future Daze**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Naked Lunch**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Brian Dee**
London Marquee Club: **Amazon**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **West End Stompers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **Results / Snap**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The Feelers**
London Putney White Lion: **Brian Knight Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harlem Jazz & Blues Band**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Jed Ford Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London University Union: **Disband / Pauline Melville**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Stigma**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Talisman / Play Dead**
London Woolwich Odeon: **Diamond Head**
London W.14 Sunsett Jazz: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Lee Fardon**
Manchester Deville's: **TV Smith & The Explorers**
Manchester Miracle Club: **Support Act / Subject Matter**
Manchester Pips: **The Cardiacs**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Magnum**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **Apocalypse**
Morden Assembly Hall: **Brutal Attack**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Nightdoctor**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Ramsgate The Flowering Bowl: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Redditch Valley Club: **Kraken**
Rickmandsworth Watersmeet: **The Members / Liaison**
Rochester Kings Head: **Les Barker**
Seaford The Great Dane: **Rok Waltz**
Sevenoaks Blighs Hotel: **Fruit Eating Bears**
Sherborne New Digby Hall: **The Martian Schoolgirls / The Act**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Utensils**
Southampton Bishops Waltham Institute: **The Arteks / Id Id Id Id**
Southampton BTC Club: **Flying Saucers**
Southampton Central School of Art & Design: **Design For Living / Big Combo / Stax**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Barbara Dickson**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Byron Band**

Saturday 11th

Splodgenessabounds

Aberdeen Amatola Hotel: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox-Pete York Allstars**
Balloch Roundabout Inn: **Avalon**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham (Digbeth) Eagle & Tun: **Farm Life / Lou Holland**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Last Detail / Mature Young Men**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Dead Or Alive**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Shiva / Noiz Boiz / Victory Boogie Woogie / Unice Fred's Luxky Tandem**
Bristol Big Top at the Stadium Car Park: **Gary Glitter**
Bristol Chutes Club: **The Tropics**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Bristol The Wheatsheaf: **The Hybrids / The Club Waiters**
Cambridge Raffles Club: **Snax**
Cirencester Quarry House: **The Dance Band**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Gonzalez / The MP's**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Crawley Langley Green Community Centre: **Ego And Its Own / Carved To A Noise**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **More**
Crowborough The Cross: **Johnny Storm**
Dunoon Town Hall: **The Cheaters**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Byron Band**
Durrington The Plough: **The Britz**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Agricultural Hall: **Rainbow**
Finglesham White Horse: **Humphrey Lyttelton / Pete Rose Band**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Graphics**
Glasgow Washington Arts Centre: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Harrietsham (Kent) Custom Bike Show: **Alkatrazz**
Holmfirth Burn Lee Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Bad Taste Blues Band**
Leeds Brannigans Bar: **Sharp Practice**
Lewes Lanport Community Centre: **The Golinski Brothers / The Mets**
Liverpool The Masonic: **It Must be Love**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Magnum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Koush / Bumble & The Beez**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & the Island / The AK Band**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Ivors Jivers / Beer Parlour Jive / Rock Salmon & The Chips / Mystery Tramps**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flying Padovanis / Slaves Of Janet**
London Euston The Pits: **Sore Throat / Rick Smith's Essential Villains**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Danny Adler Band / The Cast**
London Fulham Kings Hotel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Brunel**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Starlight Room: **La-Rox / Boys Will Be Boys**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Accelerator**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Elgin Marbles / Kissing Sharks**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **OK Jive**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Mike Carr**
London Marquee Club: **Supercharge**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **East Side Stompers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Iggy Pop**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Balis Novak Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Lulu Boys**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road The Horseshoe: **The Heath Brothers**
London University Union: **Disband/Alexei Sayle / Red Rinse**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Stigma**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band / Lee Fardon**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Nightingales / Saturday the 14th**
London Woodford Bridge White Hart: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London W.14 Sunsett Jazz: **Brian Knight Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Ivory Coasters**
Maldon Jubilee Hall: **Shades**
Manchester Mayflower: **Spodge / The 4 Skins / The Business / Infa-Riot / Last Resort**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Black Uhuru**
Manchester Toppers: **The Colors Out Of Time**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Revillos**
Northampton Creaton Village Hall: **Ginger Pig Band / Ian Wheeler**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Troops For Tomorrow**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Lorelei**
Retford Porterhouse: **Soft Cell**
Rochdale Rawstrons Arms: **A Formal Sigh**
Sevenoaks School Festival: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Last Way / Massif Iddition**
Slough Alexandra's: **S..ades**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Chas & Dave**
Stockport Warren Buckley Club: **Motivation**
Sutton-in-Ashfield The Centre: **Saracen**
Thurso Weigh Inn Motel: **The Dolphins**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Sunday 12th

The Damned

Abertridwr Royal Hotel: **The Beat Roots**
Balloch Roundabout Inn: **Panama**
Barnsley Antonio's: **Sans Culottes**
Bicester Kings Head: **Dave Paskett**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Black Uhuru**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **May West**
Cheltenham Eves Club: **The Belle Stars**
Douglas I.o.M. Villa Marina: **Denis Nolan**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Jah Warrior**
Edinburgh King James Hotel: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox — Pete York Allstars**
Finglesham White Horse: **Alan Elsdon Band / Seven Aces Band**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Positive Noise**
Gt. Chesterford Station Hotel: **The Work**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Nick Van Ede & The Drivers**
Hunstanton Kingsley Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Ilkley Lister Arms: **Nick Toczek & Surfin Dave (for six days)**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kildary Jackdaw Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Kirkcaldy Royal Oak: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Chase**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime) / Dana Gillespie Band (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **La-Rox**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Thane / Impulse**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alternative Cabaret**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Wax Effigy / Smears**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Black Market**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Ron & Odvious**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Lionheart**
London N.11 Standard Social Club: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London NW.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cori Josias & Friends**
London Putney White Lion: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **More / Geddes Axe**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Balis Novak Trio**
London Southall White Hart: **The Purple Hearts**
London Stoke Newington Common (4pm): **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Johnny Mars**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Damned / Ruts DC / Anti-Pasti / Charge**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **John Sebastian**
London Tottenham-Court Road The Horseshoe: **The Heath Brothers.**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Staple Singers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Repitition / Marine**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Motivation**
Manchester Whitefield Masons Arms: **Dead Giveaway**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Dark Star**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Nightingales / Roy & The Rovers**
Southampton Park Hotel: **The Britz**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon Centre: **Splodge / Anti-Nowhere League**
Stoke New Penny: **Vermillion Hair**

Black Uhuru

Monday 13th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox-Pete York Allstars**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Def Leppard / More / Lionheart**
Bristol Granary: **The Byron Band**
Burnley Warehouse: **Sans Culottes**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Magnum**
Finglesham White Horse: **Kenny Ball Band / Pete Rose Band**
Gateshead St. Mark's Church Hall: **Total Chaos**
Gloucester Big Top at Oxlease: **Gary Glitter**
Harlow Benny's: **Chevy**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **96 Tears**
Leeds Warehouse: **B-Movie**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos / The Answer / True Life Confessions**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Eric Random & The Swamp Children / Marine / Repetition / Richard Jobson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Refreshers / Luna Park**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airstrip 1 / Roulette / Sinister Dexter**
London Eltham The Woodman: **Legend**
London Enfield Charity Show: **Chas & Dave**
London Euston The Pits: **Animal Magnet / Crosswords**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Panic / The Defendants**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Whizz Kids / Top Secret / Kidz Next Door**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Suspects / The Seze**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rhythm Method**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Nobody's Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Lux-Electro**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Black Uhuru**
London Southall White Hart: **Questions**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kleen Heels**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London S.W.18 Roundhouse: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Tooting The Castle: **Results**
London Tottenham Railway Hotel: **Brian Knight Band**
London University College: **The Beat Roots**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bumble & The Beez / The Almost Brothers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Ivory Coasters**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Fast Food**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Oxford Scamps: **The Belle Stars**
Sheffield Byrons Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Southend Zero 6: **Johnny Mars**
South Shields Legion Club: **The Toy Dolls**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Weyland Perry Inn: **Arizona Smoke Revue**

Tuesday 14th

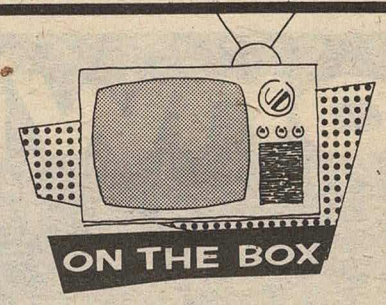
Theatre Of Hate

Abergavenny Gibbs Club: **Jake Thackray**
Bath Tiffany's: **B-Movie**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Def Leppard/More/Lionheart**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blakey Lion Inn: **Shake Appeal**
Brecon Nythfa Hotel: **Arizona Smoke Review**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Chris Smither**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Interchange Theatre/Opera/Spy**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Park Avenue/Dummies Don't Talk**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Significant Zeros**
Findlesham White Horse: **Dave Corsby Band/Tony Coe**
Harrow Louella's: **Ground Attack**
Hull New Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Ilfracombe Carousel Club: **Cheeky Bouquet**
Ilkley Wharfedale Gate: **96 Tears**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Queen's Hall: **Rainbow**
Leeds Yorky Bar: **Kill Another Night**
Liverpool the Mayflower: **It Must Be Love**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Honeydrippers with Robert Plant**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Billy Kristian, Tony O'Malley & Friends**
London Clapham 101 Club: **P.K. & The Product/Diorapture**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lucky Saddles/Auntie & The Men From Uncle/Rogues Gallery**
London Euston The Pits: **The Dancing Did/Airstrip 1**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nightdoctor / Dub All Up**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Sponge Maniaks**
London Hampstead Starlight room: **Guilt Edge/Eye Q**
London Harrow Rd. Centro Iberico: **Eric Random & The Swamp Children/The Wind-Up Ensemble**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Perfect Idiot**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **21 Guns**
London Marquee Club: **Midnight Oil/1990**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Theatre Of Hate**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stone Free**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Putney White Lion: **Back to Back**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Idlers**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Roches**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chefs/Hugo Klang**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Wreckless Eric**
Manchester Big Top at Heaton Park: **Gary Glitter**
Manchester (Chorley) Lamplite club: **The Cheaters**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **The Connexion**
Southampton Waltham Chase Community Centre: **Teenage Kicks**
Stoke the Vine: **Vermillion Hair**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Byron Band**

Wednesday 15th

Rainbow

Ayr Pavilion: **Magnum**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Badger Bar: **The Secret**
Cardiff Casablanca: **The Beat Roots**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Derby The Old Bell: **Culture Shock**
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: **H20**
Finglesham White Horse: **Pete Allen Band/Invicta Jazz Band**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Shake Appeal**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Pretenders**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Def Leppard / More / Lionheart**
Kendal Brewery Arts Cente: **Teesside Fettlers**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Honeydrippers with Robert Plant**
Leicester Granby Halls: **Rainbow**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Meteors / The Crewsy Fixers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Barry Ford Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **'Circles' by Sounds Insane Theatre Co.**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Machix / To The Finland Station**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Nightingales / Silhouette**
London Euston The Pits: **Wreckless Eric / Stolen Pets**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bumble & The Beez**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gas / Top Secret**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Cross Section**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Taiwan Pins / Empty Vessels**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Phil Taylor & Friends**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lucky Saddles**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Midnight Oil / 1990**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Sensible Jerseys**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Legend**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Birds Have Ears**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Greenow Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cheaters / Johnny Mars Band / Salt**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Passage / The French**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Big Top at Heaton Park: **Gary Glitter**
Manchester Oozit's Club: **Doctor Phylth**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Cirkus**
Newport Stowaway: **Jets**
New Romney Seahorse: **Jack & Jill**
Saffron Walden The Common: **Chas & Dave**
Solihull Civic Hall: **Chainsaw / The Amazing Ernie Bloggs & the All-Stars / Thunderbay Inn**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Wigan The Pier: **The Byron Band**
Winchester Railway Inn: **The Skavengers**



Thursday July 9
DOCTOR IN LOVE (Directed by Ralph Thomas 1960). Michael Craig as Dirk Bogarde in tedious tee-hee stuff adapted from Richard Gordon's original drivel (number four in a series of seven, all pre-dating the dreadful TV series). **(ITV London)**

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (Howard Hawks 1944). William Faulkner wrote the script from Hemingway's novel, but despite that it's not at all bad. Contrived and sub-*Cassablanca*, to be sure, but Hawks keeps it moving and the pairing of Bogart and Bacall rises above the banal plot. When Bacall sings, by the way, you'll hear the dubbed voice of Andy Williams. **(BBC 2)**

Friday July 10
A PROFESSIONAL GUN (Sergio Corbucci 1968). And when Jack Palance speaks you'll hear the dubbed voice of Mel Blanc. Woeful addition to the meatball westerns, Franco Nero proving little except that he's no Clint Eastwood, Corbucci that he's no Sergio Leone. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday July 11
WEEKEND WITH FATHER (Douglas Sirk 1951). Ian Penman writes: "I'm over the moon — what can I tell you? Sirk is the one, the colossus that changed Hollywood's entire concept of *mise en scene*, man. A terrific satirist, he singlehandedly" (cont in the Summer issue of *Screen).* Van Heflin and Patricia Neal fall in love when taking their respective children to a summer camp; standard operational bullshit. **(BBC 2)**

LIFE WITH FATHER (Michael Curtiz 1947). Now this is funny; not a gut-buster, mind, but it'll do. William Powell's the eccentric dad, Irene Dunne put-upon mum in turn-of-the-century comedy of manners, handsomely mounted. Liz Taylor is cast against type as 'pretty young girl''. **(BBC 2)**

LADY IN DANGER (Alfredo Donati 1980). Not one of Alf's major works; in fact, a load of crap posing as a caring, contemporary paranoid thriller, starring Lynda 'Wonder how I got so far in this business on so little talent Woman' Carter. **(ITV all regions)**

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (Ken Annakin 1965). Yes, again — is today some sort of holiday? Funny to see James Fox before he went mad; sad to see Tony Hancock in such a tiny, thankless role. **(BBC 1)**

THE CAT PEOPLE (Jacques Tourneur 1942). Curiosity nearly kills cat woman Simone Simon — when aroused, does she really turn into a panther? Another low-key Val Lewton chiller (actually the first he made for RKO) in which nothing much happens for an hour and then in the last ten minutes — bam! — nothing much happens either. Great stuff and — fact — Kent Smith plays Oliver Reed. **(BBC 2)**

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM (Michael Curtiz 1933). Vintage two-colour Technicolour job — remade 20 years later in 3D as *House Of Wax* — with the splendid Lionel Atwill typecast as the madman encasing his victims in hot goo, lovely Fay Wray next on the list. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday July 12
THE KILLING OF A CHINESE BOOKIE (John Cassavetes (1976). Longer than Saturday's two horror films put together, this wonky would-be thriller strains your patience as much as your credulity. Ben Gazzara bulges his eyes, the film bulges all over the place; as a director, Cassavetes makes a terrific actor. **(BBC 2)**

MELVIN PURVIS — G MAN (Dan Curtis 1974). Dale Robertson and Harris Yulin over the top as lawman Purvis and Machine Gun Kelly respectively in zippy TV film written by John *Dillinger* Milius. **(ITV London)**

Monday July 13
WUSA (Stuart Rosenberg 1970). As specious in its way as *The Green Berets* but coming in from the other side. Paul Newman's the drunken jock on a right wing radio station, Tony Perkins the liberal, Pat Hingle the crypto-fascist chief; the dialogue's embarrasing. **(BBC 1)**

Tuesday July 14
HOT ENOUGH FOR JUNE (Ralph Thomas 1963). In America, released as *Agent 008¾* which captures the level of wit at work in this limp spy spoof starring uncomfortable Dirk Bogarde and fatuous Robert Morley. **(BBC 1)**

Monty Smith

IN THE CAN

A brief guide to current releases

ALL NIGHT LONG (Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont). Unlikely team of Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand battle it out in low calorie trifle from once witty scriptwriter W D Richter. **(Distributed by CIC)**

ALTERED STATES (Ken Russell). Preposterous epic, brilliantly handled by Russell and an army of special effects people, with William Hurt's batty young scientist seriously altering his state via sensory deprivation and a pound of peyote; reviewed in *Silver Screen* 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

CLASH OF THE TITANS (Desmond Davis). Ray Harryhausen's the hero again as he provides more wonderful creatures and creations to successfully pad out a schoolboy vision of ancient Greece. The actors, Olivier included, don't stand a chance; reviewed this week. **(CIC)**

CONDORMAN (Charles Jarrott). Michael Crawford, none too convincing as an American cartoonist, jumps out of the ink well and into what passes for real life in another suspect Disney excursion into escapist 'entertainment': tourist eye views of Paris, the Alps and Monte Carlo, loveably bumbling CIA and KGB agents, detection and defection, all jumbled together in pedestrian sit-com format. **(Disney)**

DEATH HUNT (Peter Hunt). Self-explanatory title as *Jeremiah Johnson* meets Jack London in the frozen wilderness of the Yukon in the early '30s. Lee Marvin's the mountie, Charles Bronson the man he must get; reviewed this week. **(20th Century Fox)**

EXCALIBUR (John Boorman). However familiar you may be with the legend of King Arthur, Boorman's treatment of it is innovative and magical, at times a logical refinement of his patchy *Zardoz;* reviewed 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (John Glen). Bond's back with less bombast than before, but maybe that's because Old Moore is showing his age at last; reviewed 4.7.81. **(United Artists)**

Harry Hamlin brings home the bacon in Ray Harryhausen's Clash Of The Titans.

FROM THE LIFE OF MARIONETTES (Ingmar Bergman). Lugubrious up-market razor flick, full of talking heads, Freud and Jung, ying and yang, Cheech and Chong, and bursts of Woody Allen-type humour; to be reviewed by Chris Bohn, poor sap. **(ITC)**

THE LAST METRO (Francois Truffaut). Maudlin tribute to the final days of British Leyland, with Catherine Deneuve magnificent as the commie agitator. Right, lads, tea break's over — back on your heads; reviewed 27.6.81. **(Gala)**

NIGHTHAWKS (Bruce Malmuth). A brace of New York's finest (Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams) take on Rutger Hauer's loony European terrorist in routinely implausible thriller; reviewed 20.6.81. **(CIC)**

THE OCTAGON (Eric Karson). Ninja nastiness with high-stepping Chuck Norris and sour-faced Lee Van Cleef. But by all means catch the support which (in some locations) is Daryl Duke's fierce little thriller *The Silent Partner.* **(Enterprise)**

S.O.B. (Blake Edwards). Frenetic farce which promises more dirt than it delivers (in true Hollywood style); reviewed this week. **(ITC)**

TESS (Roman Polanski). Nastassia Kinski is the Hardy heroine, Peter Firth and Leigh Lawson her Laurelesque suitors, in Polanski's ponderous adaptation of *Tess Of The D'Urbervilles;* reviewed 11.4.81. **(Columbia)**

THIS IS ELVIS (Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt). Col Tom Parker's whitewash job on the Presley legend. Appropriately, a sad debacle; reviewed this week. **(Warner Bros)**

Monty Smith

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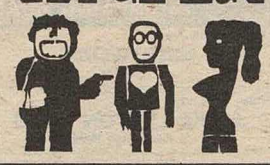

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RYE & THE QUARTER BOYS
+ The Pope

POETS CORNER A: SIMPLE TWISTS OF FATE

Song And Dance Man — The Art Of Bob Dylan by Michael Gray (£4.95 Hamlyn)

Or The Academy Of Dylanology revisited. Despite Bob Dylan's adamant refusal to get drawn into heavy analyses of his work he has been subjected to more literary investigations than any living pop artist. Of all the studies thus far, Michael Gray's is the most exhaustive. It is also the driest, meaning it is sometimes the heaviest going, too.

Ten years and a dozen LPs on from its original publication the book has been extensively revised to take in Dylan's divorce and conversion to Christianity, and suddenly it is a far better, more valuable work that throws some much needed light on Dylan's 'conversion'.

We shouldn't have been surprised by his switch, argues Gray, as it was heavily broadcast in his past five years' songs. That Dylan's work has always been suffused with Christian imagery is undeniable, but at about the time of his first break up with Sara he began to dubiously identify himself in Jesus — check 'Blood On The Tracks' and more specifically 'Shelter From The Storm'. Feeling betrayed by earthly love, he was beginning to look for more mystical fulfilment. The reconciliation with his wife temporarily halted it ('Desire'), but the finality of divorce prepared the way for the conversion. "The truly central album is 'Street Legal' (1978)," writes Gray, "on which every song deals with love's betrayal, with Dylan's being betrayed like Christ, and deals head-on with Dylan's need to abandon woman's love."

By heavily quoting from the record, he makes a pretty good case on behalf of both Dylan and the LP. In doing so he pinpoints two of the book's minor failings. Firstly, 'Street Legal' doesn't *sound* half so good as it reads. The sentence structures of the best songs are far too complex to sing comfortably — even by Dylan (though Gray's persistence prompted me to go back to the record).

Secondly, because this is a literary investigation, the Dylan divorce comes across one-sided. Going by the ugly reports in America's gutter press, some references to Sara's case would have been helpful, especially as the stories that did come through run counter to Dylan's projected self-image as a martyr to love. Also, some extravagant claims, like Dylan's contribution to *Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid* making it "Sam Peckinpah's finest film" have Gray sounding more like an apologist than conscientious Dylanologist. Still, nice to know he's a fan foremost. Great new pictures from the hitherto (mostly) unseen Jim Marshall collection, too.

Chris Bohn

FROM THE outer fringes of Dylanology comes *Mysteriously Saved — An Astrological Investigation Into Bob Dylan's Conversion to American Fundamentalism*, whose title neatly sums up the scope and purpose of this little booklet.

"Possibly the most surprising theme which presents itself to the astrologer confronted with Dylan's chart is his self effacing nature and desire to take a subordinate role," it tells us, before weaving a planet by planet, aspect by aspect report into the psychological make-up of the man, and adding astrological explanations into the various phases of Dylan's life and career.

There's a humble and accessible introduction to astrology and clear reproduction of the birth chart, and the 'progressed' charts for 1966 ("the motor bike crash was karmic and no accident") and for 1981, which the author feels could well mark the mid point of Dylan's interest in Fundamentalism: "It seems unlikely to last long in the plutonian furnace," we are told. "Dylan has far too religious a temperament to believe in Fundamentalism."

Judas Priest

POETS CORNER B: HOW TO CUT A MOHEKAN

MICHAEL HOROVITZ (the Leaning Tower of Reason) has produced another issue of *New Departures (13)* with its usual range of first rate craftsmanship and hilarious anarchic humour: *"God gets jealous when religion gets too sexy . . ."* (Heathcote Williams).

But in *ND13* and *All The Poets (3)* there is a great deal of sloganising. I always thought that the first rule of anyone writing these days was to do so in the common language, the one we all speak with its personal and regional idiosyncrasies and that was the first way of making the writing real. But when poetry pirouettes into a literary non-spoken and non-singable language, then it belongs with the priests and party pundits and we can turn over, inhale the vomit on the pillow, slip into an "endless sleep" of "restless night" (J. Cooper Clarke in *ND*) to the echo of "saxophone madness" *(ATP)*.

There is a Lemminglike tendency to rush towards the ultimate metaphor. Fuck metaphors. In *ND* Brian Patten has a poem about poets who are "performing again" while, he *tells* us, the "world creaks and shudders" and we *have* to take his word for it. But in the same magazine Patrick Waites with economy of language, a sharp focus imagery, *creates* a world and takes us in to judge for ourselves:

"High on the smell of garbage from the city dump
Gulls stagger like spent magnolia blossom
Stuck to the heavy black belly of a drunken cloud".

There is a degree of healthy madness in *All The Poets* (after all going nutz is one way of staying sane these days) and it is an extremely well designed madness, full of colourful overprinting and spattered ink. Interesting graphics. When not being pretentious some of their writers can be direct and effective:

"As he pushed open the door he/saw his long hair reflected in the glass — what will it be son/said the barber — the man was/twenty eight and disliked/being called son/I want a mohekan said the man — what kind of mohekan/would you like son — just the/regular kind said the man as he/sat down in the barber chair and you won't need those he/added looking down at the barbers scissors — then moving his eyes up/to the mirror spoke to the barbers reflection — you'll want to use the trimmer with the attachment of course thought/the barber/the attachment — thats the way to do a mohekan/with a trimmer and an attachment" (Riggs)

Both magazines suffer from some unconscious (I hope) under-the-armpit authoritarian philosophy disguised as romantic rebel anarchy:

"Rock and Roll adolescent hoodlums . . . rush into hospitals in white coats carrying saws and axes . . . disconnect artificial kidneys throw paralytics out of iron lungs . . ." (All The Poets)

And *New Departures* introducing Frank Norman: *"Prison made him a writer, it might have made him an artist"*. Prison doesn't make artists, it only crushes them.

TOM PICKARD

New Departures, 13 Piedmont, Bisley, Stroud, Glos. GL6 7BU (£1)
All The Poets, c/o 77 Templars Avenue, London NW11.
Tom Pickard is a Newcastle born poet who has been described by Allen Ginsberg as "one of England's truest poetic voices."

TOUR NEWS

☐ **THE PRETENDERS** have made a couple of small changes in their UK tour, starting next Wednesday. They now play St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum on July 22, instead of the following day. And they're at Yeovil Johnson Hall on July 23, instead of Torquay Town Hall the previous day.

☐ **FOREIGNER** have added a third concert to their brief UK visit next month — at Edinburgh Playhouse on August 31. As reported, their other two shows are at Birmingham (August 25) and Hammersmith (26) Odeons.

☐ **THE PASSAGE** have decided to play one gig per week through until September, in support of their second album 'For All & None'. The first four are at Bath Nero's (tonight, Thursday), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (July 15), Manchester Anderton's (23) and Liverpool Bluecoat Hall (31).

☐ **MORE** and **Lionheart** will supprt Def Leppard in their previously reported British tour, starting next Monday (13). They both precede this outing with major headliners of their own this Sunday — More complete their current tour at London Rainbow, and Lionheart are at London Marquee.

☐ **THEATRE OF HATE** play a one-off gig at London Oxford St. 100 Club next Tuesday (14), and it's a rather special cut-price show, with admission at only £1.

☐ **JAGUAR, Race Against Time** and **Alien** are the bands so far confirmed for the East Midlands Heavy Rock Festival to be held at Heanor Town Hall, Derbyshire, on Saturday, August 8. Tickets are £2.

☐ **SPIDER** are re-scheduling their postponed tour, now that drummer Rob E. is recovering from his broken foot. After a warm-up at Neath Talk Of The Abbey on July 24, they have August gigs at Isle of Grain Rock Club (5), Hatfield Polytechnic (7), Harlow Orange Footman (8), London Southall White Hart (9), London Peckham Newlands Tavern (12), Cambridge Raffles (13), Ramsgate Flowing Bowl (14), Gravesend Red Lion (15), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (18), Peterlee Norseman (20), Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (21), BlackpoolJR's (22), Ilkeston White Lion (23), Carlisle Mick's Place (26) and Hailsham Crown Hotel (28). The tour is being booked through to late September.

☐ **MATCHBOX** are going back on the road next month to preview their third album, due in September. First two confirmed gigs are at Ilchester Navy Club (August 1) and Blackpool Tiffany's (2).

☐ **BLUE ORCHIDS** and **THE NIGHTINGALES** play London Victoria The Venue on July 16 (with The Birthday Party), and both bands also have a string of gigs in their own right. Orchids are at Glasgow Cathadhnara (tonight, Thursday), Paisley Bungalow Bar (Friday), Edinburgh Valentino's (Saturday), Bath Moles (July 17), Birmingham Cedar Club (18), Leeds Warehouse (30), Liverpool Brady's (31), Cambridge Raffles (August 1) and York Jaspers (3). And The Nightingales are at Coventry General Wolfe (tonight, Thursday), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Saturday), Redhill Lakers Hotel (Sunday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (July 15), Birmingham Fighting Cocks (17) and Birmingham New Inn (24).

STYX TICKETS

AS REPORTED last week in a late news item, top American rock band Styx visit Britain in the autumn to play two major concerts, as part of their five-month world tour — at Stafford Bingley Hall (November 6) and London Wembley Arena (7). They'll be playing the entire tour themselves, with no support act, and these will be their first UK dates for over a year. These are the booking arrangements:

- **STAFFORD: All tickets £5, on sale at Barkers of Leeds, HMV of Bradford, Manchester Piccadilly Radio, Ear 'Ere Records of Lancaster, Mike Lloyd Music of Stoke, Cyclops of Birmingham, Coventry Theatre Box-Office, Penny Lane of Liverpool, Sundown Records of Wolverhampton and the Leicester De Montfort Hall Box-Office.**
- **WEMBLEY: Tickets £5.80 and £5.30, available by post only from Kiltorch Limited, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW. Make cheques and POs payable to "Kiltorch Limited" and enclose s.a.e.**

Monochromes set out

THE MONOCHROME SET, just back from an Italian tour, are playing a string of dates to promote their new single 'Ten Dont's For Honeymooners' on Pre Records (through Charisma) — highlighted by a headliner at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, July 19. Other confirmed gigs are at Manchester Rafters (July 15), Leeds Warehouse (16), Retford Porterhouse (17), Edinburgh Nite Club (25) and Sheffield Limit Club (26), with more being finalised.

☐ **SHAKATAK** take their jazz-funk sounds to Haywards Heath Taverners (July 17), Yeovil Carnaby's (18), London Capital Jazz Festival (19), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (22), Norwich Penny's (23) and Bishops Stortford Triad Centre (25).

DINGWALLS HONEYMOON

OK JIVE lead singer Ruby Jive managed to grab a couple of hours' absence from the band's hectic schedule last Friday, when she got herself hitched to a guy named Roger. But it was back to business again the same evening, with Ruby fronting the group for their show at London Dingwalls. Roger and out.

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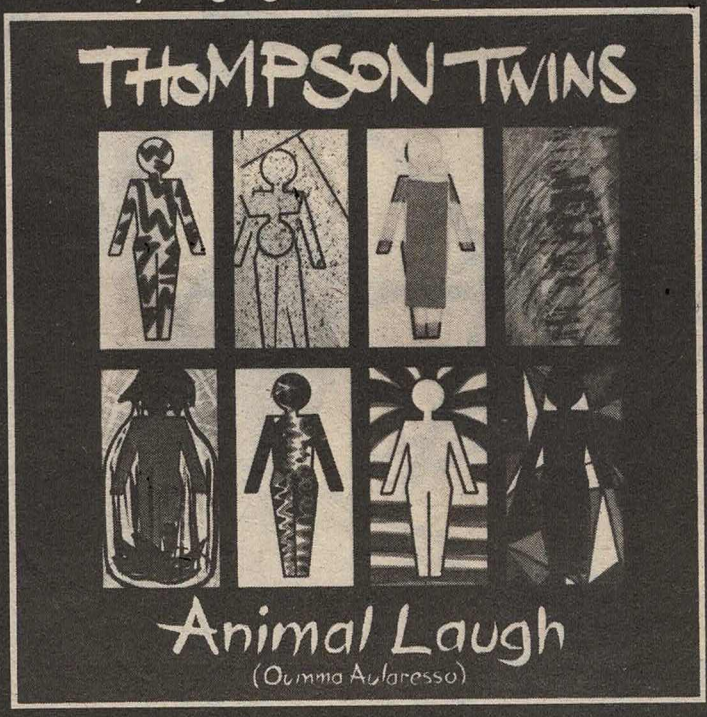

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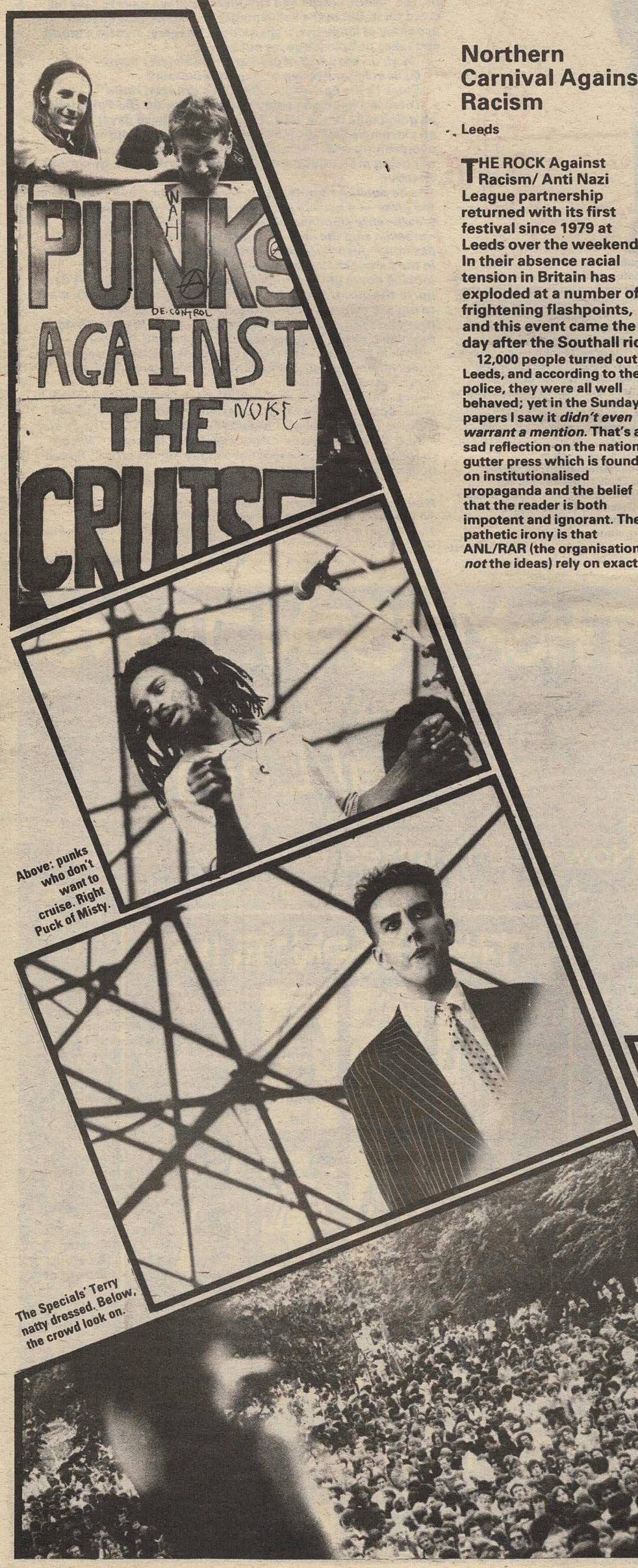


Above: punks who don't want to cruise. Right Puck of Misty.

The Specials' Terry natty dressed. Below, the crowd look on.

Northern Carnival Against Racism

Leeds

THE ROCK Against Racism/ Anti Nazi League partnership returned with its first festival since 1979 at Leeds over the weekend. In their absence racial tension in Britain has exploded at a number of frightening flashpoints, and this event came the day after the Southall riot.

12,000 people turned out at Leeds, and according to the police, they were all well behaved; yet in the Sunday papers I saw it *didn't even warrant a mention*. That's a sad reflection on the national gutter press which is founded on institutionalised propaganda and the belief that the reader is both impotent and ignorant. The pathetic irony is that ANL/RAR (the organisations *not* the ideas) rely on exactly the same principles.

That fact stuck out like a wagging index finger throughout the festival. It was there as soon as we joined the march alongside the South Manchester Claimants and the North East Anarchists, long before the inarticulate organisers came onstage to spout their low-minded slogans. God, everyone seemed so self-important and sanctimonious.

There was a lady from Bradford CND banging a flowery banner bordered with bells, joining in with a monotonous non-rhythm with the clatter from the Punks Against The Cruise wagon. The Humourless Feminists (honestly) and a bunch of no-hopers on a float trying their best to play 'a set' as if they were at a proper 'gig' passed by. I thought a few zany DJs, humour, polysexual multiracial dance troupes would have been a much better way of expressing how good it feels to be rocking against racism.

Ever heard of Martha Reeves And The Vandellas? Lenny Bruce? Fun? Evidently not. I felt I was back in (primary) school surrounded by people who knew what was good for my ideological and moral improvement.

Apparently a crowd of 40,000 was expected. Although the festival was free many people had paid to travel to the site on RAR chartered coaches from all over the country. For the pleasure of what, exactly? Four hot-dog stands? Half an hour in the queue to use one of the four toilets? Going home before the star attraction came onstage?

If RAR are going to use their supporters' money to put on festivals then they are obliged to insure the event is well sited, well facilitated and well organised. Leeds failed to satisfy any of these requirements. They should have tried something less ambitious, waited until they had enough money to put on a proper party or else FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT.

THE AU PAIRS are an over-rated stereotype rock band with a few cosmetic touches and internal role rearrangement. They take few risks outside their morbid rock limping; which is something that also affects the Gang Of Four. There are some small blessings — the clattering and corrosive funk of 'It's Obvious' and the great call and response routine between Lesley and Paul on 'Come Again'.

Lesley Woods is great — natural and graceful as she moves from one song to the next, one of the few performers who seems genuinely at ease onstage. But when she opens her mouth she sings like a tickled parrot and dedicates 'Armagh' to the IRA hunger strikers. As long as I live on God's earth I will never understand why anyone should want to pay homage to an organisation which has admitted to putting bombs in places where *innocent people have been blown to bits*.

Next came Jules, a poet with some of the most offensive verse imaginable. Specifically she dealt with topics like drug taking and fascist flirtation — underestimating their real danger with gross gutter press hyperbole. Generally she summed up the sorry state of the raving nellies who we call 'political activists': they've spent too long on the campus with their pamphlets and dialectical wet dreams longing for the day when they can shower everyone with hysterical rhetoric. But when the big day comes they screw up, dump all their copies of *Red Rebel* and get booed offstage.

On the other hand Misty provide a neat paradigm. They play an unprepossessing but clearly stated set of beliefs and desires. They look and sound like the JA equivalent of the guys you find in pullovers, beards, drinking pints of Guinness and playing folk music in pubs all over Ireland. 'Bail Out For The Jungle' could be a traditional song and it's the most agreeable snatch from their loose, buoyant and amiable music. They look a little sad but never strain even though the audience, on a dip sloping away from the stage, fail to return the energy they generate.

Let's face it, the word going round among the youth isn't that the ANL are putting on a carnival, but that The Specials — their number one group — are playing for free. Terry Hall says that these days the group will only play gigs for a specific reason. In this case I fail to see the point. By their actions, their records and their very existence over the past few years, The Specials have always made it clear that any time they performed it was — albeit implicitly — against racism. By now it's understood, and the half white and half 'non white' (© *Grauniad)* crowd is a regular Specials audience.

LOOKING ILL, dancing recklessly and playing desperately, the group launch into an ABSOLUTELY GAWDAWFUL version of 'Concrete Jungle'. It's the first time I've ever seen the band live and for the first few numbers they look and sound like human volcanoes making a truly appalling racket. I think it's due to two main factors — boredom with their old songs and nerves over their pivotal position on the festival bill. They seem to be demanding that both themselves and their audience find the heartiest and fastest groove possible while still keeping in tune; by the time 'Why' came round they seemed to be succeeding.

Rhoda, ex-Bodysnatcher, comes on for 'Pearl's Cafe' and her own Dammers-produced rap, 'The Boiler'. For me she is the star of the whole day creating a jarring shift in persona and reaction — from the Elsie Tanner-like gold digger in 'Pearl's Cafe' to the helpless rape victim of the latter song.

Aswad

Rainbow.

EVER SINCE that show at the Hammersmith Palais back in January this year, Aswad have been more than ready for their first real taste of success. And, this is it — tonight the Rainbow is full. Not so as it's uncomfortable — there's still enough room to dance about as you tune into one of the best reggae bands around at the moment, here or in Jamaica.

Brinsley and Co. get started with the minimum of fuss, a gesture which is much appreciated by their multi-racial, split-personality audience: the Mohicans next to the white rastas; next to the new romantics; next to the hippies; next to the dread bretheren — it's a 'Come As Your Favourite Youth Cult' party, and Aswad appeal to them all as they tread confidently onto this same stage where Bob Marley once performed and where, just a few years ago, they were backing Burning Spear. Seems like a million years ago now.

'Keep On Trying', their opening shot, isn't one of their better known songs but it seems to fit the occasion rather well. Tonight, all the corners have been knocked off, honed-down into a cool jazz skank. An instrumental version follows, similar to some of the tracks on their recent 'Showcase' album — Aswad have always known how to make dub work live on stage.

As a band of musicians, they're second to none. Aswad are primarily a live band and it certainly seems as though all those years of endless gigging have paid off. My only criticism is with their lead guitar, which occasionally, as on 'Only Jah Children', seems at odds with the rest of their sound — too much rock posturing for their rootsy mix.

OVER THE (BIG) TOP FLOP

The bitter satire of the title and the anguished yells of *"The Boiler!"* stuck in the gullet.

LIKE I SAID, the group were starting to shape up to my expectations. How far they got I'll never know, five songs into the set and I had to leave along with the rest of the London RAR contingent. Talk about being unable to organise a piss up in a brewery!

On the way home the armchair rebels sang their stupid songs about burning Stalin and shooting soldiers. I tried to make some sense out of the gathering and its implications, but in the back of my head Linton Kwesi Johnson kept singing *"The IMG can't do it for we, The Communist Party, sure them too arty farty".*

Personally I can't see anything to be achieved by giving trust and support to an umbrella of socialist windbags set on filling the planet with petty yearnings and frustrations. This festival voiced no specific aims, presented no stirring orators. It showed no attempt to drag away the mundanity of the texts or slogans and inject 'the cause' with distractions, attractions or something spectacular to attract the attention, an urgency to make it worth chasing after.

I know a lot of people had a good time but I object to Rock Against Racism as an organisation. After five years their purpose seems to be to sell rebellion like an aftershave and claim copyright on what is fundamentally a difficult-to-understand abstract of popular music.

Who gave them the right? What are they doing with it? Ever feel you are part of a therapeutic hobby horse for other people's obsessions and inadequacies? If so, it's worth remembering that there's RAR *and* rock against racism. The difference can be enormous.

Gavin Martin

Gary Glitter's Rock'N'Roll Circus

Reading

IT WAS enough to bring tears to the eyes to see a queue of just 25 people as the eight o'clock opening time approached. The tent pitched in a car park beside the Thames stood sure and confident, surrounded by motorvans and lorries but no fun fair. Daylight deleted any of the traditional atmosphere.

Inside the tent, it was nothing like the usual sawdust ring surrounded by the audience: a row of thin wooden benches faced a stand on which most of the cheap and rusty circus action took its chance. Behind was a series of stands holding the Glitter Band equipment: an untidy integration of the rock show and the travelling variety show: wires, amps, poles, empty spaces, a crew always on show.

By the time of the *rocket introduction*, just over 100 people sat self-consciously on the hard benches.

With all the frumpish pomp and ceremony of a village green talent competition, the show stuttered into play. A red rocket like an Art Deco fridge was hauled the short way to the tent top: Mr Glitter was haltingly lowered to the front stand as obtrusive and shocked as he was and ever will be. One song and he was gone. The Glitter Band stayed to jam on, and I do mean jam, ponderous variations on Glitter songs forming the soundtrack for the . . . *circus?*

Bed of nails, flab, fire-eating, plate-spinning, more flab, stilts, clowns, gym tricks from children. And after the interval — *Gary Glitter and His Band* — the ultimate hallucination, a few crazy costume changes, the songs you know, a motorbike ride through the air and the longest exit in show business history.

It was all enough to bring tears to the eyes.

The strong, eloquently coloured souvenir programme promised an exceptional emotional experience — the fantastic point where the great legend of circus marries the myth of rock, where the magic of one compounds the magic of the other so that all known limits of entertainment are surpassed. The programme suggested an inspired, seamless, racy extravaganza. Two men who have both faced bankruptcy in the past — Glitter and circus owner Gerry Cottle — ambitiously join together to fight their way back to success.

Glitter's own magnified, impaired entertainment vitiates the deranged nostalgia of The Circus: the champion of excess has charged in to salvage a pathetic anachronism and has only succeeded in indicating the true lack of wonder and (almost) the fraud of The Circus over the last few years.

Glitter, the bull in the china shop, swells up and shows up the deteriorated magic of The Circus — all the international glory and miraculous exhibitionism of once proud Circus eroded by technology and loss of innocence.

Cottle's circus is a feckless extension of tradition. A sleazy, slapdash display of faded characters clutching onto all they know; faded performers clinging onto an idealised, idolised past. Glitter, the screaming camp catalyst, can give this broken down sham(e) a certain incongruous cumbersome grace. He could never restore the complicated prostration of The Circus to a new prosperity, but The Circus is the best possible way for Glitter to wallow and gloat in his own fascinating freakishness. The Circus can ride, greivously wounded, on the great Glitter's generous back.

Elton John, Rod Stewart, Iggy Pop, Malcolm McLaren should be kicking themselves for not thinking of it. It may be sad the circus deludes itself that it can still dish out noble thrills: it's also a brilliant commercial trick by Glitter, and such bravado deserves to fill Wembley Arena.

Watching the show fall over itself, I was both decently intrigued and appalled: it was a happy/sad experience. The end of the circus and the end of rock'n'roll — the accursed and unpardonable — and just possibly the beginning of a horribly irresistible hybrid. The last word in ribald entertainment for the unshockable family.

Gary Glitter was the only animal on show: the sinful beast running rampant through mislaid arenas of the past.

Paul Morley

GARY THE GLADIATOR. PIC DAVID CORIO.

Andy Allen's Future

Marquee

ANDY BOY can be seen at every jig in London — when he's not propping up the bar in Dingwalls. In previous incarnations he's helped to prop up The Lightning Raiders and The Professionals.

Now, on vocals and guitar, he leads his own band who play R&R the raunchy English way — a genre based on the collected workaday riffs of Gen X, The Boys and, currently, Empire. The idea is to convey danger as well as fun, to play the smart Alec as well as Jack-The-Lad. But it's a thoroughly joyless and discredited genre which cites a spurious lineage of early Faces, New York Dolls, Johnny Thunders, Cook-Jones — and Stiv Bators! Tom Petty and Nils Lofgren aren't in the spirit of all this, but they do provide a few musical ideas, yet more riffs.

Yeah, riffs: give the band enough power chordage and they'll hang themselves . . . Well, unfortunately Andy's Future don't: the ploy which they have in mind is to whip (up) an audience, riffing and clicking their knees together at the same time.

Vocally, Andy opts for devil-may-care cockney whining with heavy reminders that a sharp intelligent customer is at work. The reality is rather less glamorous: not R&R performing a spoiling subverting function, but merely a spoilt and petulant one, infantile regression rather than assertion.

For the record, the rest of the band are bassist Mike Screen and guitarist Andy Porter. They're probably doing what they want to do, like drummer Mike Lawrence — apart from when he ends numbers and misses beats. It was their second gig and Andy Allen's hairstyle was as interesting as ever, low-key quiff at the front and plaits at the back, in profile like some shaggy old biblical skull cap. He'd be just dandy as a shepherd in a Cecil B. De Mille movie. They don't make epics any more, though, and that's just the fate I'd wish on those bloody tawdry torpid old riffs played by a bunch of self-preening tosspots.

Paul Tickell

Pigbag

Venue

ANOTHER SPUNKLESS night of funk in the capital. White boys on dope. Watch out for the next alternative fashion: private armies. Lord Of The Flies. What happens when a group of WASP children get thrust into a different cultural environment? . . . *Pigbag!*

They bounce on like beans. Energy equals movement. They've got it! Meanwhile the audience patiently auditions for Madame Tussauds. Funk equals dance. 50 out of 600 movers. The rest were on their bottoms. How do you measure the success of a rhythmic tribalistic dance band?

Surprise?

Party?

Not a lot of either to be found here tonight. I turned over a few chairs, looked under the bar but no, I just couldn't find any'booty shakin'or'ass gittin down'. Pity really, for the band has great intentions. However, in trying so hard to retain their individuality they do no more than assure anonymity. This is essentially no different from the fashion fops, just the opposite side of the scale.

Nevertheless, the single 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag', is classic and almost stands up to the elongated 15-minute version the group squeeze and suck hard out of it.

Tesco Bombers reminded me of a bunch of fringe theatricals who had found a load of musical instruments in their dressing room that afternoon and thought it would be an eversofun idea to play a pop concert the same day.

Maximum Joy just weren't . . . they played funk for people who can't dance.

All in all it was Kid Creole without the 'Nuts.

Essential without the Logic.

And I missed the Borg/Connors semi-final for this racket.

Simon Fellowes

BRINSLEY DAN. PIC ADRIAN BOOT.

Drummie Zeb's solos are becoming more and more spectacular and intense. Tonight, when he peaks on 'Sons Of Criminals', it's a celestial experience — like being actively involved with rolling thunder. And what I really love is the way he manages to co-ordinate the whole thing while sharing lead vocals with Brinsley.

'Finger Gun Style', a new number and their first single on CBS, is an instant hit with the crowd, especially the dramatic intro which Brinsley arranges, setting off a chain reaction of call and response from the other members of the band.

As a front man and lead vocalist, Brinsley can easily command full attention. He knows all the tricks of getting a reaction from an audience, so, before you know what's happening, you're yelling back the embarrassing words he requests, like "Irie" and "Ites".

Well, where did *that* come from?

On stage, his energy level feeds off Drummie's and vice versa, so when one peaks the other carries the momentum along to a different level. Later on, the sound is further boosted by the excellent horn section of Trommie and Bammie, with a new addition, a youth called Peter, on trumpet — a complete contrast to the other, seasoned musicians and one that works well.

They play 'Children Of The Rainbow', 'Natural Progression', 'Babylon' and, of course, that mass media experience 'Warrior Charge', which is greeted by much enthusiasm by the crowd. This is just what the gang have been waiting for tonight — a real Fourth of July celebration.

Aswad are the best display of fireworks i've seen in a long time.

Roz Reines

Mensi Upstarts again. Pic David Corio.

The Angelic Upstarts

Manchester

THE VENUE is a monument of decayed Georgian elegance, its architectural splendour has deteriorated through decades of neglect. Once a grand theatre, the Mayflower Club is now a seedy city slum, a squalid rock venue, but an appropriate home for the tribe of equally degenerate(d) punk addicts who regularly visit this shabby shrine to pay homage to their crass cult heroes.

Voices heard echoing round a ghostly hall tell us that tonight's ritual/farce has already begun.

"Hey Mensi, you ugly bastard!" yells a grotesque punter.

"Aw suck my cock . . . If only your mouth was big enough," comes the standard reply.

Thomas Mensforth, self-proclaimed messianic figure-head, is full of such meaningful witticisms. But Dunbar was perhaps a little too generous with the old drumrolls, but one couldn't blame them.

After an uninspired 'Equal Rights' and a yawningly overextended 'Legalize It', the bush doctor mercifully called it a day. Sly and Robbie will at least have more fun with Black Uhuru.

Peter Tosh '81 — dread or alive?

Barney Hoskyns

UPSTARTING

Peter Tosh

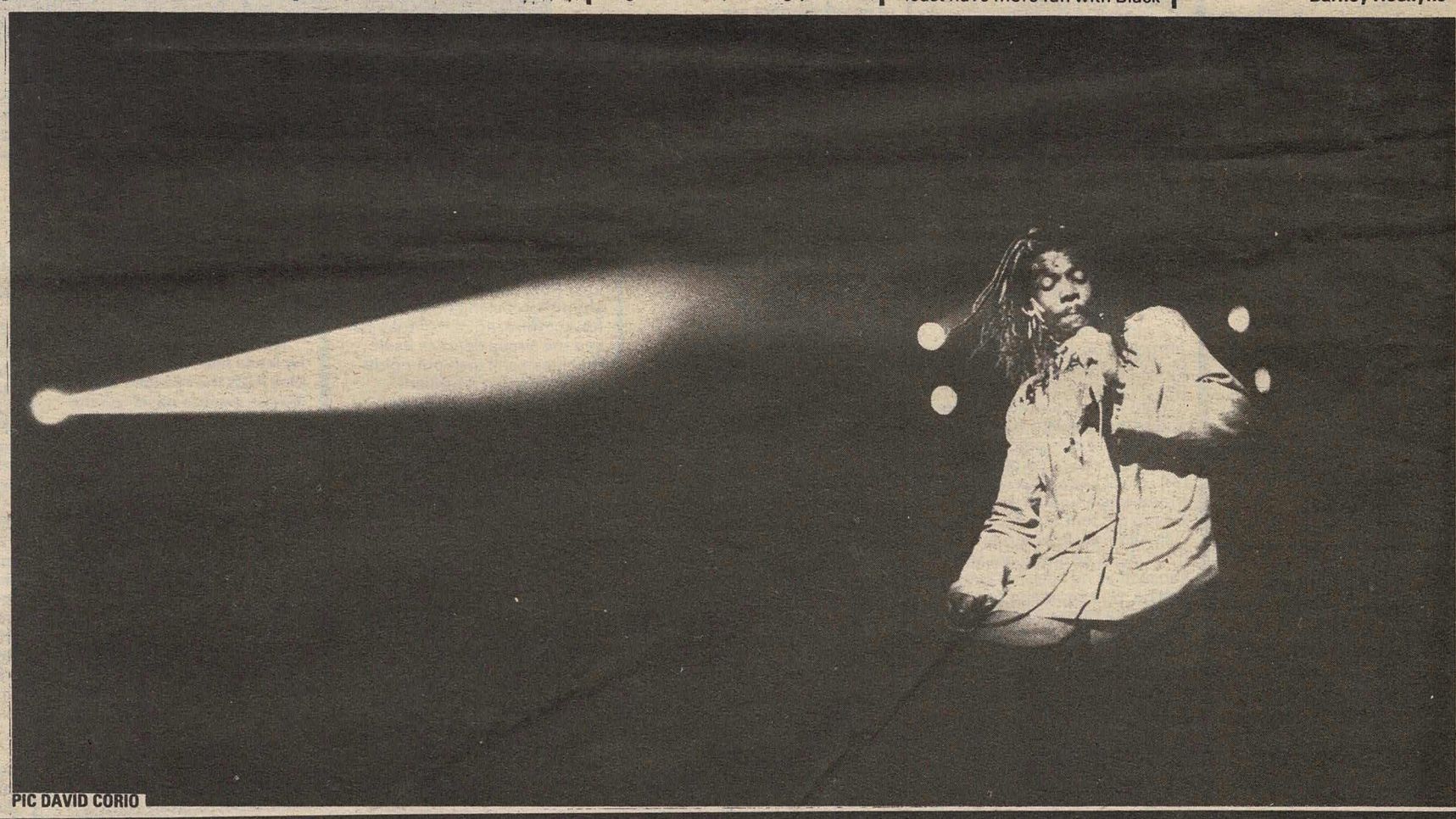
Rainbow

PETER TOSH always provided a hip alternative to undisputed king Bob Marley, but perhaps now Marley's dead he will lose some of that legendary status. His concerts at the Rainbow suggested as much, for the man shambling sloppily around the stage was no mystic. More handsome but less regal than Marley, his music has always lacked the majesty of his former partner.

Granted that Word, Sound And Power are one of JA's finest live units, not even everybody's prize guys Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare could make up for Tosh's indifference. When he finally removed his shades, there turned out to be nothing behind them. If there were once eyes where now there were only lids, they'd been glued over with ganja. Tosh's face never creases into a cry, it cannot gather the eyes of its audience.

Tosh is the Keith Richards of Kingston, and we all know why.

Apart from anything else, Marley was a far greater songwriter than Tosh will ever be. It's telling that only 'Get Up, Stand Up' brings the band to life. Stuff like the old Temps song 'Don't Look Back' is so irrelevant (talking of which, since The Tamlins were Tosh's backing chorus, why couldn't we have had their 'Smilin' Faces Sometimes'?). Tosh can't even grace his pretty, inconsequential songs with a distinctive voice, and Word, Sound And Power were driven to their wits' end to sprinkle charms around the sheer regularity of his voice and presence. The guitarist was at times wildly over the top as a reggae Ernie Isley, Keith Stirling and Robert Lyn were continually interjecting uncalled-for synth effects, and



PIC DAVID CORIO

explains, "is that since the Civil Rights movement in the late '60s, the revolution has gone to an intellectual level and everyone sits down and they discuss it and discuss it until they re-formulate it, and I don't know what they have to do with it. That is what apathy is all about.

"In Jamaica especially there is so much going on behind the plastic smile. Everyone just a talk about it and smile because the cocktail or the 'high' is the theme, and then when them come down again — *nothing.* But the cycle goes round again: they go to work the next day and they don't even want to face that, so they just close their eyes and go through."

So how do you see things changing? Through wars?

"Yeah through wars," Duckie agrees. "Wars dividing up continent and state."

WHEN DISCUSSING Rastafari, Puma explains there are three key issues: sexual politics, legalising the herb and the Divinity of Haile Selassie. But so far we've only skirted around two of them and not yet spoken of the latter.

I say that it's difficult for me to picture Haile Selassie as a God when so many of the people he ruled over were dying of starvation. Still, as Bob Marley says, "Only a fool leans upon his own mis-understanding . . ."

"It is difficult to comprehend," agrees Puma, "because they've been telling lies for so long. Not everyone knows the Truth; it's just when Bob came and enlightened the world to His Majesty and the purpose of His Majesty's traditions on earth, that people have been beginning to understand. Before that, no one did know the Truth because the Europeans have controlled history for I don't know how long now. So no one knows the history of the Ethiopian, the African. When you tell a one about His Majesty, you discover it's just pure propoganda they've been hearing in the past. Because no one wanted to know the truth, they would tell you anything but the truth."

Puma believes that a lot of the blame rests with artists like Michelangelo, who portrayed Christ as a white man in his painting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

"But Michelangelo only came by these things because he went to Africa and thief, seen? Then he returned and tried to convince the rest of the world that's how it go, well that is a lie. So I have to ask myself, why? Why did they paint Jesus Christ as a white man when I know he was born in Africa?

"Rastafari played a key role in European and African history on earth," she continues. "That is a *real* thing, not in no Walt Disney production. We're not down here to dream these things up you know. Because from when you listen to a rastaman and go back and

though it's tempting to dismiss him as the loud-mouth clown more danger to himself than others, that would be a miscalculation. He undoubtedly holds an influential position, his every word being held sacrosanct by the doting dumb disciples who've moulded their lifestyle around the Mensi muppet's mindless manifesto. They listen and they believe.

"I still write songs about the enemy, but here's an old song about them. Because I never want you to forget who the enemy is. THE POLICE! *THE POLICE KILLED LIDDLE TOWERS!!!*"

This is powerful propaganda willingly swallowed by the indiscriminating moronic element in the Upstarts' audience — and reinforced by Mensi inciting crowd hysteria, which will inevitably eradicate rational thought.

The 200 youths crushed together at the front break impulsively into a frenzied, aggressive tribal wardance.

And then one youth falls to the ground, battered by the hurling kicks and punches of some demented skinhead. To the rescue, a mammoth bouncer launches himself off the stage and uses the more vulnerable frames of several hapless youths to secure his soft landing. The flipped skinhead is hastily ejected from the club and there is no further trouble.

But the message has been made clear: Mensi is playing with a fire he hasn't the faintest notion how to extinguish. If he really cares about social justice and the punters that worship him, he'll check his hollow sloganeering before some of these impressionable and excitable fans really get hurt. Though with a new LP in the charts and the promise of long-awaited financial reward, I don't expect the Upstarts to change their formula for success.

So how long before Mensi joins mentor Jimmy Pursey as punk hero with country mansion?

Mick Duffy

AN UPROAR

Marvin Gaye

Apollo, Victoria

UNAWARE OF the indignities suffered by your average rock fan, a light, polite crowd engage in small-talk in an upmarket foyer before the show. Clutching at that familiar feeling of confused arrangements, I share private thoughts and sip a lukewarm plastic drink just as an urgent bell rings advising the audience to find their seats. Soon another crowd will spill downstairs to the sound of that bell to laugh and cry along with the adventures of the Von Trapp brats. Glancing back, the huge chandelier sparkles and drips down to the carpet — now a mess of tin and plastic debris.

Sinking into seats we didn't pay for (and couldn't have afforded), I'm already numb. The curtain rises on the backing band, and Marvin Gaye walks onstage. He immediately starts working at the moulding process — the audience are putty in his hands. As recording artist, his stunning back-catalogue could outnumber your record collection; and as performing artist he has worked at this show to reach out and touch each and every member of his audience. Years of training and rehearsing to achieve an easy natural perfection.

"Sit back and relax, enjoy the show . . . all the songs together that you want to hear," he smiles benignly. The word professional is stamped all over him — from the way he graciously accepts a bunch of flowers to creating a warm intimacy with an eager volunteer from the audience in a slow dance (she will float home). The voice is rich, dark, soulful; the music a smooth selection of dream songs.

I've seen a lot of adult pantomime lately, but his is the slickest by far. Gauche kid Cope was as gross as old circus clown by comparison.

All wrapped up in this sedate pleasurama, I'm in a trance: under a heavy aural anaesthetic — a frustratingly long, slow seduction without any edge of excitement. And then he's gone — no encore.

Outside the stage door, a chattering, lively crowd beg admittance to catch a closer glimpse of Motown magic. But he's upstairs, passing detached handshakes to the hand-picked with an age-old disdain, and a glaze in his eye: they haven't a hope in hell.

After years of all this, I guess I probably enjoyed the show more than he did.

Kirsty McNeill

DAWN OF THE LIVING DREAD

FROM PAGE 25

check, you will find that it is the truth.

"But them only want you to see their white Christ in one way," she says contemptuously, "so what mess-up is there in the second coming when Him come back black? What is Michelangelo going to do now?"

As for the question of the Divinity of Selassie, Puma wants to know, "When have you heard the most about His Majesty? When he's been living or when he's been so called 'dead'?"

She does accept, however, that we can no longer see Selassie I in the flesh — "although His Presence is still obviously around."

So you are saying that he did die in the flesh?

"No, I'm not saying that. I'm saying that we cannot see him in the flesh."

I ask Puma how she checked the death of Bob Marley?

"Bob naa dead — him rest — because Bob worked very hard, he did the works of many men and he gave a lot of strength to all of us. It's just time for him to rest now because Babylon sting. So what? He should just stand there and let it lick him down? No man, mek him rest . . .

"Perhaps though it's our turn to stand up with the knowledge that Bob has given us and with the talent he has nurtured within us and with the doors that he has opened for us, so we can walk in."

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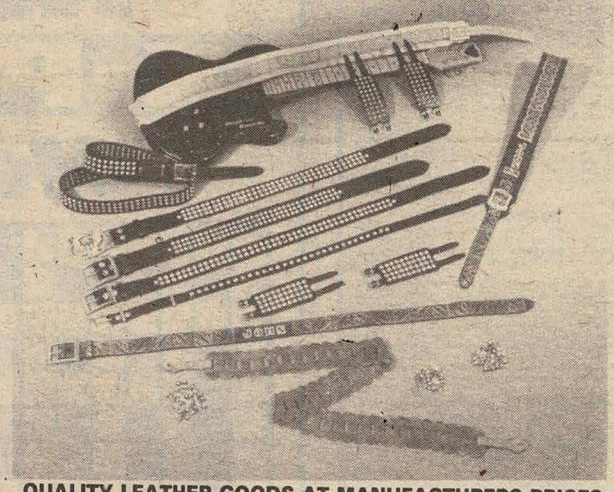

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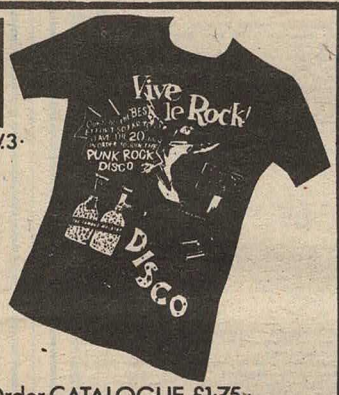

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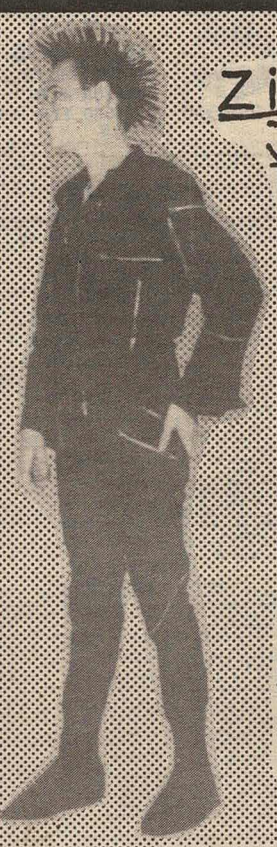

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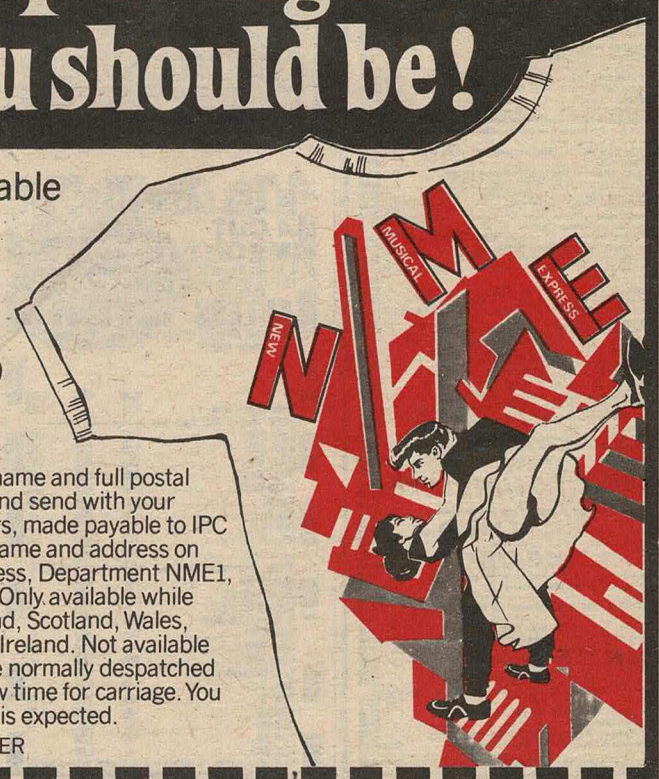

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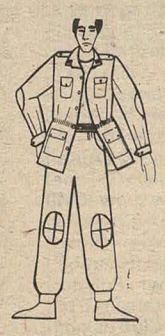

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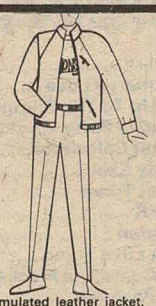

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GASBAG

We mix it You drink it

CHOKE

As an inveterate Dylan fan who has followed with an insatiable appetite the man, his psyche and music for more years than I care to state, I would like to say that the Earls Court concert I attended was a joy. The critics who philosophise with their pens can snipe all they like but to the 140,000 disciples in Britain who paid to see him everything in the garden, if not lovely, is far better cultivated than the wilderness that has grown up with him in the past 20 years.
Colin Brinton, Essex.
Garth Hewitt LP winner — I.P.

GLUG. . . GLUG . . .

I'd rather drown with Ray Lowry than be saved by Ian Penman.
A Kraut (Not a Kraut), Germany.
I'd be at home watching it on TV, my friend. The nearest you'd get to being "saved" would be if I went out for a drink and video-taped the disaster for later viewing. — I.P.

S'il etait bien eveille toujours a partir de ce moment, nous serions beintot a la verite, qui peut etre nous entoure avec ses anges pleurant — Penman, you got it kid!
S. Kierkegaard-Rimbaud, Wembley.
Is it sensually transmitted? — I.P.

I was filled with rage after reading Ray Lowry's pessimistic piece. Surely he knows that the youth of this country are politically aware, probably more so than the rest of Europe. I'd like to see him go and ask the kids in the dole queues how 'undemonstrative' they are, or perhaps he doesn't want to dirty his hands. Ray Lowry seems to be trying to stir up feelings already lived in trouble-torn Britain. He probably doesn't experience being picked up on 'sus', standing in dole queues and always being short of money. We all know about how bad things are. We don't need continual reminders stuffed down our throats.
Dean Cooper, London.
What you need is one of my "Monday morning hack" Bloody Marys. — I.P.

I often wondered why *NME* writers were so enamoured of that pissawful juice, lager, but never in a clutch of years would I have guessed the real reason — they have NEVER TRIED ANYTHING ELSE! (cf. Morley's "Summer in the City"). The "bitter = pot belly" syndrome is, of course, a fallacy.
Chris of Ilford.
Watched *Coronation Street* **recently? Anyway, Paul's main tipple is whisky and even Monty — the office's major lager casualty — has been trying other things recently. Water, for instance. — I.P.**

EDITED

What a balanced *Gasbag* there was in response to Penman's article! I wonder why! My letter on the subject was apparently ignored; as always the editor of the week simply denies a platform to those he disagrees with, favouring those who share his views. To reiterate my original letter; Penman's article was...
Dermot McGuinness, Charlton, Manchester,
"Classic!" — The Chummy Paul Morley.

P.S. Inform Monsieur Penman that if this is not printed I'll have a word with Ben Brewster and John Ellis, and he can forget all about his review in *Screen* of Schlesinger's cine-version of Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow.*
Dr. Martin Stanton, Eliot College, University of Kent, Canterbury.
Sorry (HA HA HA!) we couldn't print the rest of your wordy rap — too *long.* **As for** *Screen,* **I still haven't been paid for last year's review. You professional intellectuals are all the same —** *terrible* **when it comes to practicalities. — I.P. (amateur intellectual, fee negotiable)**

PSEUDONYM'S CORNER

Give over Morley, you made up that 'Keith, Birmingham' letter . . . and who cares about 'Errol' Penman's diary anyway?
(The Sensible) Russell Gronin, London.
Nothing to do with ***him,*** **mate. — Pee Wee Pascal.**

The self important person who writes *T-Zers* has really gone and put his pen in it. How can he consider himself qualified in any way to pass opinions on stars, in this case, Fee Waybill? As far as the readers are concerned, he's just another hack, only a little more vindictive than most.
Alex The Wop.
Alright, in future, whoever edits *T-Zers* **(and it changes, my friend, oh how it changes) will refer to Fee Waybill as 'just another hack'. It was Errol that week, incidentally. — I.P.**

OUT COME THE FREAK'S FANS

Congratulations for bringing everyone's attention to the unique talents of Christopher Lloyd. But *Taxi* is not his only claim to greatness, supporting roles in *Going South, The Onion Field* and *The Lady In Red,* not to mention a hysterically funny appearance on *Barney Miller* have helped him become one of America's best actors. His real killer performance was in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* as Taber — a part specially written for the film to counterpoint the rest of the patients' docility. Lloyd's manic, barely-restrained violence does suggest a darker side to the loveable loonies than was evident in the novel. He virtually stole the film, in memorable scenes such as the group discussion, where after goading Harding and Co. about their failings sets fire to his turn-up and is led away screaming and straight-jacketed. And it's his final triumphant gesture, when he wakes up and punches the air (believing MacMurphy has escaped) that gives the film its uplifting quality. It is Lloyd's great ability to invest all his roles with precise, memorable and above all very human characteristics that makes him without peer.
J. O. Sullivan, The Idolmaker.
Aw, c'mon . . . the entire cast of *Barney Miller?* **Anyway, this was just one of many letters about The Great Man; time for a seminar, flock? — I.P.**

COOKERY, ETC.

Now that Bob Marley has smoked himself to death (brain and lung cancer) will *NME* consider ceasing their overt and subtle promotion if drug taking, e.g., "Inside Dope"? It seems incongruous that *NME* encourages escapist, self-destructive drug taking while at the same it laudably encourages musical and political activism.
Ripped Joint, Aberdeen,
We were going to have a meeting about it, but didn't get up in time. "Inside Dope" has long since been absent from our pages, and anyway if you think *that's* **as subtle as we get about drugs you're obviously not reading between lines. — I.P.**

You say do all the things in Steve's letter (4.7.81) even calling IPC the pricks that they may or may not be. But you have still printed no direct criticism of them that I have seen. You may not print this letter due to an editorial decision but I'll keep writing. You must know, or you'll soon realise (I hope), that 'out here' there are 10,000 people a year who care about legalisation of cannabis because they're busted by pigs. How many of your reporters have smoked the herb and know the truth? There are probably more people read your paper who care about legalisation than about Kid Creole for instance. Some time ago you were doing articles on drugs. Where did they go? You left so much unsaid, coke etc. How about your paper at least publicising smoke-ins, etc. *Sounds* does it.
Blue Bear, Brunel Univ.
(Please don't print my full name and address at the moment — maybe later if situations change).
I've no idea what you mean by 'direct' criticism of IPC (of *anything)* **but it would probably be self-defeating, hyprocritical and pretty dull. As for the kind of events** *Sounds* **publicises . . . enough said? And you mean to say you haven't even** *tried* **Kid Creole — the headiest legal drug in the Western World!?!? If a "pig" (my God — your peer group is showing, dear) goes to search you, just whip out a specially concealed Coati Mundi 7" and collapse in giggles: they can't do a thing! — I.P.**

T-ZERS

The last gang in which town? The Clash, long rumoured to be working with director Martin Scorsese on a 19th century street gang epic set in New York's mean streets — where else? — have for the moment settled with roles as extras in the same director's *King Of Comedy,* starring Jerry Lewis in the title part and Robert De Niro as the autograph hunter who hounds him. Scorsese, who himself was hounded by the Clash via Kosmo Vinyl after being spotted wearing a Pearl Harbour T-shirt two years ago, is a confirmed fan, and invited the group for a screen test after they'd finished their secret Bonds nightclub engagement. You'll spot them in a hotel lobby. As for the 100-year-old gangland story, that's still in the pipeline, according to sources close to The Clash, but as yet nothing has been firmed up.

Pix: Vinny Zuffante/ Topix

GOSH, were those real tears glazing the eyes of **Kraftwerk** at the final concert of their British tour at Hammersmith or had somebody lubricated their eyeballs? Whatever, there was no doubting the sentimentality of the occasion and all the New Romantics turned out in force to wave goodbye. Seated among the plebs were such celebs as **Busty Egan,** looking like a cross between **Prince Andrew** and a secondhand car spiv, **Human League's Phil Oakey** and the very popular **Toyah,** whose flaming orange hair drew hordes of eager autograph hunters, much to the chagrin of **Errol** who was consistently ignored all evening. Still, the undoubted star of the evening was Kraftwerk's very own **Florian Schneider,** whose odd leer elicited a massive cheer every time he appeared in close up on the video screens behind the group. Come back soon, you wonderful dummies. . .

The League's Phil Oakey was out on parole from recording their new LP, which will be beaten to the stands by a 20 minute 12 inch single. That's not half the good value it sounds; one side is taken up by segued versions of the seven inch sides 'Love Action' / 'Hard Times' while the flip features — wait for it — 'Hard Times' / 'Love Action' dub. Is that value for money or what? Answers on a postcard please to the over-subscribed Virgin complaints department. In the meantime Phil's taking on a brace of keyboards players to replace the back up tapes they used on their last tour. And suddenly filled with gushing with the spirit of human co-operation, they've let ex-**Revillo Jo Callas** into the studios with them to help on a couple of songs. . .

Before Erroll leaves the widescreen wacky world of the Romantics for good this week, here's a few words from **Soft Cell's Marc** who had the temerity to complain about **Lynn Hanna's** kind words in a *Live!* review. In second thoughts forget it, as his letter's too boring to bother with, except to warn Lynn to have an umbrella handy if she's in the vicinity of Marc armed with a beer glass. A Romantic drinking beer? So that's how they get those fashionable pot bellies. . .

BETCHA wouldn't catch dashing Scotch (sic) poet **Richard Jobson** with a pint in his hands — it wouldn't go with the quill, the very same one that penned the poems making up his very first anthology *A Man For All Seasons* just published by Les Livres Du Crepescule, an offshot of the less enterprising Disques. . .

Ever wondered why **Richard Strange** is never seen without that dirty mac? No, not because he's got a hole in his trousers (ask **Paul Morley** to take off his blue coat next time you see him), but to keep warm. His doctor informs Erroll that Strange suffers from poor circulation and the only time he has ever felt comfortable without his mac was while making a telephone call in the middle of the Arizona Desert. Now don'tcha just feel awful about all those trouser cracks?. . .

The ever sporting EMI Records were so upset when **Dexy's** did a runner that they informed other majors they would be taking steps to prevent the group signing to another company. . .

So it's true! **Mick Jagger** is all mouth! While he could only talk about becoming the first rock group to play in Red China the softly spoken French electro-gush composer **Jean Michel Jarre** (better known as Mr **Charlotte Rampling**) actually went ahead and arranged it. Not to be outdone Mick (better know as ex-hubby of Miss Nicaragua 1957) is now proposing to transmit a concert from the moon. "Why not? Anything is now possible," pouted a miffed Mick. **Spiggy Topes** lives! . . .

Fresh from his success on Broadway **David Bowie** has now accepted the lead role in a BBC production of Bertolt Brecht's **Baal** (see page 6). After what he did to Brecht's 'The Alabama Song' Errol can only wait with baited breath for the screening this winter. Not to be outdone, **Sting** has been typecast as an angel in *Artemis 81;* no, it's not an aftershave commercial but a three hour, futuristic supernatural thriller. Boffo box office biz is predicted by Mr **Reg Smedling,** manager of the Odeon, Bognor Regis (come early for bingo, Mondays through Saturday). . .

Bob Dylan was doing such cracking business at Earls Court that touts were reduced to buying up tickets at a £1 and selling them for a miserable £2. So **God** is on our side after all. . .

The price of looking good comes higher, in terms of time

later a friend told me I should pay no more than £3.00 for it. I contacted Rough Trade who in turn said the tape costs £2.50. I took back my tape to Virgin and asked why it was so dear, their reply being that they have the right to sell any tape they like at that price. I got back my £4.49 after a gruelling 25 minutes.
Mal (not of C.V.)
They made you listen to half of it as well? — I.P.

Having paid £4.00 for a Taj Mahal *advance* ticket at the Venue, marked STALLS, I was prevented by staff from entering downstairs until the band had finished! While my friends, who had arrived earlier, danced downstairs I had to sit upstairs in a half empty seated balcony. The Venue is trying to get one market to see the group by putting the band on early and then filling up again with late night disco goers, thus achieving double takings. Unfortunately I, like many others arriving between 10.50 pm and 11.30 pm, fell between two stools.
Harry Barlow, London N8.
The last time I was there I got charged two wildly different prices for the same round and fell over on the slops that appeared to be leaking from the bar. Go directly to Jail. — I.P.

VERY INTERESTING . . .
In your review of Kraftwerk at Newcastle you say "It wasn't until an embarrassed Ralf said 'I think we just blew one of the monitors' to crack an unscheduled silence that we knew they were 'real' ". As they said exactly the same thing at their Manchester gig I would say this statement is no proof of their reality after all.
Michael, Manchester.
But I made that up — I never went to *Newcastle!!!* — The Dummy I.P.

MEOW!
I have a problem and I must tell someone about it. I think I've fallen in love with Roy North of *Get It Together.* I know you'll say it's just a childish crush. But I think it's more than that. I keep dreaming about him in class and it's spoiling my work. Miss Wood has threatened to expel me. I don't know what to do. Can you help me?
Ann Marie Richards, Oxford.
It's a long time since I read it (probably about when I was your age) but I seem to recall Camus' *The Rebel* has a pretty good argument against suicide. — I.P.

An idol is someone or thing which one uses to pay homage to one's subjective concept of intelligence. When one is consciously photographed what one experiences is the blessing of God the Machine; He elevates one's otherwise mundane state to one of mystery and hidden intelligent purpose. One has the illusion of a personal sharing of the world. Therefore, being photographed one idolises oneself; thus the tendancy to smile or seem happy. And freedom lies in the other side of the mirror.
John Powell, London, NW1.
That silly alien name doesn't fool me, Corbijn — you're getting ideas WELL above your station. Time for a holiday, methinks. — I.P.

MONOPOLY
Can I point out that in the article 'Branson to start London mag as Time Out stays out' which appeared last week in *NME* that, as well as cuts made in my original copy, Mr Al Clark's "assertion that Branson's interest in 'publishing the periodical' is a long-held one" should have read: "Branson's interest in 'publishing and periodicals' is a long-held one". At no point did Mr Clark state or imply that Richard Branson's plans for *Event* were of long standing and I myself felt they arose from the *Time Out* dispute and the obvious market made available by that — so I would like to set the record straight.
Cynthia Rose, NME.
Virgin Records token winner. — I.P.

Whilst sluggin' for Jesus in the Virgin Megastore, I came across the new Cabaret Voltaire tape 'Live At The Lyceum'. I bought this, the price being £4.49. A few hours

YOUR BARTENDER IAN PENMAN

anyway, for **Randy Crawford** who spends 14 hours a day plaiting her hair. The other ten are presumably spent unravelling it. . .

THE night Manchester's sparkling new Swing Club got too hot. Within weeks of its opening the City Fun-run club has burnt down, forcing them to postpone upcoming concerts by **Motivation** and **The Xpelaires** until they find new premises. . .

Things got pretty heated down in Great Yarmouth too, when, with typical cack-handedness **Splodgenessabounds** guitarist **Wilem Strange** set himself alight during his fire eating act. Thinking it was all part of the frolics the audience helpfully showered him with beer in an effort to quench the blaze. He was later treated in hospital for burns. "Serves the silly bleeder right," said an unsympathetic **Fred Avery,** Yarmouth's 6'2" fire chief. . .

More mishaps: Posey **Paul Simonon** skudding around Notting Hill Gate on his motorbike skidded badly and injured his knee. The resulting wounds weren't serious, but Errol doubts that the scars left behind will be as sightly as the new tattoo Simonon picked up in America, featuring a car set against a new York backdrop. Cute. . .

Lest we should forget **The Distractions** — who? Aw c'mon you haven't really forgotten them already? The remaining couple **Arthur Kadmon** and **Mike Finney** have gone very separate ways — guitarist Arthur to **Bucks Fizz** and Mike into northern cabaret. Not sure though whether Arthur had been with the Bucks long enough to be presented with a Mini Metro after the Fizz won the Eurovision Song contest. . .

Yoko Ono is staying out of New York until the **Mark Chapman** trial is over. Meanwhile **Elton John** is calling his next LP 'Carol' as that was apparently his term of affection for **John**. . .

Marvin Gaye made ample use of London nightclub owner **Louis Brown's** hospitality when he was invited to dinner at Brown's Valbonne. He arrived when Brown was out of town in a fleet of cars carrying 82 friends and together the party ate their way through £1500 worth of cheese and onion crisps. . .

For London readers only! If you're in town tonight (Wednesday) nip along to the new improved Scala Cinema opposite Kings X station for a sneak preview of **Terry Gilliam's** ace extravaganza *Time Bandits* — See **Ralph Richardson** as God! See **Shelley Duvall** fall flat on her farce!! See **Sean Connery** in a really terrific wig!!! Starts at 7.30, and next week Mr Gilliam bares his art to *Silver Screen*. . .

Riot reports of the week award to the *Daily Mail* for following their BLACK WAR ON POLICE banner headline with, next day, a large front page pic of a balaclava'd terrorist. Quite what an IRA pic was doing on a Toxteth report, we've no idea — but we sure would like to be told. . .

Educational event of the week was the sight of one of Radley's inmates ***(Public School,*** BBC) reading *NME,* a scene accompanied for some reason by much horseplay and bleep-deleting of expletives. For a few moments, the poor sods looked as though they were enjoying themselves. Funny, that.

Still, it's heartening to know that our future leaders are getting their educational priorities sorted out. Remember, top people read the *NME* ...

"Ya laughin' at me? You must be, ain't nobody else here. 'Less you count Jerry Lewis, of course, and when didya last laugh at him?" De Niro and Lewis, the odd couple from Scorsese's new movie *The King Of Comedy.*

Illustrations by BLH

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